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THE MAGAZINE THAT SELLS ITSELF SELLS A THOUSAND THINGS

Fools Rush In Where Angels Fear To Tread

While delivering judgement on the application of the Indian Iron and Steel Company Ltd., seeking sanction for contributing funds to political parties which will advance policies conducive to the interest of the company, Mr. Justice P. B. Mukharji of the Calcutta High Court observed that as a number of companies were seeking to divert commercial funds to political purposes, it was essential in the interest of both commercial and public standards to have a legislation on the subject to "keep the springs of democracy and administration reasonably pure and unsullied and before it was too late to control the dangers and mischief inherent in the situation".

"To induce the Government of the day", continued His Lordship, "by contributing money to political funds of political parties was to adopt the most sinister principle fraught with grave dangers to commercial as well as public standards of administration".

His Lordship said that the dangers of such a situation were manifold. A steel company wanting to contribute to the political funds of political parties appeared to His Lordship to be a remarkable departure from the business of production and manufacture of iron and steel. Joint stock companies, His Lordship went on to say, were not intended to be adjuncts to political parties and possible sources of revenue for these parties. Secondly, it would induce the most unwholesome competition among business companies by introducing the race as to who could pay more to the political funds of political parties. In the bid for political favouritism, by the bait of money, the company, which would be the highest bidder, might secure most unfair advantages over its rivals. Thirdly, it would mark the advent and entry of the voice of big business in politics and in the political life of the country.

Mr. Justice Mukharji concluded by stating, **"Persuasion by contribution of money lowered the standard of administration even in a welfare state of democracy. To convert conviction and conscience by money was to pervert both democracy and administration".**

His Lordship's remarks incidentally show the nadir of corruption which the Gandhian Congress has reached in its ten-year career of political power. For, it is the Congress Party which has compelled our big business firms to seek the court's sanction to legalize political blackmail by the party in power. It is evident that these big business houses could no longer give token contributions to political funds and explain them away as incidental expenses to their shareholders. As the demands of the Congressmen became bigger and bigger and their Company Law became stricter and stricter, it was no longer possible for these big business houses to give away large sums of money without the knowledge of their shareholders and without falling foul of the new Company Law. They had therefore to legalize their crime of contributing to the funds of the political party in power by seeking a legal sanction in an open court of law.

This is the type of corruption I have been fighting against for the last ten years. Though I have been a good Congressman by instinct and training for the last 35 years, I have never liked the thousand and odd corrupt practices of our Congressmen in power. The Gandhian Congress, which had lifted our political life to a high level of morality, died with Gandhiji. The Congress, which Pandit Nehru nursed to power during the last 10 years, is perhaps the most corrupt political organization in the world. It has no principles, no morals, no conscience. It has only a craze for power—for absolute and perpetual power. And in pursuance of this craze it has corrupted the entire political life of the country and demoralised the people. This is God's truth.

No, she is not a discus-thrower from Peking. She is Vyjayantimala, the champion crowd-puller of Indian films. Whether her success has gone to her head or not we do not know, but it does seem to have gone to other places which can obviously do with more exercise and less nourishment. Anyway, watch this sweetheart of millions belying India's claim to be an under-nourished country in All India Pictures' "Production No. 21".

In his personal life Nehru may not be a dishonest and corrupt man—though I doubt that also seeing his numerous benefactions of rank favouritism and nepotism—but Nehru has often countenanced corruption and allowed criminals to get away. It is only a corrupt government that can brazenly say, in the face of continuous insistence by the Public Accounts Committee to investigate, that, "The Government does not propose to inquire further into the jeep or other defence purchases made in London seven years ago". This was because the man who made those purchases, Krishna Menon, happens to be a ruling favourite of Nehru. It is only a corrupt government that can complacently view a fraud of ten crores of rupees in the Bhakra-Nangal Project when the people are being bled to feed the Five-Year Plan. It is only a corrupt government that can make an overpayment of Rs. 1.64 crores to Hind Patel & Co. and then turn round and say that the money was lost for good. A thousand and one such instances of fraud and corruption can be cited to prove that during the last ten years Nehru was the

GWALIOR FISHERMAN
LOOK, IT IS ON HIS HOOK AGAIN!
DON'T GET EXCITED, PANDITJI. YOUR GOVERNMENT PAYS FIRST BUT YOUR PARTY GETS IT BACK WITH A MAHARANI TO BOOT
Rs. 25 Lakhs PRIVY PURSE
CONGRESS
DON'T MOVE, MY RANI, NEHRU WILL SEE ME. KEEP HIM HYPNOTIZED
I AM CONCENTRATING ON HIM, MY RAJA, BUT NEHRU IS EXCITED ABOUT THE MONEY BAG

His Highness the Maharaja of Gwalior gave his Maharani to the Congress for decorating the Lok Sabha.

head of a most corrupt government. Nehru travelled far and wide and spoke day and night airing his ideal of establishing a socialist pattern of society. All this provided only a smoke screen under which his Congressmen took the loot home.

And yet like a good Congressman, I still feel that the ideal of a welfare state, which the Congress advertises, is the right ideal; that sarvodaya is a right move in the right direction; that a socialistic pattern of society—short of violent Communism which kills individuality—gives plenty of opportunity to all citizens to work and progress. The only difference between me and other Congressmen is that I sincerely believe in these ideals and do not like them to be turned into a pretext for profits. I do not expect people to make profits out of patriotism. And I do not expect a man of Nehru's stature and fabled nobility to connive at and countenance corruption that cuts at the very roots of our great national ideals. That is my quarrel with Nehru and that is why I have been criticizing him—almost ruthlessly—all these years in the hope that in the white rage provoked by my criticism Nehru would discover his conscience, as he continuously discovers many other things, and ask his Congress criminals to stop the loot and begin the work of building the nation sincerely.

I have no personal animosity against Nehru. I don't even know the man. Like millions of our countrymen, in spite of the corrupt practices of his Congressmen, I admire the man. I love his smile. And I pray for his long life because I shudder to imagine an India without Nehru, knowing the Congress wolves too well. With all his imperfections, Nehru is still my hero, because that is the only man left in the country to love and admire. The others are repulsive in looks and deeds.

But when Nehru says, "You don't have to see who the Congress candidate is, but you have to cast your vote in the ballot box which has the symbol of two bullocks". (Allahabad, Feb. 20.) I cannot help but see the feet of clay which this last of the Congress gods has got. In a minute my hero ceases to be a noble national leader and becomes merely a racketeering party boss.

It was with such thoughts that I decided to contest the elections. I wanted to carry my criticism of the Congress to the floor of our Parliament in one desperate hope that I would be heard better there and the Congress would be purged sufficiently to render a better and more sincere service to our people.

They Are Crushing Me

I know the price I have paid so far for being a stern critic of the Congress even though I belong to the community of Congressmen. In an effort to silence me the Congress Government has filed several criminal suits against me. Two are pending in the courts at the moment. Old income tax cases of mine have been re-opened on frivolous grounds and heavy taxation has been imposed upon me in an arbitrary manner. All my protests have been studiously ignored and a persistent effort has been made to close down my magazine. Powerful Congress Ministers approached my advertisers and insisted upon them to discontinue their patronage to my magazine. I have lost business, I have lost money and I have been crippled by my own government only because I chose to tell the truth and continued to do so for years in spite of the frown of our Congress rulers.

No one ever stopped and asked himself why I criticised the Congress so severely. I was not asking for any office. I did not want to be a minister. I had never approached our government even for a contract of supplying lead pencils. I had not even rushed for the autographs of our great leaders. I wanted nothing from our Congress government except a fair opportunity to millions of orphans like me, who had to begin life on a railway platform and struggle all the time to survive.

I wanted opportunity to be the privilege of the common man and I realized that as long as corruption prevailed in the Congress ranks, the common man will be cheated out of this inherent right of his. It was therefore in utter emotional sincerity that I criticized Nehru, as the symbol of supreme Congress power, in the fond hope that some day the conscience of this great man would persuade him to wage a relentless war against corruption and give the nation, in its infant cradle of freedom, an opportunity to rise to new heights of progress and glory.

It was with this crusading spirit that I went to Gwalior to contest an election for the Lok Sabha. A Congress ticket was out of the question for me. No one likes critics. And those steeped in power and corruption would not like a man like me to be within a hundred miles of them. I have the unhappy talent of telling the truth at the most inopportune moment. A

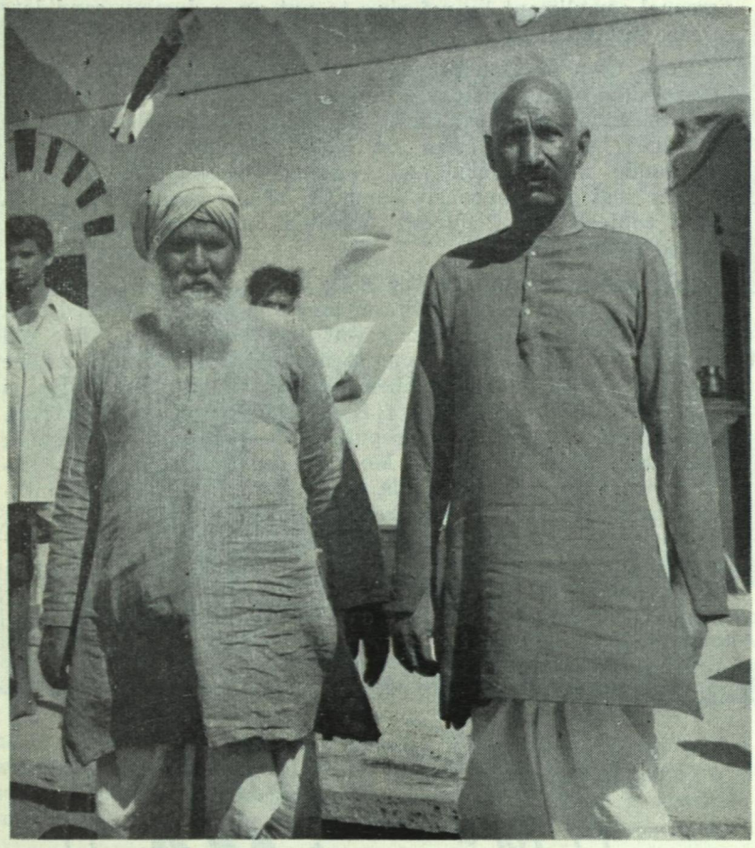
The more you chase them the more indifferent they become. Women get a rare pleasure in being dragged to their beds. But those who wait for permission, keep waiting, sometimes all their life. Suresh is still at the permission stage with Chitra in "Neelofar", a sensational tale of love told by Producer Prem Nath Arora.

man who is cradled on a hard railway bench automatically develops the art of seeing life in its raw reality. The ideals of the Praja-Socialists were nearest to my own Congress ideals—though a bit more radical and impatient. As I had to be in Opposition to pursue my unpleasant career of a critic, I approached the Praja-Socialists but they discovered a conventional bar against me. I had not been a member of their party for the previous six months to qualify for a ticket. I approached my friend Dindayal Upadhayaya, Secretary of the Jan Sangh, even though I was at variance with the Jan Sangh ideals. Dindayal was kind enough to think that I should get into Parliament and expose some of the frauds of the Congress government in public interest but he could not guarantee me a safe seat anywhere in the whole of India. But Dindayal like a good friend, while dining in my home, gave me a gentleman's promise that whatever constituency or party I chose ultimately, the Jan Sangh would not oppose me—a promise which he did not keep afterwards, for reasons still mysterious to me. I realized that the Jan Sangh was fishing in the sea not knowing which fish would come on its hook. Dindayal suggested the Hindu Mahasabha, a party that put cow-protection before human relief. And I was all for human relief. Having seen cows strolling carelessly on Bombay roads, I thought the cows looked after themselves much better in India than the human beings did. I had no sympathy for the cow even though it sometimes came to the rescue of a mother with dried breasts. But a crusader cannot think of these finer distinctions between cow and man when he has a purpose in view.

I got in touch with V. G. Deshpande, the Secretary of the Hindu Mahasabha, and asked him whether he could offer me a ticket for a safe seat in Lok Sabha and I made it clear to him that immediately after the election I would declare myself as an independent. Deshpande was all smiles. He had read my articles against Pakistan and Pakistanis and, whatever I may choose to do afterwards, he agreed to give me a Hindu Mahasabha ticket. Deshpande is a charming and polite man. He doesn't stoop to tell lies but he doesn't tell the whole truth for fear of hurting others. Deshpande is also an incurable optimist. Even in a setting sun, he sees a rising one. We may call it clumsy shortsightedness but he calls it robust optimism. Panchewing all the time, Deshpande has a very mild but convincing way of persuading. He persuaded me to accept a ticket for the double-member constituency of Gwalior and paid me a personal compliment by refusing to put up a dummy candidate in case my nomination paper was rejected.

The Gwalior Constituency—at least what it used to be before—had a past history. It was supposed to be the stronghold of Hindu Mahasabhites. In the previous elections, the seat had been twice won by Hindu Mahasabha candidates. Deshpande won it once and resigned—because he had won another seat simultaneously—and Dr. Khare won it again in a direct contest with Congress. From all appearances this seat seemed to be quite safe.

I reached Gwalior on the 25th of January 1957, filed my nomination paper on the 28th January and soon discovered that the new Gwalior Constituency was not the old one. The old one was a single-member constituency with Shivpuri in it. The new one was a double-member constituency without Shivpuri in it but with the districts of Bhind and Morena added to it. Gwalior and Shivpuri were reputed strongholds of the Hindu Mahasabha while Bhind and Morena—the notorious dacoit districts—were sworn strongholds of the Congress. The Delimitation Commission of the Congress Government had cleverly cut Shivpuri off and added Bhind and Morena to Gwalior thereby turning the scales in favour of the Congress. The Shivpuri Constituency was also manoeuvred the same way by adding strong Congress districts. I call this a dirty trick. What, however, hurt me was that I was left to discover this trick by



Baba Nirwan Das and Chhote Jamadar have now become Harijan Sikhs but they still continue their ancestral profession of Bhangis. They have built their own Harijan Gurudwara in the Mehtar Colony of Gwalior.

myself after I reached Gwalior and after filing my nomination paper without any other dummy candidate from the Hindu Mahasabha.

The Attractive Maharani

On the last day of the nominations, the Congress exploded another time-bomb—the most destructive in the whole adventure. In the last hour of 29th January, the Congress put up the Maharani of Gwalior as its Lok Sabha candidate for the Guna-Bhilsa Constituency which was a part of the old Gwalior State. The news of the Maharani joining the Congress spread like an infection and soon feverish symptoms of old feudal loyalty to the Raja and his Rani manifested themselves all over the old Gwalior State. People in my Gwalior Constituency began to swear loudly saying, "Our Raja and Rani have joined the Congress and made us also Congressmen now. We are no longer anti-Congress".

MY ELECTION RESULT
GWALIOR—BHIND—MORENA CONSTITUENCY
LOK SABHA GENERAL SEAT

Radha Charan (Congress)	1,35,081
Murlidhar Singh (P.S.P.)	89,975
Baburao Patel (Hindu Sabha)	55,230
N. Shejwalkar (Jan Sangh)	38,023
Ramdayal Singh (Ram Rajya)	32,655
Nawal Singh (Independent)	30,668
Total valid votes polled	3,81,632

The last three candidates forfeited their deposits.

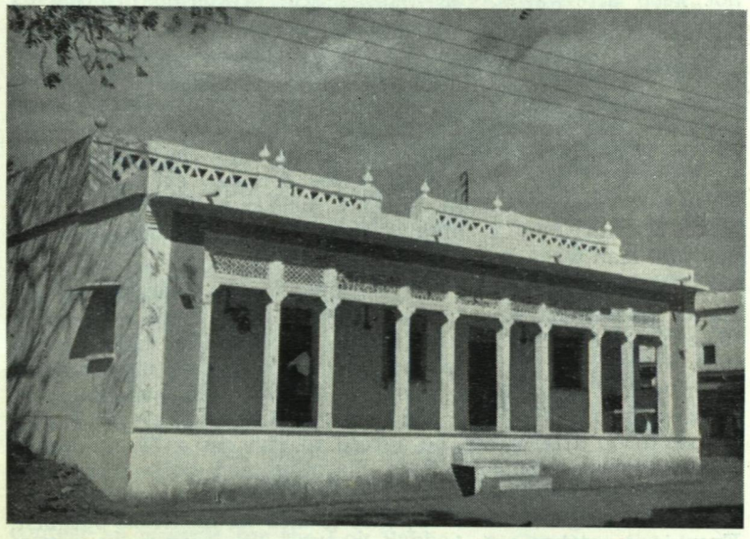
The Congress thus polled only 35% of the total votes while the Opposition parties together polled 65%. In a straight contest with the Congress, the picture would have been different.

This sentiment of feudal loyalty—unexplainable and supinely unreasonable—was most unscrupulously exploited by the Congress. The Maharaja's volte-face completely surprised the Hindu Mahasabhites of Gwalior. They had always claimed the Maharaja of Gwalior as their own strong supporter. They said that he had financed their last elections through one of his favourite Sardars. They said that he had encouraged the establishment of a Hindu Rashtra Sena, a militant volunteer corps, for years to stop the advent of the Congress. They said that in the old State regime, the Maharaja had banned the Congress and frowned on anyone wearing even the Gandhi cap.

But in the midst of all this confusion many of them missed the truth. Truth had a very personal complexion in the Maharaja's sudden change of front. It seems that the Congress had first given the Lok Sabha ticket for the Guna-Bhilsa Constituency to one Sardar Jadhav and he had worked there and spent quite a good bit of money to woo the Constituency. Now, Sardar Jadhav happens to be a close relation of the Maharaja of Gwalior and a closer one of the Maharani—the wives of the Sardar and the Maharaja being related to each other and coming from the same source. The Maharani did not seem to like the idea of Sardar Jadhav going to Lok Sabha and thus allowing his wife to steal a march on the Maharani. Quite a natural sentiment of jealousy in an ambitious woman. And even though she had previously announced her intention of never contesting a Lok Sabha seat because of her various family responsibilities, the Maharani ultimately persuaded her little Maharaja to give her the permission to contest the very seat which was previously given by the Congress to Sardar Jadhav. The Maharaja readily agreed as he was given an angle to save his annual privy purse of Rs. 25 lakhs, the Maharaja's fondness for money being intimately known to the Maharani.

The Maharani went to New Delhi and did the trick. The blind men of the Congress were praying for one eye. The Maharani offered them two. In a minute Sardar Jadhav was kicked off his pedestal and the Maharani was installed there. The Maharaja of Gwalior soon became her election agent.

The news of the Maharani's conversion and contest electrified the whole of the old Gwalior State. A grand epidemic of feudal love for their Raja broke out among the people. Never had I seen such a preposterous phenomenon—slaves of yesterday prostrating before their one-time feudal lord. It was a



The cleanest spot in Gwalior was the colony of Bhangis (Mehtars). And the dirtiest, of course, was the place where the Brahmins lived in Morar. This house belongs to Chhote Jamadar, the chief of the Bhangis, who is rich enough to own half a dozen houses and does money lending business in addition to his own ancestral profession.

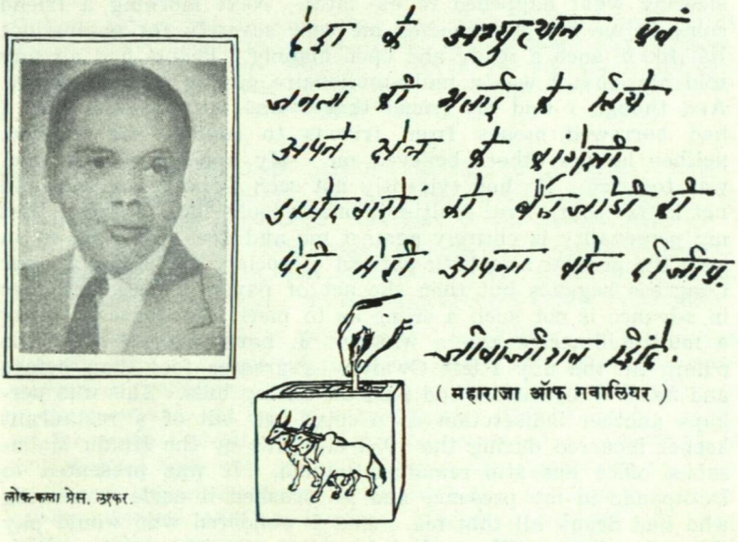
disgusting spectacle of a supine tradition-bound people, impoverished through centuries, still wallowing in the mucky sentiment that had held them down to slavery and ignorance for years. These people were not only stupid but blind. They did not understand freedom. They did not understand democracy. Their approach to the problem insulted even the Congress and what it stood for. They were just relics of an old and tragic past and content to be so. And the shocking part of the whole tragedy was that they loved a Maharaja who had done nothing for them in the twenty and odd years that he had ruled and who had spent his time feeding race horses and seeing them polluting streets and stables. It was for me a revolting glimpse of a fortunately dead past.

The Congressmen had played their cards well and caught a rich fool. Here was a man seeking glory through his wife and riding to ambition on her skirt. He couldn't speak a word himself but he expected his gentle wife to lend a tongue to his thoughts. He couldn't even get rid of his eternal effeminate shyness and yet he seemed to face the world with his wife's charming face. With all the native cunning given as self-defence to these shy little creatures of God, the Maharaja soon sprung into action, deadly action, and throwing money all round, bought scores of jeeps, station wagons and everything that moved on wheels for his Maharani's election campaign.

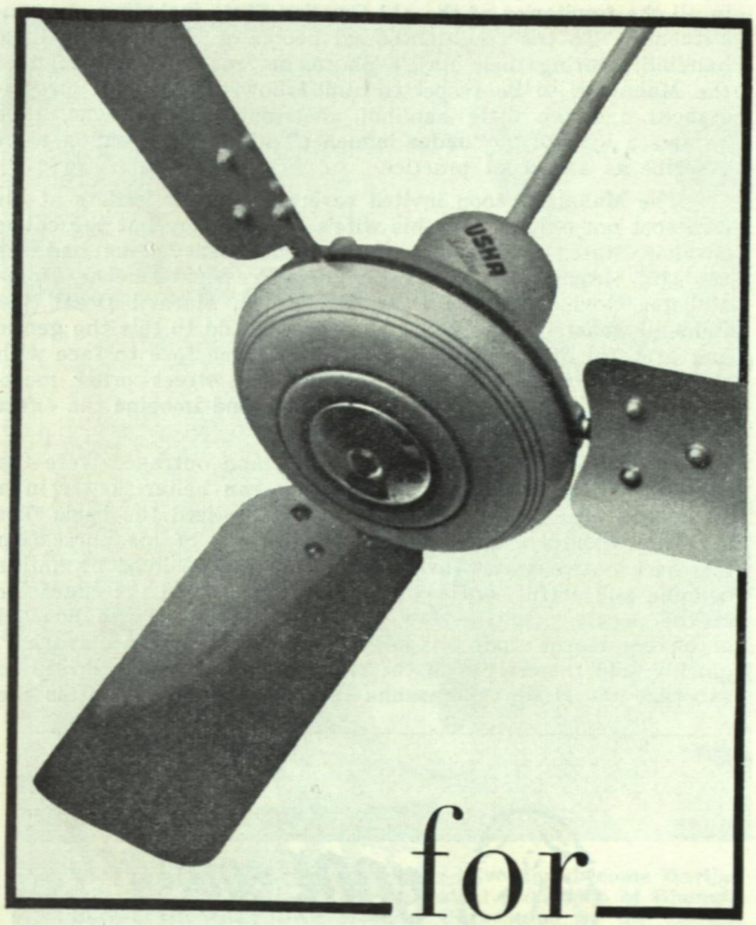
He could not speak before his people, words being strangers to his tongue, but he issued handbills with a signed four-line appeal and with a nursery photograph of his printed on the side. The appeal read as follows: **"For the progress of the country and good of the people, vote for Congress candidates in your area by putting your vote only in ballot boxes with a brace of bullocks—Jiwajirao Shinde, Maharaja of Gwalior".** (See picture). Strictly speaking he was no longer the Maharaja and yet he described himself as such to revive the old sentiment of loyalty in the people and benefit the Congress thereby. And no one could have objected to his playing the part of his wife's election agent and distributing these handbills in the constituency where the lady was contesting the election. But millions of these handbills were freely, and again and again, distributed in all the territories of the old Gwalior State including my constituency. To the tradition-bound people of Gwalior this little handbill, bearing their Raja's photo, became a royal firman of the Maharaja to be respected and followed under all circumstances and the little handbill, distributed in millions, thus became a symbol of **"undue influence"** which the election rules describe as a corrupt practice.

The Maharaja soon invited several Congress leaders at his own cost not only to tour his wife's constituency but the entire Gwalior State. The people of my constituency thus had the doubtful pleasure of hearing Congress President Dhebar, Home Minister Govind Ballabh Pant, Dr. Katju, Morarji Desai, Lal Bahadur Shastri, S. K. Patil and others. Add to this the gentle and graceful Maharani, who had never come face to face with the people since her marriage, addressing street-corner meetings with an open face dressed in smiles and imagine the effect on a traditionally prostrate people.

But those who were most shocked and outraged were the Hindu-Mahasabhites of Gwalior. They ran helter-skelter in a breathless rage for some time but soon realized the basic fact that the Maharaja had loosened the strings of his purse. In this once native state where people had always lived by native cunning and artful courtesy, money often decided the character of the people. Quite a few old Hindu Sabhites, who boasted of having learnt their Hinduism at the feet of Dr. Savarkar, quickly sold themselves to the Maharaja's agent and agreed to sabotage the Hindu Mahasabha in the elections. As it is the



This little chap is no longer the Maharaja of Gwalior—"Maharaja" being a designation of sovereign power and authority and not a personal title. The only personal title which Jiwajirao Shinde can lawfully use now is "His Highness" which is a personal title. And yet Jiwajirao Shinde described himself as "Maharaja of Gwalior" and misguided the people of Gwalior. In this special firman Jiwajirao Shinde says, "For the progress of the country and good of the people, vote for Congress candidates in your area by putting your vote only in ballot boxes with a brace of bullocks—Jiwajirao Shinde, Maharaja of Gwalior". Tell us another Jiwajirao Shinde! You ought to know better from what the Congress did to the princes.



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Hindu Mahasabha, as I found it, was a very strange institution. In Gwalior it was only a name without a body. And seeing Nehru condemning it every time I had thought it to be a strong communal institution. Actually I found no such institution in Gwalior and I wondered why Nehru has been wasting his breath on something that has no existence. Nehru is thus partly responsible for my journey to Gwalior as his constant condemnation of the Hindu Mahasabha as a communal party excited my curiosity and I expected to find ash-painted, old Brahmins with orthodox whiskers sitting round holy fires chanting the mantras of sanatan dharma. I did not find even a single man in this old paint, nor did I find any communal feeling prevalent anywhere in Gwalior. On the other hand it became extremely difficult for me to distinguish between a Hindu and a Muslim in Gwalior who seemed to live in perfect harmony in spite of the cow-protection slogans temporarily raised in the air for election purposes. In fact the tiny office which the Hindu Mahasabha has got in Daulatganj, Lashkar, did not even have electric lights when I first visited it, nor did it have any man permanently working there. The Hindu Mahasabha had no party organization at all in Gwalior though Deshpande had given me a solemn assurance that the Mahasabha organization would undertake all my election worries.

MY CRIME OF PROMPT PAYMENT

I had to begin by hiring out my own office, taking my own telephone and engaging my own staff. I did this in a systematic manner characteristic of me and the one mistake I committed was paying Rs. 400/- the rent for two months for my office —cash in advance in the presence of some Hindu Mahasabha dignitaries. I have never excused myself for this prompt and hasty action because I gave the watching Mahasabhites the utterly wrong impression of being a rich man and a waster in addition. Their eyes flickered for hours having seen me separating four hundred-rupee notes from a bundle of notes and paying the landlord. Later I learnt that in Gwalior four hundred rupees are usually paid in forty instalments and not unless the unfortunate creditor has called at least ten times for each instalment. This indiscretion on my part was unpardonable considering what happened to me later. Next morning a friend came to me and admonished me very severely for paying out Rs. 400 in such a ready and open manner. People had already told him that I was a multi-millionaire out on an adventure. And though I told my friend that I was not one and that I had borrowed money from friends to contest the election, neither he nor others believed me. My appearance, he said, was too rich. He had evidently not seen Dalmia and thus did not know what a real multi-millionaire looks like. I admit that my personality is entirely against me and does not quite fit in with the present socialistic pattern of society prescribed by our Congress beggars but then the act of paying a man his dues in advance is not such a crime as to merit the abuse of being a multi-millionaire and a waster. I, however, enjoyed this odium till the day I left Gwalior—a greater fool than before and more so because I had paid off all my bills. This was perhaps another indiscretion as a small tea bill of a restaurant keeper incurred during the 1952 elections by the Hindu Mahasabha office has still remained unpaid. It was presented to Deshpande in my presence and he brushed it aside wondering who had drunk all that tea. And I wondered who would pay that bill. I am still wondering.

Having opened the office, I wanted workers and propagandists. I soon discovered that the local boss of the Hindu Mahasabha workers was in police lock-up along with his companions. They were enjoying the hospitality of the State because they had burnt the Holy Quran in the city's public square and had shouted "Bhagwan Godse ki Jai". This was revolting news for me. Here were a few fanatics—found probably in every spot of the world—who were trying to glorify a man who had murdered the most revered man of our century in a fit of misguided patriotism. The Quran burning, I was told, was in re-

Women always try to look their best before doing their worst because their bright looks take them nearer their dark designs. We do not know whom Shakila is out to kill but she is suitably dressed for the occasion in "Mohini", a costume tale produced by Navkala Niketan.

taliation of the Muslims burning the Gita in Aligarh. To my mind both were revolting and indefensible acts and I decided to do without these experienced workers of the Mahasabha and I fervently prayed for their longer stay in the State guest rooms. The prayer, of course, was not granted, for within a fortnight they came out scot-free. My prayers are not heard these days.

By this time, Hindu Mahasabha's professional lecturers had already held a couple of public meetings in support of their Assembly candidates and denounced everything under the sun in the most virulent language imaginable. And they soon reached the subject of the Maharani. It would not be courteous to repeat what they said about her but I got down from the dais in disgust and walked away from both the meetings and never again attended another meeting, though I was all the time under severe pressure to do so. My main condition was that the Maharani, who was someone's wife, should not be abused in vile terms from any platform where I was sitting. My quarrel was with the Congress Government and I did not want to take it into the sacred bedroom of the Maharani. I took a very firm attitude on this and I was cordially disliked by the Hindu Mahasabha people. It was true that the Congressmen were talking a lot of rude things about me and the Hindu Mahasabhites. It was also true that the Maharaja was putting teeth and venom into his campaign for the Congress to defeat me and the other Mahasabha candidates for the Assembly. But all that did not justify showering filth and abuse on the Maharani. To me she was a revered mother and nothing less. And I wanted my election campaign to be clean and fair, whatever the provocation from the Congress. Win or lose, I wanted to set a high standard in election fighting. Only one Hindu Mahasabhite agreed with me in this and stuck to me like a loyal friend. His name is Purshottamrao Inamdar. He is the advocate who had defended Dr. Parchure, Savarkar's Penguin edition, in the Gandhi Murder Trial and brought the little doctor safe home right out of the hangman's noose. Inamdar was also an Assembly candidate from the Morar Constituency facing a ruthless contest from Mrs. Chandrakala Sahai, an old and gentle lady whom the Congress placed on her illustrious husband's corpse and campaigned against Inamdar. But like me Inamdar never uttered a vile word against her throughout his campaign. His was a gentleman's campaign without even a dirty thought in his mind—leave alone a dirty word. Though a great lawyer, Inamdar is a modest man, and it was worth going all the way to Gwalior to shake hands with a man like that. Such men are so rare these days. I earned Inamdar's respect for my firm stand against the other Hindu Mahasabhites, who wanted me to join in the abuse of the Maharani, and secured his friendship and cooperation throughout my election campaign. And when things looked black against us, as they did very soon, we communed with each other for hours on the hatreds which human beings nursed in a life that is so short and so uncertain.

But I had not got the propagandists (pracharaks) for my election campaign. My new reputation of being a multi-millionaire brought many people to my office but they would not sign the undertaking I wanted. I reproduce a facsimile of the agreement I wanted.

FROM THE DESK OF
BABURAO PATEL
HINDU MAHASABHA CANDIDATE
GWALIOR LOK SABHA CONSTITUENCY
MAHARASHTRA LODGE, PATANKAR BAZAR
LASHKAR - GWALIOR.

Re : Gwalior Parliamentary Constituency.

Instructions issued by Mr. Baburao Patel to 'Pracharaks'.

The Election Law which forbids various corrupt practices has been explained to me in detail.

I promise to observe the said law and in furtherance of this object undertake not appeal to the communal and religious feelings of the citizens.

I also undertake not to revile or speak anything against Her Highness the Maharani of Gwalior and shall not mention or condemn any individual.

I admit having received all printed literature regarding Mr. Patel's candidature and I undertake to confine my speeches strictly to the theme and objects mentioned in the said literature.

Gwalior

Feb. 1957.

Signature of Pracharak.

The smaller the eyes the farther they see. Kamal's eyes reveal not only a capacity to see far but a determination to reach the destination they are focussed on. Let us see if this girl can travel as far as she can see in "Mohini", a costume yarn produced by Navkala Niketan.

During the week over 400 people called on me. Only two persons signed the agreement. Out of the two one stuck to it, the other often made objectionable speeches and had to be constantly pulled up.

A NURSERY OF DACOITS

Before I proceed further with my labour pains, I must tell my readers something about the country I was working in. Gwalior State is a spot which has very little in common with the rest of our country. It is a nursery of dacoits, pickpockets, cut-throats, cowardly courtiers and the most dastardly criminals of the world. The good people of this State have been silent sufferers, too scared to speak or protest. They are unknown because all the news in this strange God-forsaken State is made by the dacoits and good people only jump into the news when they are robbed, raped or kidnapped. The local newspapers are full of such incidents.

The little rotund Maharaja can justifiably boast of his old State having perhaps the most assorted collection of dacoits in the world. Though I am a well-read man I have not yet come across any tract of God's earth where so many dacoits have found a safe haven. Gwalior is thus a unique State. It has hundreds and hundreds of gangs of dacoits terrorizing an area of 26,397 sq. miles, which was once called a premier Maratha State in Central India with a population of over six million people. It is impossible to describe the activities of all the gangs but I give below a sample assortment with a thumb-nail description of their activities.

1. Rupa, a Brahmin, is easily the most distinguished among them all. He is the successor of the notorious Mansingh. He has a dozen Brahmins in his gang and Bharat Singh, the grandson of Mansingh. Rupa is a crack shot and doesn't like anything living within his horizon. He shoots to kill and knowing that dead men don't talk, he usually kills his victims. Rupa operates in the districts of Bhind, Morena and Dholpur. His headquarters are the ravines on the banks of the Chambal River. Strictly speaking Rupa is a Congressman, because his chief agent is a prosperous Congress businessman who supplies him all the arms and ammunition Rupa needs. Rupa's loot also goes to this Congressman's home from where it gets circulated in the markets of Gwalior. The Congressman is suspected to be making over two lakhs of rupees annually from Rupa alone. He has other dacoits also working for him. Last six months, knowing that the elections were coming near and Rupa's services would be needed, Rupa was not molested by the police. On the other hand, his Congress agent gave him a promise that he would be given the President's pardon if he helped the Congress to win the elections. Rupa was therefore reported to have been given a jeep and sent round to the villages with a single message: Vote Congress if you value your life. Results show that Rupa did the job well as any honourable dacoit would do.

2. Lakhan Singh, a Thakur, is a vicious killer—perhaps the most cruel of them all. He has sworn to kill a lakh of people before he is caught by the police. He also operates in the Bhind-Morena districts and can smell a policeman from ten miles. He usually kills small policemen who do not get profits out of their profession. Lakhan was reported to have been paid Rs. 5000/- to enlist his sympathies for the Congress cause because one of his nephews was contesting an Assembly seat in Attair in opposition to the Congress. Lakhan saw to it that his nephew lost. After all money is a dearer relation.

3. Gubbar Singh, a Gujar, is an ear-nose specialist. He cuts the ears and noses of his victims and sometimes when they cry too much and disturb his sleep, he puts them to sleep with a bullet. As he is charged Rs. 10/- per bullet by his Congress supplier, he thinks it should not be wasted unnecessarily merely to give heavenly peace to a man. He therefore specializes in surgical work. He operates in the districts surrounding Gwalior and often rushes into Gwalior City for an emergency ear-and-nose case. During the recent elections he took Rs. 3000/- from his Congress friends but actually helped one of his 'jatwallas' in Gwalior who also supplies him ammunition. The 'jatwalla' lost the election because Congressmen had two more amateur dacoits working in the field who spoke in Gubbar's name and threatened the people that Gubbar had specialized so far in ear-and-nose surgery but would in future cut the hands of those who did not vote for the Congress. The trick seems to have succeeded because a Congressman was elected, though that was one Congressman that deserved to be elected, Gubbar or no Gubbar.

4. Amritlal is an undergraduate who has killed many people but has not been caught since his last escape from jail. Amritlal operates in the Shivpuri district and is a man of callous personal character. He takes a woman from a man as easily as he takes his money. Whenever he wants a woman for the night, he walks into a village, picks up the best-looking woman and sleeps with her till dawn, while the husband is thrown out, a prisoner of his gangsters. Amritlal is reported to have made no profits out of the elections as his agents are not Congressmen. He gets his arms supply direct from military sources. Amritlal is a very slippery customer and rarely meets the policeman.

5. Kalla is a Gujar. Another dangerous character which believes in killing for fun. He has various Congress connections, and though not strictly a Congressman like Rupa, he is reported

to have helped a couple of Congress candidates to win their seats without even taking a special bakshish for the occasion. Evidently an obliging type!

6. Putli is a dark beautiful woman of 28. She was a Muslim prostitute whom the notorious dacoit Sultan kidnapped and took to the jungles. After Sultan was shot dead by the police, Putli succeeded to his "gadi". Putli rides like a devil and shoots like a mad woman. She kills men both in her bed and outside. She has had many paramours since Sultan went to heaven. But she doesn't take a new paramour to bed till she has said prayers over the corpse of her previous one. Altogether a religious woman in this respect. She recently had a baby and a doctor and a nurse were taken from Gwalior for her delivery. This is truth, not fiction. Almost every prosperous man in Gwalior State is in this game and there is no reason why a doctor should not make a little money for rendering humanitarian services. After all Putli could not carry the child inside her all her life and jeopardize her active national life. Putli is in toe with a prosperous Congressman in Morena who is, they say, also jealous of her physical charms.

These are the prominent six celebrities who always hit the headlines of local newspapers. There are hundreds more but they often go to an unknown grave. These dacoits are spread all over the territory and only a circle of 10 miles round Gwalior city is considered to be a comparatively safe island for decent people to live. The dacoits are armed with the latest .303 rifles, Bren and Tommy guns, Sten guns, hand grenades and the latest ammunition. Gunrunners charge these dacoits as much as Rs. 10/- per bullet. The prices of rifles and Tommy guns should be astronomical. As members of the police and the army are suspected to be in the game, supplies of arms are reported to be coming from Jhansi, Agra and Jubbulpore. Very often the police and the army, as is the common talk, kill a small inconsequential dacoit, report a big action to their headquarters and sell the very ammunition they had taken for action to the dacoits themselves.

The dacoit menace in Madhya Pradesh will never disappear because there are too many prosperous Congressmen, policemen and armymen involved in it. They all make a big living by this illegitimate traffic and no one easily gives up profits. I have had the doubtful pleasure of having tea with Lakhan Singh's nephew who bragged about his uncle's power and exploits and with a Gujar ex-convict whose arrogance shocked me.

In my constituency of Gwalior, Bhind and Morena, only a radius of 10 miles round my house was considered to be a comparatively safe area. I had to ask for armed police protection when some of the relatives of our Assembly candidates began to call on me at late hours in the night. I also started getting telephone calls threatening the safety of my wife. My little wife was frightened out of her wits during the 45 days that we lived in Gwalior for the elections. This was due to my new reputation of being a multi-millionaire, kidnapping for ransom being a well-tried paying trick with the dacoits of Madhya Pradesh. The armed policemen who guarded us, of course, slept throughout the night but their sleeping presence on the verandah gave my wife the necessary sedative for a quiet night.

MY POSTMAN PROPAGANDIST

This was the land where Deshpande had taken me for my election. Not once in the forty five days could I penetrate ten miles beyond the main roads. Nor could my men go in partly because of no motor roads and mainly because of the instructions of our rival parties to the dacoits to beat up our men, whenever seen in the interior villages. And with the fear of these frightening dacoits so universally rooted in the minds of all, my men often saw a gang of dacoits even in a group of innocent villagers. I therefore decided to use the postman as my messenger because my landlord, Capt. Kitchlu, had told me that a postman had never yet been murdered by the dacoits as they wanted to get the news of what happened in the rest of the world. I therefore printed thousands of copies of my election manifesto and posted them to 7000 villages. Half of these reached their destination, the other half were sabotaged by the white-capped dacoits. I had no jeeps to reach the villages nor any previous credentials to present to the dacoits.

A Lok Sabha election is a knotty problem. It is unfortunately and unreasonably linked with the Assembly elections. Thus from 6 to 16 Assembly seats, according to their combined population, constitute a seat for the Lok Sabha. Mine was a double-member constituency and I had therefore 16 Assembly seats in my constituency. Which means that I was fishing with a rod that was supposed to have sixteen hooks. Usually, people who vote for the lower Assembly candidates vote for the Lok Sabha candidate. Political parties are therefore very particular about selecting their Assembly candidates who are usually local men with some strong caste ties or good social work to their credit. In my constituency only the Congress succeeded in finding candidates for all the sixteen Assembly seats. With the exception of one or two seats, all the Congress candidates were selected with a cockeye on casteism and communalism, voting in Madhya Pradesh being perfectly communal. The other parties could not even fill up the sixteen seats. The Praja Socialists had filled up hardly ten seats while the Hindu Maha-

"Who, me?" says Meena Kumari when Ganeshan tells her that she has stolen his sleep. But then women are great ones at feigning innocence and they must show surprise when they achieve their ends for they are interested only in the results and not in claiming their parentage. See Meena Kumari succeeding in her mission in "Miss Mary", AVM's gay comedy.

sabha filled in fifteen Assembly seats on their ticket. But out of these four candidates turned tail and let us down, five never made any serious attempt to fight the elections, and only five candidates fought their elections seriously.

This debacle was due to a well-planned sabotage by a man who often described himself as the trusted agent of the Maharaja. When this man failed to persuade Deshpande, who was contesting the election against the Maharani, in the Guna-Bhilsa Constituency, to retire and give the Maharani a walk-over, he is reported to have asked some of the Mahasabha Assembly candidates in my Constituency to retire from their contests at the last minute, leaving the Assembly seats uncontested. It seems he had placed these men there in conspiracy with one of the prominent traitors from the Mahasabha ranks. Some of these candidates were instructed to dun me for funds for their elections and I must say they did a thoroughly disgusting job of it. One of them, a wicked dacoit-connected wretch, even threatened to kidnap my wife if I did not pay him the money. That is why I had to ask for police protection.

Thus on the day of the election, out of sixteen hooks to the Lok Sabha rod, I had five hooks missing, five were half-broken and only six functioned. With six hooks I had to pick up six-lakh votes. An impossible task!

I had foreseen this disaster on the 4th of February when I counted the number of our Assembly candidates that had been secured and saw the type of men that had been selected. I had also seen through the design of the sabotage prepared by the man who proudly called himself the agent of the Maharaja. I also knew the progress of the day-to-day negotiations which he carried on with Deshpande often using words conveying threats and blackmail. I could have returned to Bombay on 4th February with little damage done to my borrowed purse. But I didn't do so because the only decent gesture Deshpande had shown towards me was not to put a dummy candidate in my Constituency. I wanted to show him that this little decency was much appreciated by me and though I did not see eye to eye with the cow-and-woman protection ideals of the Hindu Mahasabha, I still did not want to run out on the Hindu Mahasabha and leave the seat uncontested knowing as I did the political importance of contesting a seat, to a party, whatever be the chances of winning it. Whatever the odds and whatever the damage I decided to stick on. It was an honourable thing to do and I expected my friends who had given me the money to understand this decision. My wife supported me in my decision and her advice made my foolhardy decision look like a virtue of necessity.

As I have said before I wanted to fight the election in a scrupulously clean manner because win or lose I did not want to be accused of corrupt practices. Besides, being a critic I wanted to set a standard of free and fair elections. I wanted my hands to be clean to be able to lift my pen and condemn corrupt practices after the elections. Only in one place at Jaura, one of my paid propagandists gave a lecture on communal lines against the Muslims. This was reported to me by Mr. Yusuf Nensey, my publisher, whom I had taken to Gwalior to help me. I immediately paid off this propagandist.

But the other parties to this election, I regret to say, did not observe any scruples in their campaign. The Jan Sangh candidate continued to contest the election against me in spite of my frantic reminders to Dindayal Upadhyaya to keep his verbal and written promise and ask his candidate to retire. My friend Dindayal never replied to the several letters and telegrams which I sent him from Gwalior. I do not know the reasons of Dindayal's silence and I do not wish to investigate them. Dindayal has dined at my table and I would not like to embarrass him by putting on paper the odd explanation that was given to me by the local Jan Sangh chief. I still choose to cling to my friendship with Dindayal and do not wish to jeopardize it because of an unfortunate election, for, bar politics, Dindayal is a fine thinker and a man of lofty ideals.

The Praja Socialist candidate, Murlidhar Singh worked quietly. He knew the strings that caught the rabbit and I must say he manoeuvred them cleverly though the rabbit escaped. Murlidhar, an affable man of 6 feet 2 inches, easily beat me in size and height. He looks a dacoit every inch but he is not one. He, however, knows all the dacoits personally and many of them respect this sincere social worker. As I already knew my prospects I wished Murlidhar all luck when I met him and I must say Murlidhar gave the Congress candidate a good fight.

WAYS OF THE GANDHIAN CONGRESS

But the Congress had loaded the dice so much against the Opposition candidates that none but the Congress candidate could have won.

Here is what the Congressmen did in my Constituency:—

(1) They first called me a candidate of the murderers of Mahatma Gandhi. As the elections came nearer, they intensified their propaganda and ended by calling me the murderer. They made a song about this and sang it in front of my office.

(2) They described me as a modern Indra who sits in the laps of film prostitutes and spends his life in pleasures of wine and women.

(3) They described my wife as an actress brought with me from Bombay for my pleasure in Gwalior.

(4) They abused Purshottamrao Inamdar, as the advocate who got Gandhiji's murderer acquitted and called him a traitor ("ghaddar") to the country.

When hundreds of tongas and scores of jeeps fitted with Congress loudspeakers are used for such a false and filthy propaganda through 7000 villages of my Constituency continuously for 45 days, one can imagine its effect on the illiterate villagers. This technique of character assassination was very effective in the case of a new man like me who was not known to the electorate previously. I was told to counteract this filthy propaganda by abusing Radha Charan Sharma, my Congress rival. Some fanatic Hindu Mahasabhites put before me a list of Radha Charan's various faults and defects and showed me how easy it was to refute the filthy propaganda against me. I refused to use the list and on the other hand gave strict instructions to my propagandists (pracharaks) not to utter

Radha Charan's name through my loudspeakers. I had already met Radha Charan several times and rather liked his vanaspati personality. He was too harmless to deserve any abuse, his only crime being that he was a Congressman. My firm attitude naturally irritated my supporters and they gave me up as a damn fool.

(5) The Congressmen, as I discovered later, had themselves put up candidates from some rival parties to divide the Hindu Mahasabha vote. They did this effectively by dividing the labour vote in Birla Mills and seducing the orthodox Hindu vote from the villages. One political party which played the Trojan horse in this manner is reported to have been given Rs. 50,000|- for its own election campaign. Such pacts and payments are, of course, indirectly made through various sympathisers of the Congress. But the Congress gets all the benefit.

(6) Millions of Nehru's photographs in colour were distributed free in 7000 villages of my Constituency with printed literature distorting the Kashmir problem beyond imagination and telling the villagers that India was faced with the danger of an invasion from Pakistan and only the Congress and the Maharaja could save the people. That made the rotund, effeminate Maharaja look like a great warrior.

(7) Congress agents used Government stationery with "On Government of India Service" to distribute the Maharaja's printed "firman" to all "gram" and "nyaya" panchayats in the villages. This Government stationery gave the Congress propaganda a complexion of an official order which many "sarpanchas" (village chiefs) accepted as such and ordered their villagers to vote for the Congress. (See picture)

(8) The identification between the Congress Party and the Government was so complete in these districts that it was difficult to find where the Government ended and the Congress Party began. The official link beginning from the village headman ("Patel") and ending with the top official was so vehemently terrorized and used by the Party bosses that no man could dare work or vote against the Congress. Some conscientious officers were so scared that they did not even go to the polling stations to exercise their right of voting for fear of being misunderstood.

(9) The "tacavi" loans with which all governments in the world help their farmers were effectively used in Madhya Pradesh as a lever to force the villagers to vote for the Congress. In at least three polling stations in the villages I personally heard Congress agents standing outside the polling stations and reminding the villagers of their "tacavi" loans given by the Congress—and not by the Government.

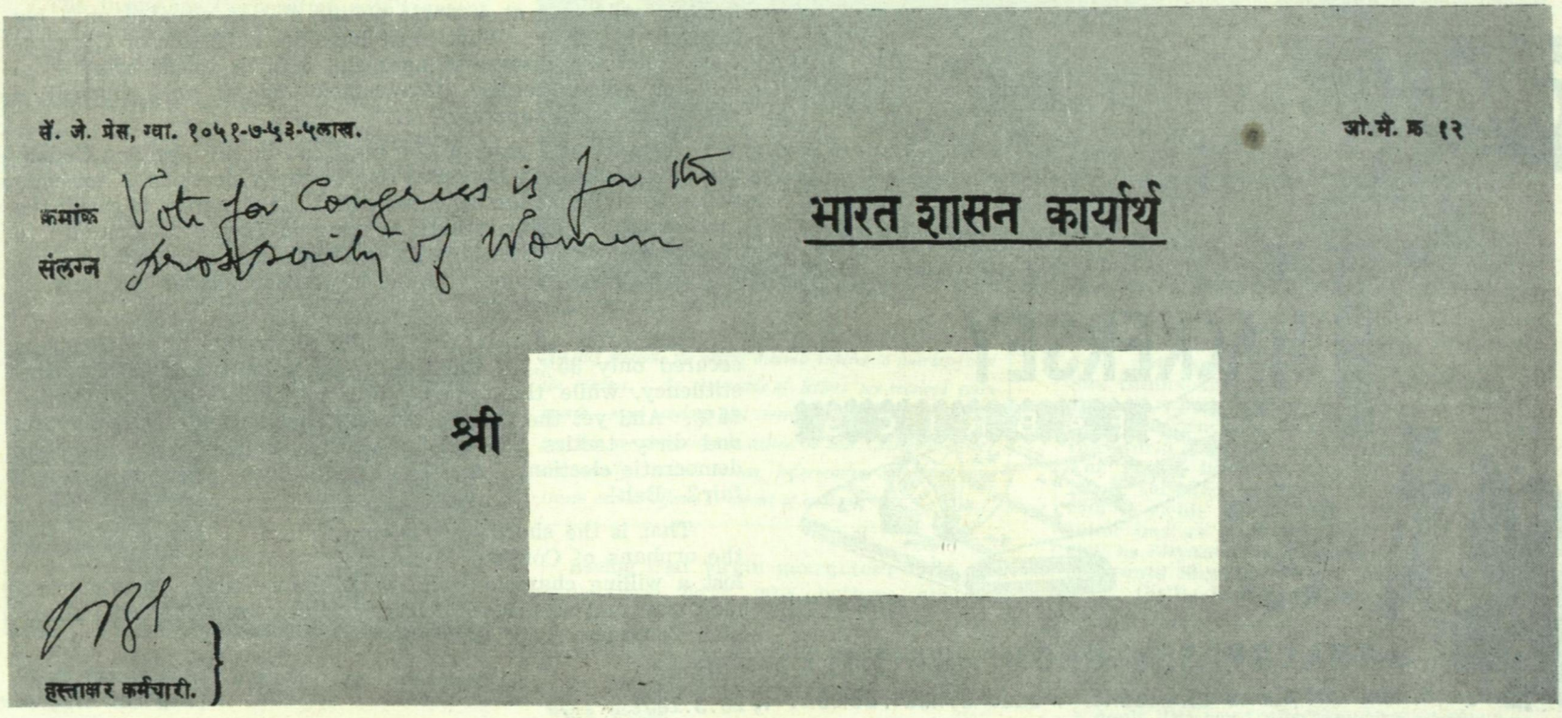
(10) The election dates of various Assembly constituencies were so cleverly grouped by the officials that only the Congress Party with its vast resources in men and money could man all the polling stations with their polling agents with the result that hundreds of polling booths did not have any polling agents of the Opposition political parties. The net result of this was that the Government Polling Officers and the Congress Polling Agents had a field day with village voters.

(11) The election dates of various Assembly constituencies were cleverly arranged by the Government officials to add to the Congress prestige. Only those constituencies which had strong Congress strongholds were polled first and their results quickly announced. These results naturally demoralized the supporters of the Opposition parties. Congressmen made the most of these early victories by screaming their successes and keeping the population awake.

(12) In the villages the Congress flag and the National flag got so badly mixed up that people didn't seem to see that one had a Charkha on it and the other had an Asoka Chakra. By some strange illusion of the vision people seemed to have seen only the flag with the Asoka Chakra on Congress jeeps and tongas and many of them naturally thought that the Congress Party was the Government.

(13) As the Opposition parties could not collect sufficient polling agents because of lack of funds and as some of those that were available could not be sent into interior villages because of the fear of the dacoits who were generally in league with the Congress agents, many voters of the Opposition parties

This is how the official stationery of the Government of India was used by the Congress for sending propaganda literature of the Congress candidates to thousands of villages in the Gwalior Constituency. These envelopes with "On Government Of India Service" printed on them gave the Congress propaganda a complexion of an official order and which the scared, illiterate villagers accepted as such and voted for the Congress in large numbers, much against their conscience and conviction.



who came to the polls were wrongly told by the Congress polling agents that their names could not be found in the electoral lists. As the next polling station was usually five miles away thousands of Opposition voters from the villages went home and did not vote.

(14) The Jiwajirao Cotton Textile Mills of Gwalior, belonging to the Birlas, declared a bonus for its 6000 workers right on the eve of the elections. This was a bonus of Rs. 8 lakhs for two years: 1955 and 1956, and was negotiated by the Congress-dominated I.N.T.U.C. The first instalment of this bonus was timed to be paid only in April after the elections and Congress agents launched a whispering campaign that if the Congress lost the elections payment of the bonus would have to be postponed. This rumour did the trick. All the labour votes went to the Congress.

(15) Congress lecturers told the people that the Hindu Mahasabha was responsible for shifting the capital of Madhya Pradesh from Gwalior to Bhopal, though it was Nehru himself who did it.

(16) Congress workers asked women to vote for Gandhiji and Nehru as both were "devatas" (gods) of our country.

(17) Congressmen told Muslims that if Hindu Mahasabha won the elections, the Muslims would be driven out, bag and baggage, within a day.

(18) Congress agents hired the services of several dacoits to threaten the villagers to vote for the Congress. Some of these dacoits were promised a pardon and supplied with jeeps to enable them to tour the villages in the company of Congress workers.

(19) Whole villages were threatened by Congress agents that there would be no community projects in their villages and no "tacavi" loans would be given to the villagers if they did not vote for the Congress.

(20) The Maharaja and the Maharani virtually became Congress propagandists and toured the length and breadth of their old State asking people to vote for the Congress.

(21) Many polling stations in the districts seemed to have been intentionally located away from motorable roads. This prevented supervision on the polling day by candidates and by high Government officials who could only go to roadside polling stations.

(22) Whatever may be the Congress ideals of prohibition, thousands of villagers were continuously given free liquor parties by Congress agents. These villagers expected similar sympathetic consideration also from the Opposition parties. As the Opposition parties could not afford all the liquor, the votes of the villagers went into Congress ballot-boxes.

(23) Though bringing voters to the polling booths in a conveyance was described as a corrupt practice under the Election Law, Congressmen used scores of jeeps, motor-cycle rikshas and hundreds of tongas to bring voters to the polling booths. In Gwalior alone Congress agents were reported to have engaged 270 tongas out of 300 and 17 motor-cycle rikshas out of 20 which the city boasted of. Scores of jeeps belonging to the Congress and the Maharaja were plying all the time bringing voters by dozens.

At the Krishna Kunj polling station on Mahatma Gandhi Road in Morar, where I watched the polling for an hour in the company of Mr. Inamdar and the local representative of the Press Trust of India, I took down the numbers of the following red-plated jeeps belonging to the Maharaja bringing voters for the Congress: "Gwalior 12" (Grey coloured), "Gwalior 10" (Grey); "Gwalior 8" (Red), "Gwalior 12" (Red) and a Mercedes Benz car in buff paint numbered "Gwalior 21". The numbers of the tongas which I noted down were: 434, 445, 523 (Gariba was this tongawalla's name), 567 and 574.

Mr. Inamdar actually caught another tonga (No. 23) bringing six Congress voters to this polling station and brought this to the attention of Mr. Tipnis, the Deputy Superintendent of Police, who happened to pass that way just at the moment. Mr. Gautam, the local Congress boss, also arrived on the spot and took a strong objection against stopping the tonga man. He shouted at Mr. Inamdar saying, "You can't stop the voters. You can file a petition afterwards". Mr. Gautam's tone of authority made the Police Officer nervous. He visibly trembled. He refused to make a "panchnama" on the spot though asked by us all and went away saying that he would attend to the matter. The tongawalla was later charged for overloading his tonga. But the main offence of bringing voters in a conveyance against the Election Law went unheeded.

I saw all this happen within the period of an hour (from 2 p.m. to 3 p.m.) at a single polling station situated on a big highway in Morar. What must have been the tale of Congress conveyances in obscure villages and in little towns away from Gwalior, where neither Government officers nor Opposition candidates could supervise?

From what I saw of the elections in my Gwalior Constituency and the way Congress fought these elections, I am compelled to arrive at the conclusion that the Congress is easily the most corrupt political party existing in India. Compared to the crimes which these Gandhian Congressmen commit and get away with, the members of the Opposition parties can only be called clumsy amateurs.

And after all this, the results show that the Congress secured only 35% of the total valid votes polled in my constituency, while the four Opposition parties together polled 65%. And yet the Congress won. That shows that corruption and dirty tactics pay good dividends in this dirty game of democratic elections. And Nehru calls these elections free and fair? Bah!

That is the short story of my failure. I deserved it. But the orphans of Congress democracy, who did not vote for me, lost a willing champion who would have fought for the common man and with more sincerity than even Nehru, the champion Congressman of India.

"Girnar" Baburao Patel

20.3.1957.

(In this section, the editor himself replies to queries from the readers. As thousands of letters are received every month—some anxious and several frivolous—it is neither possible nor convenient to attend to all. Selected letters are usually treated in an informative and humorous strain and no offence is meant to anyone.)

MOHAN K. MIRPURI (Madras)

Why doesn't Keskar wear a wig?

What is the fun in putting dead hair on a dead head?

JIWAT C. MOORJANI (New Delhi)

What is Madhubala without make-up?

Pale skin and pimples.

How to spot an honest Congressman?

That is a problem for microbiological research.

Is Nutan charitable?

Not yet! Charity is a risk at her age.

What is the secret of M. C. Chagla's success?

Honest thinking and specialization in his field. Chagla should have been our representative at the U.N.O. instead of that rude rumbler Krishna Menon.

I read and re-read Nehru's speeches?

You will soon be a perfect humbug.

Dr. Prasad will be our President again?

Yes, you can't deprive New Delhi of a Presidential funeral. Dr. Prasad let down the Congressmen in his last term.

Shyama says that she treats producers and studio workers alike?

Did she say anything about cameramen?

MISS SWARN PURI (Bombay)

My first impression of your face was that of a great lover, a big crook and a very big them?

Isn't that what you want your man to be?

Will a pretty, intelligent girl assistant be safe under you?

The Insurance Corporation won't accept the risk but a woman who doesn't take a risk is a eunuch.

B. SUBBA RAO (Bombay)

I want to get some cultured family girls for talking purposes only. Where can I find them?

Join the Praja Socialist Party. There you get some girls for talking purposes only. In the Congress every opportunity is turned into profits.

If a widow were to assure you that she was just like new?

Seeing that virgin guarantees don't ring true these days, who bothers about a widow?

Aren't most Muslims worthy of distrust?

In Gwalior I discovered that the Hindus were worse.

When a woman is out to catch a man she does not worry about catching a cold. She thinks that the warmth of a man's arms is worth any number of attacks of cold and proceeds to risk all the chill in the world for the only thrill she wants. The game, however, can be played only when the fire of youth is in full blaze and it yields results only when the risk-taker has as pretty portions to expose to risk as Shyama has. Producer P. N. Arora confronts Shyama with a lot of chill and thrills in his coming picture.

Why don't you wear a Gandhi cap?

I am afraid of being made a minister. I don't like sex-transformation at this age.

Feminine coyness is sometimes nature's gift but often an art. Not all women can cultivate it but when it is practised by such pretty and youthful ones it becomes one of the most potent solvents in the world and dissolves the resistance of man in a trice and with a lethal thoroughness. Let us see whom Jamuna dissolves with her coy looks in "Miss Mary", a colourful comedy produced by AVM.

I want to start a "Baburao Patel Relief Fund" with your permission?

That is a Congress idea. It pays dividends only when the corpse is born. I am sorry you will have to wait for some time.

Suppose on one side of the street a thousand-rupee currency note is lying and on the other a beautiful girl is calling you, where would you go?

I would pick up the note and cross the road. A beautiful girl appreciates an intelligent man.

Do you borrow from Pathan moneylenders?

Not yet! I am still at the Multani level.

In what respects is the P.S.P. better than the Congress?

Frustration brings some conscience into their talk.

Have you had any august visitors of late?

In Gwalior I had the doubtful privilege of receiving half-a-dozen "blue-blooded" dacoits of Morena.

Are we any better than animals in sexual matters?

Animals have a season for sex. Men don't often have even a good reason for it.

If you had kept a record of all that you have stolen?

A working journalist has not much to steal. He lives on loans.

Suppose Suryakant suddenly announced one fine morning his decision to you to give up general managership and take to dacoity?

Suryakant is a greater gentleman than I am. I have another son who upholds his father's traditions.

G. RAMANATHAN (Mannargudi)

What does Pandit Nehru live on?

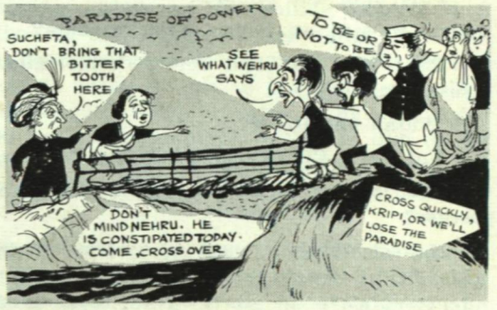
He eats the hearts of millions.

What does Y. B. Chavan lack?

Let us first wait and see what he has before we start searching for what he lacks.

Why has Sucheta Kripalani joined the Congress?

She is chosen to pilot the prodigals home.


PARADISE OF POWER
SUCHETA, DON'T BRING THAT BITTER TOOTH HERE
SEE WHAT NEHRU SAYS
TO BE OR NOT TO BE
DON'T MIND NEHRU. HE IS CONSTIPATED TODAY. COME ACROSS OVER.
CROSS QUICKLY, KRIPI, OR WE'LL LOSE THE PARADISE

Does Nehru fear Pakistan?

Everyone fears Pakistan. It has mad monkeys with burning torches in hand.

How will Nehru defend India in case of war?

He will invite the Chinamen to dinner.

S. GOPALAKRISHNAN (Madras)

If Nargis vomits....?

No 'shehnais' will be played.

Poor Jayashree!

Stupid Jayashree! Jealousy lit the pyre of her future.

P. VEMBU (Bombay)

Future of Anthony Eden?

Buried alive! Death will naturalize the event.

A. L. SETHI (Kharagpur)

I have no concubine?

Nor have I. How many can afford this supertax on sex in these days of supertaxation?

S. MANOHAR (Patiala)

Do you approve of the veil system?

I can tolerate a cloud only when I know there is the moon behind.

Do air pilots make good husbands?

Their mates have to rely too much on mechanical pilots.

H. M. KHASAMWALA (Calcutta)

What should Muslims do in order to please you?

Youth is a short but uninterrupted season of joy and smile its constant companion. Chitra makes an attractive abode of youth and smile in a coming production of All India Pictures.

They must take part in our political life, fight for their rights and defend our country with the last drop of their blood. They mustn't sulk in silence and invite suspicion when Pakistan is crying 'Jehad".

Do you love Bengalis?

If you mean Bengali women, I plead guilty. They are loveable.

S. MANOHAR (Patiala)

Has Nehru's tour been successful?

Yes, Eisenhower took his measure and the Security Council made the suit.

TAILORS SHOP
YOU NEED A CHAPERON, MY CHILD I AM ASKING JARRING TO LOOK AFTER YOU
UNO KASHMIR
YOU ARE A PRIZE-BOY, NEHRU
NEHRU
BUT, UNCLE SAM, OTHER BOYS PLAY WITHOUT A CHAPERON

Do you believe in "Namaaz"?

It is the staple food of my friend Mehboob and I have seen it work miracles with him.

MISS M. KASHINATH (Thana)

Where will S. K. Patil end?

I want him to be the Prime Minister, nothing less, but Patil is so unreliable. He doesn't keep a single promise.

What opinion do you hold about Sukumar Sen, the Chief Election Commissioner?

An honest man who is acutely aware of the fact that Congressmen are his bosses. He smiled through the Delimitation Commission and never protested.

What is the current scandal about Yashodhara Kathju?

She got married.

Do Thiyya girls like you?

My wife tells me that Thiyya girls are beautiful. I have been waiting to meet one.

If Pakistan invades India?

We can test neutrality and non-violence. I hope Nehru's daughter will be in New Delhi at the time.

Though a Hindu, I hardly know anything about Hinduism. Any comment?

Marry a Muslim and end the disgrace.

There are many ways of emphasizing youth including taking a deep breath and locking it up inside. Shyama seems to be resorting to a moment of 'pranayam' in this still from a coming picture of All India Pictures.

Can you hypnotize girls?

Let me try on you and see.

Who looks after Jayashree these days?

Producer-director S. M. Yusuf has given her the heroine's role in his new picture "Mehndi", a symbolic name for a new ceremonial.

Mr. Sood is a perfect husband. True?

He is more than perfect. He is often invisible.

Wonder, Baburao ogles at women?

Is there anything wrong with women these days?

S. SUBRAMANIAN (Calcutta)

Where will Gulzarilal Nanda end?

In Russia he would have been shot dead for the failure of the first Five Year Plan. In India he will get the Bharat Ratna.

Does P. K. Atre wash his own linen?

Atre has no linen. He is a nudist.

G. RAMANATHAN (Mannargudi)

What is T. A. Ramanathan doing in Calcutta leaving his wife at Mannargudi?

Mannargudi seems to be his hatchery.

Is our future safe in Nehru's hands?

No. The present danger from Pakistan is due to the mess Nehru has made of the Kashmir problem.

SHIV K. PARTI (Pilani)

What material shall I use to frame an image of Nutan?

Surround her with the mist of your dream.

Name a tree that has neither fruits nor flowers?

Rajkumari Amrit Kaur.

S. D. GHADGE (Nara)

I wish to become another Bhupat?

That is defiant youth throwing the gauntlet gracefully and daring anyone to pick it up. Let us see who risks answering Padmini's challenge in Madras Talkies' "Payal".

Shift to Madhya Pradesh. There every second man is a Bhupat and you will get good company.

B. MOHANTY (Cuttack)

Sucheta Kripalani again in the Congress?

Nehru will break her home ultimately by making her the Health Minister.

MISS PREM KIRON (Jullundur)

Why do film stars meet with so many car accidents?

The cars are not built for romance.

A. R. LAMBA (New Delhi)

Which is an ideal station for enjoying honeymoon in India?

A honeymoon needs hearts, not a hill station. Try an air-conditioned compartment of our railways.

JAWAHARLAL ZUTSHI (Annamalainagar)

Nearly half of India's output of ghee is being used in temples?

That keeps the vanaspati industry flourishing. That is why Birla and other Marwaris build temples.

B. T. PURANIK (Bombay)

In what way is low aim a crime?

It produces unwanted children. It is always more economic to aim above the belt.

IT LOOKS LIKE ME, JOAN, BUT IT IS NOT MINE.
OH, FRED YOU AIMED ABOVE THE GARTERS BUT IT WAS STILL BELOW THE BELT. THAT IS THE DANGER ZONE

Are your famous hands too proud to accept a Parker 51?

Send it, old boy, I'll say a prayer for you. Anything free is welcome these days. Select a pen with a fine point, if you don't mind.

Youth always has many buyers especially when it is sold so openly and painstakingly as in this scene. See Minoo Mumtaz marketing the goods in Producer Arora's next picture.

Why does Pandit Nehru talk more of other nations than of India?

He has to divert the attention of the people from his own corrupt government to keep his party in power.

Can you not accommodate D. G. Tendulkar in "Girnar"?

Tendulkar is the second Governor of Bombay. He is staying in Raj Bhavan nowadays.

Which was a national lie?

That a vote for Krishna Menon was a vote for our foreign policy.

Have those who advertised in the matrimonial columns in "filmindia" succeded in their pursuit?

Three got married and they invited me without sending me the railway fare.

Has Nargis now been finally separated from Dilip?

Not yet! Producer Asif still sees to it that they quarrel at least once a week.

How much is Sushila Rani's patience?

She has put up with me for sixteen years. Let us wait and see how many years she adds to her present record in the face of constant seduction of women by the Congress.

RAJ A. CHHUGANI (Poona)

They say Kashmir honey is cheap and genuine?

There is nothing genuine in Kashmir except Muslims and nothing cheap except their love for India.

Tendulkar in shorts! How come?

Contributing the lower half to Nehru's cloth bank.

Baburao Patel's autobiography will sell like hot cakes?

If the book is not banned. Because truth has often an objectionable look.

MRS. N. D. DARWHEKAR (Patanbori)

How will posterity remember Godse?

A murderous sculptor who gave the nation the idol of a new god.

Quality speaks for
ASCO
SPIC
The all-purpose sanitary liquid soap

Indispensable for cleanliness, brightness and sanitation.
ASIATIC SOAP CO.
CALCUTTA.

That is not a Chicago gangster. That is our Ajit who has just returned from Japan after a thorough sociological survey of the geisha problem of that country. But in this story he evidently returns from jail and Kamini Kaushal gets a stab of repentance for marrying such a desperate character. But then life is a desperate design as is shown in "Bada Bhai" a romantic tale of great social significance.

He hardly stops....?

That is why Congressmen are taking women to the Legislatures and keeping their men at home.

MADANMOHAN SACHDEV (Gurgaon)

Do you know that in Jullundur police officials and even magistrates are trading in immoral traffic?

In Gwalior several Congressmen, policemen and army men have turned highway dacoity into a national industry.

S. I. HAMZA (Calcutta)

Can Muslim countries flourish amid hate and fanaticism?

They threw away an empire once. Now Americans are buying oil and Islam, both.

C. V. WASUDEV (Bombay)

Does Bina Rai believe in birth control?

She has produced only one gas-balloon so far.

Suppose Shivaji comes back to life again?

Our Kashmiri Aurangzeb will declare war against him.

What part does honesty play in politics?

It brings failure home.

K. M. RAO (Calcutta)

Can Azad swallow a goat?

When there is plenty of chicken in India, why should he bother about a goat?

MRS. PRAKASH (New Delhi)

Who is the greatest living clown of today?

Dhebarbhai! He beats the best of them.

May I know please who is this Nirmala Raje Bhonsle?

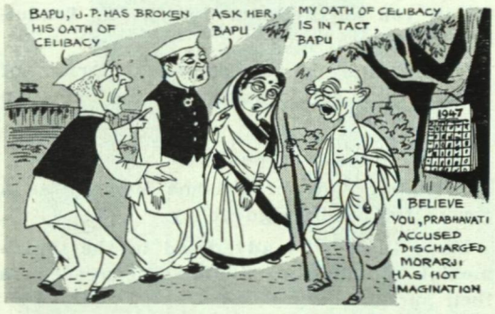
She is the young, widowed Rani of Akalkot, a small state in Maharashtra. She is good at badminton and other games.

How much money has Kishore Kumar made so far?

At least 15 lakhs of rupees. He has been earning over six lakhs of rupees per year last three years. The boy works night and day to earn his fortune.

My husband doesn't smoke, doesn't drink, doesn't take meat or eggs, doesn't see many pictures, doesn't read yellow literature and doesn't gossip!

And he lives in New Delhi? You are the traditional Hindu wife who won't see anything wrong in her husband.


BAPU, J. P. HAS BROKEN HIS OATH OF CELIBACY
ASK HER, BAPU
MY OATH OF CELIBACY IS IN TACT, BAPU
1947
I BELIEVE YOU, PRABHAVATI ACCUSED DISCHARGED MORARJI HAS HOT IMAGINATION

What mantra should be recited again and again before going to sleep?

Asato ma sadgamaya, tamaso ma jyotirgamaya; mrityurma mritangamaya! Om Namah Shivaya!

Why do the Russian journalists think that Nargis and Raj Kapoor are wife and husband?

Too much vodka perhaps! The blighters give an ugly complexion even to the most famous brother-and-sister team in our film industry.

G. C. AGARWAL (Ajmer)

Do Muslims also believe in satyagraha?

They are on a sit-down strike last ten years. They have added nothing to our blood and tears in building the nation.

A pregnant woman is an awful sight?

A reverent sight if you look upon her as a prospective mother.

R. B. KRISHNAN (Jamshedpur)

Nobody loves Rajaji?

That is the tragedy of all honest and intelligent men.

TIRTH K. AIDASANI (Bombay)

With his money Dalmia helped Congress in its freedom movement. What has Congress, the 'Ma-Baap', done for him?

Congress is building a special jail for him. They don't want Dalmia to worry in his old age.

Does the expenditure of 5,300 crores of rupees assure every Indian two square meals a day?

No! That is money for the "welfare" gutters of the Congress.

The crockery for Delhi's Ashoka Hotel was imported from abroad?

It had to be. Indian pottery manufacturers have not yet begun manufacturing dinner sets because our Congress Government has not yet started supplying a dinner to our people.

SUBHASH J. RELE (Bombay)

How will posterity remember our Maulana?

She has still to grow the hips and she gives today a glimpse of the trumpet flower opening up to the sun. Bimla is likely to attract attention in Prem Nath Arora's new picture, "Bhakt Dhruv".

The man who never quarrelled with his food.

What does Tendulkar think of you?

He thinks I am slightly mad. Successful people always emphasize their success by calling others mad.

Does Dilip ever play the flute?

No. His whistle creates a traffic jam.

NO DUCKY DEAR, I JUST WHISTLED FOR A TAXI
TAXI? I WISH I HAD BEEN A TAXI
DID YOU PLAY THE FLUTE, DILIP DARLING
OH, HE WHISTLED HOW SWEET!

Anglo-Indian girls do not go on strike?

They don't believe in fasting.

Does Nehru want to know better?

He knows the best and so does every Nehru, male, female or doubtful.

What part has God played in your success?

He took blame for all the failures and made me feel that I had scored all the successes.

It hurts a woman's pride when a man pays more attention to the bottle than to her. Women, however, should know that men like variety even in intoxication. See Shyama recoiling at Johnny Walker's thirst for the bottle in "Johnny Walker", a social tale produced by Natraja Productions.

What prevents Dr. Keskar from marrying?

He probably doesn't fancy turning his home into a cowshed.

Do you know whom the Congressmen hate most?

Praja-Socialists at the moment! Congresmen hate those who question their monopoly of power and corruption.

Does anybody in Bombay feel the absence of Morarji Desai?

Rafiq Zacharia does. He has lost a good Home Minister who helped him whole-heartedly.

Is our Income tax department a big fraud?

There is no justice and fairness in it. Its main theme seems to be extortion by fair or foul means—mostly foul.

I simply hate my mother-in-law?

You are so much in tune with nature.

What effect has garlic on Anglo-Indian girls?

It provokes them to drink more free whisky.

OH, BABS, YOU HAVE BEEN EATING GARLIC. THAT DAMN THING GOT STUCK IN MY MOUTH. ONLY CHAMPAGNE CAN WASH IT OUT
CHAMPAGNE? WHY DO YOU WANT CHAMPAGNE, IRIS?
MADAM, ILLICIT LIQUOR IS ALSO STRONG SMELL-REMOVER AND CHEAP

Can Tendulkar smile?

He has artificial teeth which make the smile insincere. Smiling needs natural teeth.

S. SWAMINATHAN (Madras)

Don't you think Acharya Kripalani has lost much of his prestige after quitting the Congress?

His wife has now recaptured half of it.

M. G. SOMAN (Akola)

Why more taxation on us?

More Congressmen have to be rewarded during the Second Five-Year Plan.

Are Hindus essential in Pakistan?

How else can you guarantee the welfare of four-crore Muslims in India?

What was Ravishankar Shukla's greatest achievement?

He died quietly without even disturbing the Indore session of the Congress.

Some smell a Communist in you?

Quite possible! At the end of a hard day a man's perspiration often has an offensive smell.

If Dhebar enters Goa?

The Portuguese will cook him for dinner. They like lamb chops.

Does Nehru like to be advised by amateurs?

Nehru likes only amateur advice to maintain his own professional status as a wise man.

REGAIN PERFECT HEALTH THE NAVRATNA WAY

Humanity is indebted to The Science of Ayurveda which discovered the principle of the power-to-cure inherent in nine precious Gems and the principle of Potentization through continuous trituration.

These two Principles are combined into one.

By

Pt. Durga Datt Vaidya, Kaviraj Vaidya-Vachaspati

in

NAVRATNA KALPA

A compound of nine gems :-

Diamond, Sapphire, Ruby, Pearl, Emerald, Topaz, Agate, Cat's-eye and Coral.

An absolutely non-poisonous and non-injurious remedy for all

to get rid of :—

Digestive Disorders	Blood Poisoning
Nervous Debility	Fistula
Leucoderma	Sinus
Elephantiasis	Piles & Asthma

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NAVRATNA KALPA PHARMACY

Jullunder City (India)

Bharat Natyam is becoming increasingly popular on the screen and these days everybody in films who can lift up a leg has begun taking the Nataraja pose. Let us hope Bimla will reveal better dancing talents than she does in this clumsy pose in All India Pictures' "Bhakt Dhruv."

G. N. PAI (Bombay)

Is Maulana Azad a man of vision?

A great vision for food and security! He didn't run away to Pakistan.

Has Pakistan any territorial ambition?

Pakistanis are not very greedy. They want to annex only India.

Shammi or Mohana?

Shammi! She has not yet multiplied.

MRS. RAJANI DEVI (Bombay)

If Baburao were left alone on an island with Marilyn Monroe?

She would soon be Marilyn Patel. On a lonely island a woman's name dissolves earlier.

Does Rajaji intend to become a sadhu?

It is too late now. The old fox will die a politician.

My husband is God?

Let us hope he realizes that.

Is election a necessity in India?

Don't the Congressmen need an alibi for their "welfare" racket?

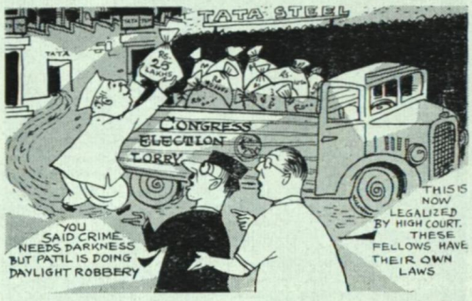
Are we better off than many nations?

Nehru says that we are better off than some Arab countries. But is that any consolation?

V. T. GEHANI (New Delhi)

Who loves darkness?

Crimes grows bread in darkness.


TATA STEEL
CONGRESS ELECTION LORRY
YOU SAID CRIME NEEDS DARKNESS BUT PATIL IS DOING DAYLIGHT ROBBERY
THIS IS NOW LEGALIZED BY HIGH COURT. THESE FELLOWS HAVE THEIR OWN LAWS

T. C. THAKER (Ahmedabad)

I envy the lot of Dahyabhai Patel?

Poor Dahyabhai! He'll get a second run only after Nehru.

I appreciate the virtue and patience of Ravan that he did not rape Sita?

Ravan was not a Congressman. He won his rewards in life and never misappropriated them.

Some say you drink too much while some say that you have never tasted anything except water. Whom to believe?

Believe the water-diviner.

G. N. SINGH (Gaya)

What do the 'Digambars' of the Jains emphasize in this modern world?

That Ambalal Sarabhai is wasting his time running his textile mills.

P. C. BANSAL (Meerut)

Why has Nehru got the mania of building huge dams?

How else can he distribute the wealth of India among Congressmen?

S. HANNOCK (Bombay)

When will the question of Indians who have settled in Ceylon be solved?

The question is solved. Let them trek back now. Nehru solves all national problems by putting the clock back.

K. LAKSHMI (Madras)

If marriages are made in heaven, why do so many girls remain unmarried?

Their beds have to be spread on earth.

PREM C. SINHA (Ajmer)

Why have Ahmedabadis become so hostile to the Congress?

In the hope of Ahmedabad becoming the capital of Maha Gujerat, the capitalists had bought lands to speculate. With the Congress plans changed overnight, the anticipated profits disappeared. A Congress minister's son is also reported to have lost ten lakhs of rupees in this gamble. That is why Nehru's daughter, Indira Gandhi, got chappals and abuses instead of flowers and smiles from the hirelings of the speculators.

VIR B. S. CHAUHAN (Mainpuri)

I want to learn journalism?

Develop a temper for justice and look around for injustice. You will soon start writing.

Who runs the Income Tax Department of India?

That is much ado about a hair-do. But then hunting is their profession and keeping the armoury shipshape their ony busniess. Nishi makes an alert soldier of romance in All India Pictures' "Neelofar".

Little men who turn every case into a personal feud.

Is Raj Kapoor a Communist?

Raj is nothing yet. The boy is still driftwood. His thoughts have no anchor yet.

Who was Bennett Coleman?

Dalmia's ancestor.

Has Kuldip Kaur gone abroad?

She has gone only broad—not abroad.

Vijaylaxmi has loveable eyes?

The rest of her is also loveable but since one Atta Mohammed let her down she thinks every man to be a Muslim.

God is silent!

Nehru holds the platform now.

Nargis looks motherly?

Yes, some women look mothers without ever being wives.

Is I.A.F. strong?

Of course, even a Flight-Lieutenant can drink a bottle of whiskey without seeing double.

Pandit Nehru kissed a French lady journalist?

And did she cease to be both—a lady and a journalist?

Define a corrupt government?

Last nine years we have been having one in full blossom.

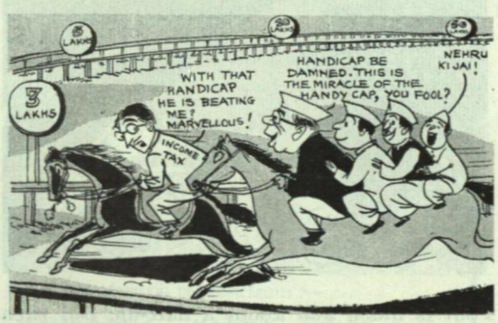
Rajaji speaks sense these days!

Make him the President, he will talk nonsense again.

G. ANNAJI RAO (Kothagudium)

There is a Government official here drawing only Rs. 500|- per month, but he keeps a car, educates his sons abroad and owns property worth lakhs. There is also an M.L.A., drawing less than Rs. 300|- per month, who has been able to build a house in four years costing more than Rs. 50,000|- besides clearing off heavy debts which he had run into during elections. Now tell us between these two guardians of the nation who is a greater craftsman?

At the moment the Government servant seems to be more enterprising. But don't lose heart, the professional politician will


LAKHS
3 LAKHS
WITH THAT HANDICAP HE IS BEATING ME? MARVELLOUS!
HANDICAP BE DAMNED. THIS IS THE MIRACLE OF THE HANDY CAP, YOU FOOL!
NEHRU KI JAI!
INCOME TAX

soon catch up with him and surpass him. The politician wears the magic white cap which opens the den of the forty thieves.

Meena Kumari dons the bridal attire in AVM's "Miss Mary" and makes many a picturegoer wish that he were leading her to the altar. They should, however, remember that she has already been led that way.

BIPIN RAY (Bombay)

What happened to Seth Dalmia?

Nothing yet! They are still doing the hoodoo dance.

WHY DON'T YOU ADD MORE FUEL AND COOK ME OUT?
YES, YES, CULTURE FIRST, COOKING AFTERWARDS
DON'T RUSH US, DALMIA! NO COOKING WITHOUT OUR CULTURAL DANCE

What is most fascinating about cultural music?

The virgins who sing it. Some of them are quite attractive.

What is Krishna Menon doing nowadays?

Trying to seek cheap martyrdom.

Do you like Morarji's smile?

Showing one's teeth is not smiling.

What do you admire in T. T. Krishnamachari?

His love for Nehru. It grew like a tumour overnight.

Say something about Sushil Sahu?

That is a man lost in his brother's shadow.

Can you compete with J. C. Jain?

No! I have a man's voice.

Will Pandit Nehru save the world?

Damn the world! Let him save his Kashmir now.

S. RAMACHANDRAN (Madras)

Common sense is nowadays so uncommon?

Yes, your questions prove that too.

MISS T. YASMEEN (Patna)

Women in general are more disciplined than men. Why?

Indiscipline spoils their figure.

A. G. SOMAN (Amravati)

Is O. P. Nayyar serving Indian music?

In the streets of India I hear Nayyar's music more often than Keskar's.

I dream of India without a single Muslim!

That is a colourless dream. Take a little whisky before sleeping. Your dream will then have a little more kick.

I SAVE ME! I TOOK WHISKEY AND I AM BEING MURDERED
YOU DRANK TOO MUCH OF ILLICIT LIQUOR FROM HINDU BREWERIES. TRY SOME SECULAR WHISKEY

I heard that reading 'filmindia' is an offence in Pakistan.

Also in Kashmir, India's painful appendix.

HARBANS SINGH (New Delhi)

I want to do some humanitarian work. Please tell me what should I do to start with?

Work hard, be kind to your wife, play with your children and smile kindly at your neighbour. That is enough.

Master Tara Singh seems to be too sincere in removing the corrupt element from the Congress?

Tara Singh is a good and sincere man but a rash optimist. The Congress is built on corruption and ten Tara Singhs cannot shake that foundation stone.

CHANDRA MAULI (New Delhi)

A report says that Dr. Rajendra Prasad "has been persuaded to serve as the president for another term". May I know by whom?

By the enemies of C. Rajagopalachari and Dr. Radhakrishnan.

A friend of mine says that he would rather prefer pictures of wild birds and animals in the morning daily to the same faces of political leaders and ministers before a mike or alighting or getting into a plane?

Most of the newspapers pander to the Congress Government. You cannot convert pimps when power becomes a prostitute.

SHIVA BAHADUR (Lucknow)

Is the demand for a bonus a basic right of the worker?

No! A bonus is something more than what is strictly due. An honest worker with some self-respect should not expect a bonus. But these days workers want money for jam and they often jam a business to bleed the employer.

T. A. VENKATESAN (Madras)

Jaya Prakash has said that Nehru should create an Opposition. Any comment?

Jaya Prakash is indulging in day-dreams. He thinks that Nehru is a national leader while Nehru screams from every platform like a petty Party boss.

KHURSHED UL HAQ (Lucknow)

Scientists have left nothing undiscovered but peace!

Death is peace and scientists have invented bombs that bring peace to thousands in a minute.

MRS. R. MANICKYAM (Kovur)

My husband says that what Heer was to Ranjha, Sassi to Punho, Sita to Rama, Satyabhama to Giridhar, Savitri to Satyavan, Juliet to Romeo, Laila to Majnu, I am to him. Is there any sincerity in his talk?

He is a big bluff. A woman can't be all that to a man. If you have brought any dowry, he is trying to rob you. So watch him carefully.

A. L. SETHI (Kharagpur)

Om Prakash sings like a crow?

Don't insult the crow, please.

What about Begum Para's marriage?

That is one of the targets of our second Five Year Plan. The ex-Maharaja of Gwalior, a new Congressman, is, I am told, taking a keen interest these days in finding Para a "princely" husband.

Is Madhubala a millionaire?

What do you call a girl who has earned thirty lakhs of rupees?

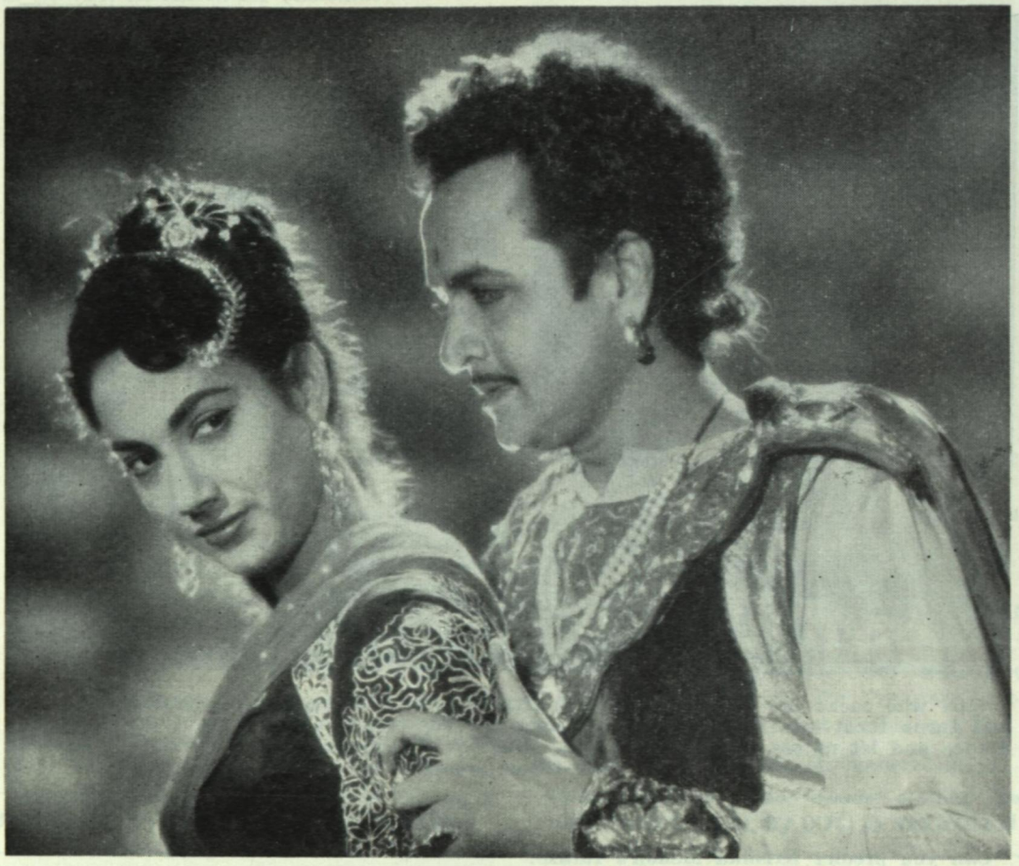
P. C. BANSAL (Meerut)

Can we hope to live in friendly relations with Pakistan some day?

Never! Eighty million Pakistanis are itching to embrace forty million Indian Muslims over the corpses of other Indians. Only the other day Suhrawardy, Pakistan's Prime Minister, claimed Indian Muslims as his brethren and in doing so unnecessarily gave our peace-loving Muslims a dual citizenship.

My astrologer says that I will murder a man. What shoud I do?

Murder yourself. That will be one corpse less.



Women do not like half-hearted, dithering things and Shakila is evidently not impressed with the way Shahu Modak is pressing his suit. She is wondering why he couldn't be more direct and face her courageously with the proposal. But different men have different approach. See them both in "Mohini", a costume tale produced by Navkala Niketan and directed by Ramanlal Desai.

I have got a collection of lady's handkerchiefs?

I don't believe in dirty linen.

B. T. PURANIK (Bombay)

Is every dog a gentleman?

Yes, till he meets another dog.

EH, J.P., WHY DON'T YOU TIE UP YOUR OLD HOUND? IT IS FRIGHTENING MY LITTLE GIRL
BOW! WOW! YOU LYING ONE!
ASK HER TO LOOK AFTER FEROZE AND NOT WORRY ABOUT HER FATHER'S CRIMES

G. SUBBA RAO (Madras)

Did you visit the giant Bhakra-Nangal dam?

That Nehru's temple of corruption? No, sir, I do not like to be reminded of the ten crores of rupees swallowed by Congress contractors and engineers.

P. PANDARINATH (Hyderabad)

They say Dhebar is an 'avatar'?

He looks it.

SHIV K. PARTI (Pilani)

Do the Hollywood stars have as much talent for writing as the Indian stars have?

They have more people to write. Ghost writing is a popular profession all over the world.

RAM L. NAKRA (Jullundur)

Is Jayashree feeling the difference?

She is happier, she says. I don't know how?

V. MAHADEVAN (Mannargudi)

Is Tendulkar a bachelor?

He doesn't enjoy the professional status in marriage.

PREM C. SINHA (Arrah)

How is Karaka's "Current" faring now?

He has taken to the Polson way and is doing well, I am told.

If we had a dozen Nehrus?

We would have had real democracy in the country. One Nehru makes a mockery of it.

V. G. DAYALANI (Bombay)

I want to touch your feet?

Do you think my head is swollen enough to let you do that?

A girl who cocks her eyes so invitingly invites trouble. But youth invites many troubles and turns them into thrills. Kishore Kumar already looks half killed by Chitra's piercing glance and let us see if he survives long after this eye-offensive in "Kabhi Andhera Kabhi Ujala", a social theme produced by Mehtab Films.

HARIRAM G. JUGAT (Bombay)

Can you predict Krishna Menon's future?

A grand funeral and glorious obituaries.

NALIN K. SHAH (Bombay)

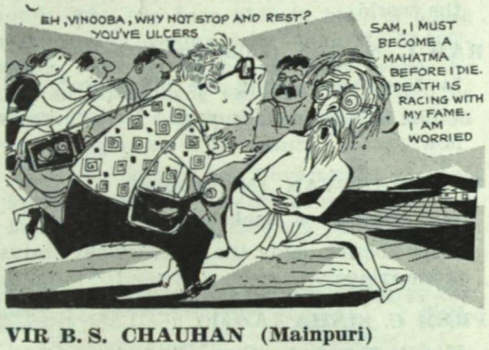
Don't you feel anything while criticizing your sons' character so openly?

Why should I be ashamed of a legacy I have left behind?

SAILENDRA PRASAD (Ranchi)

Why does a man get ulcers?

Worry is one reason, ambition another.


EH, VINOOBA, WHY NOT STOP AND REST? YOU'VE ULCERS
SAM, I MUST BECOME A MAHATMA BEFORE I DIE. DEATH IS RACING WITH MY FAME. I AM WORRIED

VIR B. S. CHAUHAN (Mainpuri)

Are you on speaking terms with Kardar?

I am on embracing terms. That is why I call Kardar a great artiste. He is the first man who maintains such affectionate relations with his creditor.

Nargis looks tired?

She has been waiting so long to get married. Nargis is going to be another Gohar.

Are you a Brahmin Banjara?

No, a Banjara Brahmin!

What are the views of Dilip Kumar about marriage?

He takes several views of it in a month and doesn't seem to like any.

Is the Metro Cinema of Bombay running in loss?

That is what the Income Tax Department willingly believes. It is the only cinema in India running in loss.

Is it correct that R. K. Studio was built with the money of Nargis?

That is what Nargis and her brothers want others to believe.

B. VISWANATH (Visakhapatnam)

Whither Kashmir?

The cake is slowly shifting towards the knife.

SURINDER DUTT (Sirsa)

How does Krishna Menon look in the traditional Congress dress?

He looks like a prosperous Malabari cocoanut-seller.

Does Swami Sivananda pay any taxes?

The Government of God doesn't collect any taxes. Sivanand lives in another world.

MRS. LAXMI (Nandikotkur)

How many wives does a man need?

I need at least two.

Hundreds and thousands of girls and women are selling their chastity for the sake of bread, bemoans Durgabai Deshmukh?

And that after ten years of Nehru's rule. Why doesn't Durgabai turn round and ask Nehru how the 2363 crores of rupees have been used for the 5-Year Plan? Well, women deserve their fate seeing that 40% of the Congress voters were women.

In Madras State it is said that land-owners get only 40% of produce while the tiller gets 60%. Is this fair?

40% is too much for an ancestral mis-appropriation.

Chou En-lai loves India?

We all know that. Let us hope he doesn't come to live in India.

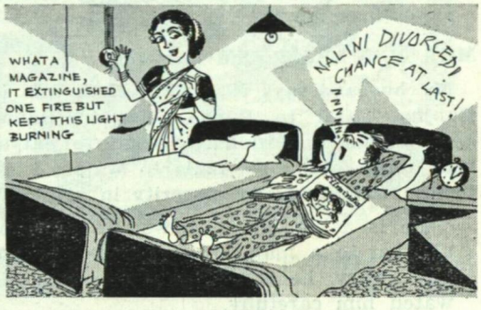
Who can guide the women of Bharat: Mrs. Vijaylakshmi Pandit or Indira Gandhi?

Both the women have nothing to do with Bharat. They are kingpins of Nehru's secular India.

A. SRINIVASULU (Malkher Road)

A friend of mine said, "I love 'filmindia' so much that I even forget taking my meals at times." Can that be true?

"Filmindia" helps family planning whenever a man decides to read it in bed.



MISS SHASHI MAHEY (Delhi)

"Kashmir is an integral part of India", says Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed every day. Why?

He has to convince himself. Sheikh Abdullah shouted the same way before he landed in jail.

P. D. JAIN (Ajmer)

Doesn't Nargis look very innocent?

That is an art her mother taught her. Their kind think with a dead eye.

If G. B. Pant had been alert?

Alert? That man is in non-stop action.

What is the latest scandal about Begum Para?

She is reported to have gone to the 'dargha' of Haji Malang and said her prayers there.

AHMED AZAD (Secunderabad)

In which bloc is India now?

India is now in the orphanage of the United Nations. Thanks to Nehru's unique foreign policy!

Is at least Chavan sympathetic towards you?

I am not looking out for sympathy, Ahmed. I am fighting for a fair deal.

What did Rehana leave behind in India?

A dozen diseased directors.

V. L. NARAYANA (Howrah)

Here the lady Governor does all the things which the previous Governors could not do?

Padmaja is an active and intelligent girl. I am told that she has brought new life and sunshine to Raj Bhavan which was previously haunted by an old ghost.

H. N. PANDEY (Allahabad)

What is good about a concubine?

Her children don't come to you for school fees.

THIS MAN ENGAGED ME NIGHT AND DAY AND GAVE ME FOUR SONS - I WANT MAINTENANCE MY LORD
MY NAME MUFATRAM, MY LORD, NO MONEY, EVERYTHING FREE
I ALSO GIVE YOU THREE YEARS FREE BOARD AND LODGING ; MUFATRAMJI

S. ANANTHANARAYANAN (Chittur)

Is S. K. Patil bankrupt?

Perish the thought! He can now finance a good-sized bank.

S. SUNTHARALINGAM (Colombo)

Is Nirupa Roy really of Madhubala's age as she says?

Nirupa's husband swears that Madhubala is two years older than his Nirupa.

ROOP L. DADLANI (Singapore)

An Indian boy dating Chinese girls?

The mechanics of love are the same, whatever the nationalities.

B. R. SEHGAL (Amla)

What do you admire in Punjabis?

Their spirit of adventure. They usually rush in where angels fear to tread.

SAILENDRA PRASAD (Ranchi)

What is the harm if one doesn't vote at all?

It is those who don't vote that bring the crooks in because non-voters are often in a majority in our country.

Meena Kumari's favourite hobby, please?

Kamal Amrohi! She feeds him after the day's work.

K. VISWANATHAN (Calcutta)

How does Madhubala look before her make-up?

She looks a collection of a thousand pimples.

Tell me where the P.S.P's and the Communists differ?

The Communists want to pull out the hair, the P.S.P's want to clip it.

I WANT THEM BY ROOTS SO THAT THEY DON'T GROW AGAIN
THAT WILL GIVE SWELLING TO BIRLA'S HEAD. LET US CLIP HIM
COMMUNIST
P.S.P.
NOW, GENTLEMEN, MAKE UP YOUR MIND QUICKLY BEFORE THE LADY DOES THE DAMAGE

Do actresses keep any record of their mistakes?

Their mistakes disappear in hospitals without any record.

K. JAYACHANDRAN (Trivandrum)

Dr. Keskar liked "Bhowani Junction", I suppose.

Yes! The picture was anti-Communist and therefore suitable for Congress elections. And yet they lost Kerala.

MISS A. KATHERINE (Secunderabad)

I already see dark clouds settling on Nargis' face?

"A zip in every sip!"
DILIP KUMAR.
AMROSE SYRUP
(PASTEURIZED NECTAR OF ALMONDS)
● COOLING ● REFRESHING ● INVIGORATING ●

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Packing & Postage or Freight Extra Remit Cost in Advance while Ordering.
AT ALL SODA FOUNTAINS
As. 6 A GLASS

That is tantalization, the ancient sport of youth which promises to bring down dreams on earth and at the same time keeps threatening to wake up the dreamer. Watch Padmini inviting the world on one hand and showing it the thumb on the other in "Payal", an exciting entertainer produced by Madras Talkies.

Presentiment! That is your birth date—31st March, 1933, speaking. Visions, dreams and unusual phenomena will punctuate your life. Don't worry if they call you a crank. You'll be right most of the time. 1957 is not a good year, Kitty, but from 1958 things will improve and you'll be near the top in 1961. You'll stay there if you don't waste money.

SURENDRA K. SHARMA (New Delhi)

Bald men are always rich and wise. Why is it so?

David is not rich and because of it his wisdom is in dispute.

R. V. S. MANI (Bombay)

My friend says that you are a pro-American fanatic and Hindu communalist reactionary?

That is what the Congress shouted through their loudspeakers in Gwalior. Do you think I am what they say?

Whither Raja Sulochana?

Not my way anyway!

Where will this Indira Gandhi end?

She will disappear with the smoke of Nehru's pyre. Do you hear of Maniben Patel?

Why hasn't S. K. Patil been made at least a Union Cabinet Minister? Is there any rift between him and Nehru?

Patil gets convulsions of honesty and his froth often smells of democracy.

So far Krishna Menon achieved nothing at the U.N. or anywhere to the credit of our country. But yet Nehru said he must be returned. Any comment?

Nehru wants men with a doubtful record. How else can he perpetuate nepotism and distribute the profits of freedom to his relations and favourites?

P. D. GUPTA (Ajmer)

If Nargis is kidnapped, who shall pay the ransom?

No ransom! The event will only be an answer to Raj's fervent prayers.

R. BHASKARAN (Bangalore)

I want to kiss a film actress. How can I accomplish it?

Use a photograph and save yourself an infection.

Please tell me something about Gram Panchayats?

That is a Congress racket for distributing loot among Congress voters. The loot is called 'tacavi' loans.

What makes you to consider Kamaraj Nadar as clever?

A man who keeps Rajaji guessing must be devilishly clever.

What kind of a Socialist is Jaya Prakash Narayan?

A statement-Socialist! He gives birth to a statement every month and then again goes to bed with Bhoodan.

Do kisses have smell?

Yes, you get smoked kisses when the heart is burning.

Do you read 'Reader's Digest'?

It has become a dull magazine these days. I recommend "Science Digest".

The Bombay Government has appealed against A. K. Gopalan's acquittal. Why?

The Government of Bombay is a vindictive institution without any dignity or sobriety one expects from sovereign power. Its theme seems to be to terrorize the citizen with its power and by spending the tax payers' money in useless litigation.

What is the remedy for constipation?

Constipation in Nehru's India? Half empty stomachs don't get constipated.

Is David a bachelor?

Not by instinct! Circumstances won't let him bring home a double bed.

KESHAV D. DHANDA (Kharagpur)

A prostitute gave birth to a child wearing a white khadi cap!

Did it have Nehru's photograph in hand too?

SWADESH P. KANDOI (Ajmer)

What does Nargis see in Raj Kapoor?

A conventional certificate of society.

Who is getting the real benefit of the partition of India?

Nehru! He has become the Great Moghul.

M. G. SOMAN (Akola)

They say prohibition gave more work to the police?

Yes, they were gainfully employed. Some of them will leave behind huge estates.

Why does Nehru not like his name to be lent to hotels, saloons, shops, etc.?

Because those are honest businesses. He likes his name to be associated with Congress scandals.

In Bombay they harass street hawkers?

Not at all! The police only collect "chai-pani".

Is Menon a box-office hit?

Yes, as big a hit as Filmistan's "Nagin".

A man of many parts, Kishore Kumar is one day going to forget his own part in life and probably land in a lunatic asylum. Versatile in mimicry, Kishore brings new life to the screen in "Chandan", a thrilling social entertainer.

When a hen stops to lay eggs?

The cock goes into the neighbourhood to practise Christianity.

RAJ A. CHHUGANI (Poona)

Does Nargis deserve a second look now?

Only if you are a student of archaeology.

Do we Sindhis make too much noise?

You have just been uprooted. You must cry a bit. How else can you be heard in the midst of our Congressmen's babel?

WHY ARE YOU CRYING ?
AH! OW! OOO!
IF I DON'T CRY, YOU DON'T GIVE ME MILK AND DADDY KEEPS PLAYING WITH MILK POTS
THEY ARE BORN WISE THESE DAYS

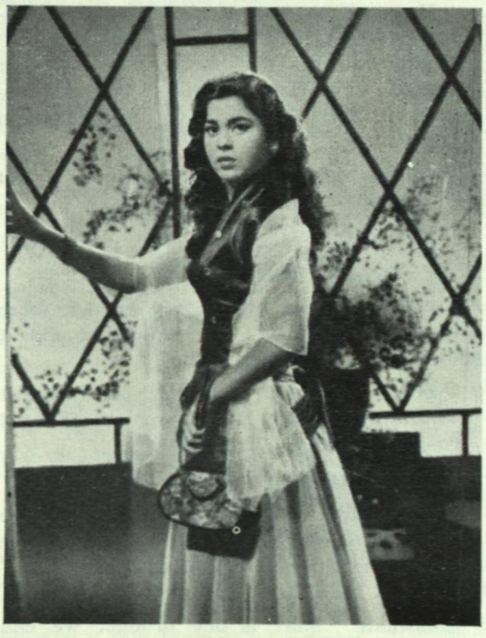
Would you mind becoming a millionaire just for a change?

You can't act money. Beg, borrow or steal, you have to have it before you can act it.

JIWAT C. MOORJANI (New Delhi)

I saw Nutan embracing a dog. What are we here for, then?

To envy the dog. Envy is essential to exalt a thing.



Dressed and ready but where is the beau? Fashionable women have often to wait for hours before their male chaperons turn up. Well, they choose wrong men and wrong men never turn up at the right time. Kum Kum is waiting and let us hope she is not disappointed in "Bada Bhai", a social romance produced by K. Amarnath.

I have heard that Tolaram Jalan suffers from insomnia?

He sleeps in the afternoon when his film stars work.

C. J. KRUPAVARAM (Bhongir)

Are prostitutes extravagant?

Only in love! They refuse their fees.

SUBHASH J. RELE (Bombay)

Is Tara Singh toothless?

Yes, Nehru pulled out his teeth with a garland.

If Feroze Gandhi had imagination?

He would have married a rich Parsi girl and become a director of Tatas. He got a long nose but without a dowry.

Do Sindhis like you?

Producer Prem Nath Arora knows where they grow and how to pick them fresh. Here is another newcomer, Bimla. She is well-blown for her age and brings new sex-appeal to the screen in "Bhakt Dhruv", an inspiring tale of devotion produced by All India Pictures.

Sindhis love me and I love them back because Sindhis don't like to keep any outstandings.

There is something in Karanjia that attracts attention?

His charming wife. She has all the grace.

Dr. Katju looks like a crook?

Oh, no! He is too old and deaf to be a crook.

How to avoid "Filmindia"?

An intellectual addiction cannot be easily got rid of.

What is the tragedy of K. A. Abbas?

He cannot add inches to his physical height which makes him overreach himself in mental stature. The strain of this exercise sometimes makes him scowl at his friends.

That is a beggar's expression on his face. But film acting calls for many expressions and Om Prakash wears this one without effort in "Miss Mary", a gay entertainer from AVM.

My father-in-law imagines himself to be Morarji?

That is a miracle of illicit liquor.

I AM YOUR FATHER, I AM MORARJI DESAI
BOTH HAVE TAKEN ILLICIT LIQUOR
THE POLICEMAN'S IS STRONGER STUFF
I KNOW BUT I AM YOUR GRANDFATHER. I AM PANDIT NEHRU

What did Menon prove in Kashmir?

That Kashmir is in wrong hands.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR APRIL

1st Prize to B. T. Puranik (Bombay); 2nd Prize to K. Viswanathan (Calcutta); 3rd Prize to R. Bhaskaran (Bangalore); 4th Prize to B. Subba Rao (Bombay) and 10 consolation prizes to the following:— Mohan K. Mirpuri (Madras); Miss Swarn Puri (Bombay); A. R. Lamba (New Delhi); R. V. S. Mani (Bombay); V. T. Gehani (New Delhi); G. Annaji Rao (Kothagudium); Harbans Singh (New Delhi); Ahmed Azad (Secunderabad); A. Srinivasulu (Malker Road) and Chandra Mauli (New Delhi). Money orders are being sent to all the prize winners.

K. A. K. AYYANGAR (Madras)

Why do Congressmen go to temples?

To compare themselves with God and improve His appearance.

DARJIBHAI, PREPARE FOR HIM A JAWAHAR JACKET AND A GANDHI CAP TO MAKE KRISHNA A CONGRESSMAN
GANDHI CAP AND CONGRESSMAN, MORARJIBHAI? HIS 16000 WIVES WILL DO SATYA-GRAHA

Dhritarashtra, though blind, had 100 sons?

His bedroom had no daylight and the guy seems to have kept his girl busy.

Rs. 300/- EVERY MONTH IN 14 PRIZES

The following prizes will be awarded every month for questions which are considered interesting or elicit interesting replies in the "Editor's Mail".

1st Prize: Rs. 100|-; 2nd Prize: Rs. 50|-; 3rd Prize: Rs. 30|-; 4th Prize: Rs. 20|- and 10 Consolation Prizes of Rs. 10|- each.

A reader can ask as many questions as he likes but those letters which bear the Priority Coupon will be answered first. A reader gets three coupons free per copy and he has therefore the chance to catch the bus thrice every month. Questions should be neatly written, or typed if possible, with some blank space left between two questions. It is in this blank space that the editor writes his replies. Unless the letters are signed they won't be considered.

In awarding prizes, the editor's decision shall be final and absolutely binding and no correspondence will be entertained about the distribution of the prizes.

The names of the prize-winners will be announced in "filmindia" every month and the prize money will be remitted by money order.

Cut the coupons below and fix them to your questions if you want to be answered quickly.

1 PRIORITY COUPON
CUT HERE APRIL 1957

2 PRIORITY COUPON
CUT HERE APRIL 1957

3 PRIORITY COUPON
CUT HERE APRIL 1957

R. RAMASWAMI (Hyderabad)

Nehru in his "Discovery of India" has written something about Upanishads. How many Upanishads has he studied?

A man in power looks wise without study. Nehru has perhaps read a lot but studied very little. He can afford to flirt with ignorance of many subjects.

K. M. RAO (Calcutta)

Nehru said that he did not see any difference between a cow and a horse?

A man who stands on his head should have known the difference because he gets a better view. I always told you that there was something wrong with that man.

May I try with a Sindhi girl?

Don't! The pace will be too hot for you.

Here girls chase boys?

And where do the boys hide?

T. A. RAMANATHAN (Calcutta)

Whom do you admire between Lal Bahadur Shastri and Nehru?

I think little Lal Bahadur has more character than big Nehru.

Are there actresses in "Bapnu Ghar"?

"Bapnu Ghar" is for widows. Actresses never become widows. They are eternal virgins.

What is the latest about democracy?

In Gwalior, the Congress agents employed professional dacoits to threaten villagers and make them vote for the Congress.

GUBBAR SINHJI, THESE STUPID VILLAGERS WANT TO VOTE FOR HINDU SABHA!
WE UNDERSTAND, SARKAR. THESE HANDS WILL VOTE KANGRESS
HOW CAN THEY? I'VE BEEN CUTTING THEIR EARS AND NOSES SO FAR. NOW, I'LL CUT THEIR HANDS

Who is this guy Ezra Mir?

Ezra is the right man to be in charge of Films Division. He is a sincere man of intelligence and experience and will do a lot of good work if the secretary of the Ministry will let him do it.

Is Acharya Kripalani henpecked?

Yes, he crowed when Sucheta deserted him and joined Nehru. Only henpecked ones exult over their losses.

Who is this Uma Anand?

She is the woman in the way of Chetan Anand's second intention to marry. Old fashioned people call such woman a wife.

Why does D. G. Tendulkar look poor?

Each profession has its uniform.

Why does not Nehru adopt sisters?

Nehru is more honest than other 'benwalla' Congressmen.

Is Raj Kapoor good at figures?

No! The one he goes round with has a camel's hump and a horse's face.

MRS. V. RAMANATHAN (Calcutta)

If T.T.K. grows a beard?

He will lose his job. Nehru likes to see only the crescent in every beard.

Why doesn't Nirmala Raje Bhonsle smile?

Some faces are built to hold only a reluctant smile.

T. C. THAKER (Ahmedabad)

I consider Feroze Gandhi to be the ideal husband?

How else could we all have so much of Indira Gandhi?

R. GOVINDARAJULU (Madras)

How does the recent paper Import Control affect you?

The production cost of "Filmindia" has already gone up by 20%.

PREM C. SINHA (Arrah)

One good reason for Jaya Prakash Narayan remaining in wilderness?

His own sterility!

You said that Bakshi is no improvement upon Abdullah?

I still say that. Wait and watch. The clouds are already gathering.

Do you worship dams like the Bhakra-Nangal and Hirakud?

How can you expect me to worship anything which is a thousand miles away? Nehru and his Congress contractors, of course, call them temples because the gods in these dams have granted them boons.

Can the editorship of "Filmindia" and membership of Parliament co-exist?

Evidently not!

A. G. SOMAN (Amravati)

I am an atheist and in my garden there are many flowers. On whom should I shower them?

Shower them on yourself. An atheist worships himself. Don't you see the red rose in Nehru's buttonhole?

M. RAMAKRISHNA NAIDU (Madras)

Some Indian gentlemen say, "Oh, these are only Indian made!" How often do we come across this expression of scorn?

Every time we meet a handspun Congressman. That is one product we can never be proud of.

EBENEZER S. SOANS (Calcutta)

You advise others and keep a Pakistani cook?

My cook is not a Pakistani. He is only a Muslim.

RAINY DAY PROVISION

Sweden can certainly claim to be one of the most enlightened countries in the west—at least in the matter of social security for its citizens. The Social Democratic Party, the ruling party in Sweden, has already made quite a few of the following things compulsory: prenatal care for expectant mothers, annual child subsidies, free schoolbooks, free dental care for children, unemployment insurance, etc.

And now it has drafted a new compulsory old age pension plan which is estimated to cost the nation $ 1.4 billion a year by 1990. Under this plan, every Swede who becomes 67 will get an annual retirement income amounting to 63% of his average salary during his twenty best paid years.

While Pandit Nehru merely talks of a 'welfare' state, the Swedes put it into practice without much ado.

BLUE-BLOOD DEMOCRACY

Prince Charles, the eight-year-old son of Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, and the future ruler of the British throne, started a new tradition in democratic education by attending a private school in Knightsbridge, London. All these years royal children were taught by private tutors, probably under the mistaken notion that mixing with the other classes would lower their royal status.

Amongst Charles' classmates were sons of doctors, dentists, journalists and other professional men. Queen Elizabeth is moving with the times and deserves our congratulations for sending Prince Charles to school.

In democratic India quite a few 'princes' and 'princesses' are seeking government jobs!

FIGHTING SEGREGATION

Following the recent example of the Alabama Negroes in U.S., 60,000 Africans in Johannesburg and Pretoria have started a bus boycott to protest against the increase in fares.

Though the boycott has not assumed a political complexion, the Africans complain that they are the lowest paid workers and yet they are forced to live miles away from their place of work owing to segregation.

These Africans seem to be having sturdy legs for they leave home at 3 a.m. and return at 9 every night covering a distance of 10 miles every time. The boycott began some weeks ago from the township of Moroka and spread gradually to other parts.

Though the Government has tried its best to crush the movement, the Africans are holding out. They seem to be endowed with the quiet spirit to fight back.

EDUCATION MINUS EXAMS

The old system of examinations that turns out merely automatons crammed with unnecessary knowledge has been criticized time and again by many wise educationists.

At last an experimental move in the right direction is being made at the instance of the Secondary Education Commission, whereby students don't have to face the examination bugbear. The periods and the syllabuses remain the same but the granting of certificates by the different institutions will be based on the progress shown by each student during his school career.

Details of the scheme are being worked out by a committee of the All-India Council of Secondary Education. The experimental project will be conducted in about 25 to 30 schools in the country, two from each of the larger States and one each from the smaller States.

Each selected school will be given a non-recurring grant of Rs. 50,000|- and a recurring grant up to Rs. 25,000|- for the first year and a non-recurring grant of Rs. 25,000|- for each succeeding year of the project.

Anyway the new experiment is worth trying. It might improve the quality of our education.

BLACK—WHITE UNIVERSITIES

Apartheid in any walk of life is hateful enough but Mr. Strijdom's Government in South Africa seems to have made it the chief peg for the nation's progress. The Bantu Education Act destined to keep the Africans as slaves has been in force for some time now. Segregation has now spread to the South African universities and legislation to provide separate universities for the whites and the blacks is being contemplated.

Amongst South Africa's nine universities, four are white, one admits non-Europeans in special cases, one is black, one is open to both races but teaches them separately while two don't enforce any segregation. That is why the Government wants to put an end to this little freedom in the academic sphere.

Some of the white students are against this segregation move and have already demonstrated in Cape Town and Johannesburg with placards like "Closed Universities Mean Closed Minds". Another fear expressed by them is that segregation might lead to "violation of our rights setting a precedent to further possible interference as to what we teach and who teaches".

According to the admission of Dr. Verwoerd, Minister of Native Affairs, the Africans have to be kept "at the lowest level

An Indian bride is a tense bundle of hopes and fears, excitement and apprehension, for, she does not know whether the man chosen to be her life-partner is going to turn out to be an angel or a monster or merely a monkey. Custom doesn't allow her a say in the matter, so she has her say in silent prayers and sits waiting for the best and ready for the worst. Nimmi illustrates beautifully this moment of supreme suspense in a woman's life in "Ghoonghat Ke Pat Khol", a social theme produced by Nigaristan Pictures.

When a woman is in a pliant mood, a little finger can lift up her chin. But when she is sulky even a crane cannot do the job. Shahu Modak finds a lucky moment with Sulochana in "Bhakt Dhruv", a devotional theme produced by All India Pictures.

of the industrial scale" to prevent integration.

GEISHAS GOING STRONG

The glamorous geisha girls of Japan, who turned thousands of American G.I's dizzy with their delicate charm during World War II, constitute one of the main attractions in this land of the rising sun.

The word 'Geisha' means "a person of art" and the geishas have their own academies where they are given regular training, one of the famous ones being at Gion, Kyoto. This year the award for the best geisha went to 19-year-old Mariko who earned $5,300 in declared income and collected $14,000 by way of tips from customers.

In Tokyo, however, the number of qualified geishas is much less than before. Some of the reasons are the nation's compulsory education laws, trade-unionism amongst geishas, laws prohibiting sale of children, etc. The modern geisha is taught everything from music and mambo to molecules and atoms, making her more practical and less sentimental than the old-fashioned one.

Though the number of geishas has dwindled, these girls are still popular and in Tokyo a geisha earns on an average $200 per month. Some compare the geisha to a prostitute but the comparison is odious because the geisha's approach to life is known to be artistic. Anyway, the Japanese can't do without them, nor the foreigner, who probably sees a 'geisha' in every Japanese landscape.

CANADIAN AID

Though the U.S.S.R. is more often in the news in India than other countries, when it comes to financial aid, the part played by U.S. and Canada is actually more solid and substantial.

For the fiscal year 1957-1958, Canada will pledge 34,400,000 Canadian dollars to India. So far Canada has helped India with nearly 80,000,000 dollars under the financial and technical assistance scheme of the Colombo Plan.

This year a part of the Canadian aid will be utilized in the search for radio-active minerals and ores in Bihar, Orissa and Eastern Ghats.

The Mayurakshi Power and Irrigation Project is one of the tangible results of the Canadian aid. Another 20,000,000 dollars worth of equipment has been pledged to the Kundah Hydro-electric Project.

HEN-PECKED HUBBIES

In the sleepy village of Cousances Aux Forges, in Eastern France, with a population of 1256, women practically run the whole show and the men have nothing derogatory to say about the fair sex except, "Things are no worse since the women have been in charge".

Women, except two who are married, run the station, (one goods train a day) the post office, the savings bank. The Mayor's secretary and the village doctor are both women. Only the Mayor and the rural constables are men.

The men of Cousances Aux Forges seem to be peculiarly henpecked or do they get some kick out of the whole show?

HINDI IN SOVIET SCHOOLS

For the first time Soviet secondary schools have begun to teach Hindi to eight-year-olds in Tashkent. At this stage children begin learning languages and they are being taught Hindi, Chinese and Arabic. Five to seven hours a week are devoted to the study of these oriental languages. In the higher classes, study of literature in the same language will supplement the language lessons.

The Soviets are evidently in right earnest about spreading their ideology to the east. And they are shrewd enough to know that the key to this lies in mastering these languages.

DEATH PENALTY

The House of Commons, Britain, passed a Bill on February 6, 1957, restricting the death penalty to murder when it threatens law and order.

The Government defeated a Labour Opposition amendment to reject the Bill by 217 votes to 131. The Bill has gone to the House of Lords for approval before it becomes law.

The death penalty has been retained for the following types of murder: (1) murder committed in the course of theft; (2) in resisting, avoiding or escaping from arrest; (3) murder of policemen or prison officers by shooting or causing explosions and (4) those who kill a second time.

There is some sense in this Bill which metes out just punishment to the murderer, unlike the "no hanging" Bill sponsored by Labour member, Mr. Sydney Silverman, which was passed by the Commons and rejected by the Lords some months ago.

'CULTURAL EXPANSION'

A motion signed by leading Russian writers and artists urging more cultural contact with the west was approved by both Houses of the Supreme Soviet on February 9, 1957.

Writing in the "Literary Gazette", Ilya Ehrenburg, one of the signatories to the motion said, "The ideological struggle cannot hinder us in striving for cultural contacts with all countries. The ideological struggle, is not for us, a defensive move but a spiritual offensive".

Unfortunately when the Soviets indulge in "cultural contacts", their culture has its roots interminably mixed in the Communist ideology. And culture can thrive only in a free atmosphere.

CASTLE FOR COMMONERS

The fast-crumbling aristocracy of Britain has slowly begun to understand its rightful place. Quite a few impoverished dukes and lords have already got rid of their palatial castles by donating them to the National Trust. And now comes the news of the Duke of Norfolk offering Arundel Castle in Sussex to the National Trust. The Duke, who has no sons, has presented a private Bill for this purpose.

The estates round Arundel will be used for raising a fund of £250,000 to keep the castle in good condition. The Bill will add one more castle to the many already in possession of the National Trust.

Sightseers are allowed to visit these castles on payment of half-a-crown. Arundel, however, will still remain the official residence of the Warden of the Cinque Ports like Walmer Castle.

WORLD TOURIST

Morgan Alistar, a 22-year-old Oxford graduate, completed a world trip on £5. The impossible idea came to Morgan while reading the Duke of Edinburgh's challenge to University students in December 1954: "I would like a graduate to be able to work his way around the world on £5".

He began as a deckhand, got a passage to Brazil where he was classed as an "undesirable alien". Among other things, he hitch-hiked to Lima and there earned £10 loading timber. In Bangkok he lectured to students, got a free air trip to Burma. Then he saw India and sailed from Bombay.

Morgan Alistar found plenty of "goodwill everywhere". He accomplished a difficult task and incidentally learnt the value of dignity of labour. Some of our graduate corduroy-wearers should try this idea for a change!

FUNERAL SIMPLICITY

The U.S. Defence Department has decided to economize on military funerals. The traditional funeral of the horse-drawn gun carriage and the riderless horse cost the Department $80 every time while a motor hearse cost only $2.10. The $38,000 million military budget made for this year from July 1, 1957, contained no provision for the solemn ceremonial.

The U.S. Army, which looks after the Arlington National Cemetery, maintains 16 grey horses to draw the gun carriage and one black horse that follows the casket of the dead soldier from Fort Meyer Chapel to the grave.

Simplifying funerals on grounds of economy is to be recommended. It is the living ones that need State care and attention for the dead don't complain.

PROSTITUTES OF PESHAWAR

Prostitutes, old and young, of Mardan, Pakistan, have mustered their forces to resist moves to drive them out of the city and district of Mardan.

The prostitutes formed a trade union immediately and elected a president, secretary and treasurer. They decided to collect funds and struggle to "safeguard their rights and privileges and also to fight their cases in law court".

Well, the Pakistani prostitutes are hard nuts to crack and they can't be beaten so easily.

DEBT OF GRATITUDE

Lord Beaverbrook, the multi-millionaire newspaper magnate of London, made yet another gift to his home town, New Brunswick, in Canada. He sanctioned $665,000 for a beautiful white sandstone and black marble air-conditioned museum to delight Canadian art-lovers. Construction work on the museum has already begun.

Lord Beaverbrook will also donate his own private collection of 150 English and 100 Canadian paintings to adorn the new gallery bringing his total gift to $5 million.

The one-time immigrant has not forgotten his old birthties.

WOMEN'S NEW 'LIBERTY'

Christian Dior, the famous French dress-designer introduced his 'Libre' or 'Liberty Look' to fashion-conscious females in Paris calling it, "the youngest and freshest I have ever designed".

Unlike the 'New Look' in vogue ten years ago, the 'Liberty Look' has a well-fitted waist, an ankle-length skirt showing 8" of leg on one side, straight, drapped or pleated trains and decolletage for evening dresses.

Anyway the name 'Liberty Look' sounds attractive and that is probably what the women want. Or will they make the dress an excuse to press for more liberties from their hubbies?

CRIME RECORD

According to FBI director, J. Edgar Hoover, there was a 14.4% increase in crime in U.S. in the first half of 1956. 1,291,120 serious offences were committed up to June 30, 1956. The largest increase was noted in auto-theft and the smallest increase in aggravated assaults.

Every day from January to June 1956, an estimated 37 Americans were slain, 260 other felonious assaults were committed, 55 women raped, 738 cars stolen; there were 4,377 larcenies, 164 robberies and 1,463 burglaries to complete the country's varied crime record.

Statistically speaking, a major crime was committed somewhere in the U.S. every 12.2 seconds in the first half of 1956. Said Hoover, "Any encouragement found in the trend of last year was rudely shaken by the abrupt rise for the first half of 1956".

U.S. seems to be progressing rapidly in all directions!

REACHING THE SKY?

Mansu Kalu, a twenty-five-year-old man of Sarne Avan, a village near Nasik, has created some consternation among the medical people. He has suddenly started growing taller and taller, his present height being 7' 6". Till 16, he was a normal lad. Since 1947, the year he married, his legs started growing. The doctors describe it as a case of gigantism caused by the over-action of the pituitary gland. Soon Kalu might grow up to 10' and become the tallest man on earth. Kalu is likely to be taken to Bombay for further medical examination.

Kalu seems to be having immense physical stature.

TICKLISH PARANOIAC

Dr. James A. Brussel, a well-known New York psychiatrist, identified a paranoic case merely from a file of his letters given to him by the police. Brussel's description of the "Mad Bomber" tallied exactly with the police's and it turned out to be George Metesky, a 53-year-old bachelor, who was at last arrested in Waterbury, Conn., for throwing bombs in crowded places.

Metesky's representatives explained, "He is a man with a psychosis...a persecution complex. I think he does not understand the charges against him".

While Freudians explain paranoia as the result of repressed homosexual desires, non-Freudians say that this is not as simple. Paranoia is a kind of insanity in which the person is obsessed with certain delusions.

Said Brussels, "Metesky could never respond to psychiatric treatment. Psychoanalysis would wash off him like water off a duck's back". Anyway, in Metesky the psychiatrists have an interesting case to break their heads over.

WOMB-CRYING INFANT

Though a few babies are known to have cried in their mothers' wombs, it was only recently that a group of three doctors attending on a maternity case at Victoria Cottage Hospital in Sidmouth, England, made known this phenomenon known in technical parlance as "vagitus uterinus" in "Lancet".

These doctors heard "a clear, remote cry very like a baby crying in the next room, but close below our heads". Later one of the doctors put his ear on the mother's abdomen and was now sure where the crying sound came from. The baby boy was, however, delivered safely.

The only danger in this womb-crying is that the crying baby may drown in the womb's fluid.

YOGHURT CURE

According to Professor Sukehiro Higushi of Jiki Medical College, Japan, yoghurt helps in curing radiation diseases.

Experimenting with fifty persons, Professor Higuchi found that none of them developed radiation symptoms though they were exposed to gamma rays and other radiation. They were given two pints of yoghurt daily during this time. Again 7 men affected by radiation recovered after three months of yoghurt treatment.

This may be due to cystin and glutathione contained in yoghurt which helps against the evils of radiation.

SEX-DIVINER

Dr. Edgar Makowski of the University of Minnesota reported a new technique for predicting a baby's sex before birth.

Dr. Makowski got a sample of the amnigtil fluid—contained in the membranes that encase a baby before birth—with a needle and syringe. The stained cast-off cells were then examined under a microscope and from the nuclear counting predicted the sex. He found the tests 100% successful.

Here is a God-made balloon among man-made balloons. And there is a magnet in its shape and a thrill in its bounce which the rubber ones can never achieve. And that is only one more argument against man trying to compete with God. Watch Vyjayantimala beating the balloons hollow in a coming picture of Producer P. N. Arora.

Curious, impatient mothers can go in for the Makowski test.

TB AND LOVE

Dr. David Morris Kissen of Lanark, Scotland, has found that the emotional state of the patient is a big factor in the predisposition to tuberculosis. Writing in the Scottish 'Health Bulletin', Dr. Kissen noted that "break or serious threat of a break in the love link" was responsible in causing a predisposition in two-thirds of the victims he studied.

Children afflicted with tuberculosis suffered more because they were separated from their parents while in case of patients of over 35, emotional factors came into play. Dr. Kissen suggests treatment of patients at home to overcome the emotional factor.

The 19th century writers who often saw a connection between love and tuberculosis and gave the disease a romantic complexion probably knew better.

A NEW VACCINE

Dr. Winston H. Price of John Hopkins University announced the discovery of a new vaccine to prevent several forms of encephalitis. This is the first time that a single vaccine has been found to offer protection from several viruses that produce encephalitis, and also from dengue fever.

The vaccine was prepared from two strains of the "West Nile Virus", an organism which causes outbreaks of illness in Egypt.

Though the vaccine is still in the experimental stage, tests on humans have already proved its efficacy.

CARING THE INSANE

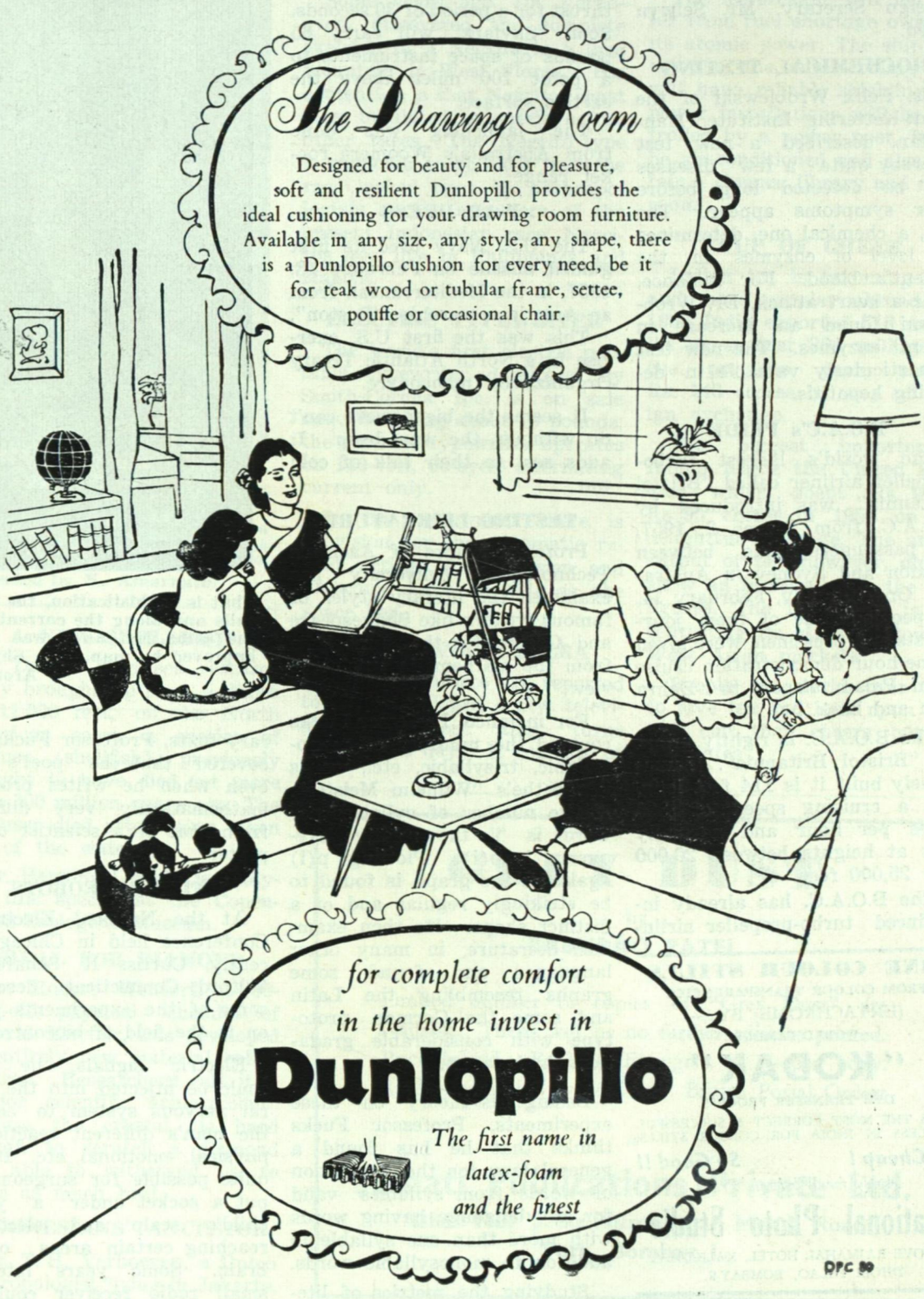
According to the National Mental Health Committee, U.S., the total number of patients in the nation's mental hospitals is 800,000. Though in 1956 a record number of patients were admitted in mental hospitals, the total number of state-hospital patients for 1956 was about 7000 less than in 1955. This means that many mental patients are being slowly rehabilitated with better treatment and more skilled personnel. Last year many of these hospitals discharged 65% to 80% of first admissions. The average daily expenditure for each state mental patient has increased since 1945 from $1.06 to $3.26.

The mad ones in U.S. are thus being cared for, while in India there are not even enough mental hospitals to house them in.

BOMB TESTS

Three Columbia University scientists in a report on the danger level of A-Bomb tests, said that all the atom bombs and hydrogen bombs exploded so far equalled the energy of 50 million tons of T.N.T., equivalent to 2500 bombs of the type that fell on Hiroshima, Japan.

In their opinion, the danger level would be reached when bombs having a total energy equivalent to 35,000 million tons were detonated. The report was based on a survey of strontium content of human bones made at 17 stations in different parts of the world. Radio-active strontium which is found in nuclear "fall-outs"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when accumulated in bones causes cancer. It gets into the body via contaminated vegetables and milk products.

Looking at the way the big powers are detonating bombs in the Pacific under one excuse or other, the danger is not far off. No wonder Japan has protested strongly to Britain against these nuclear tests. And the protests have been unceremoniously brushed aside by British Foreign Scretary Mr. Selwyn Lloyd.

BIOCHEMICAL TESTING

Dr. Felix Wroblewski of the Sloan-Kettering Institute, Manhattan, described a new test whereby quite a few diseases can be detected long before their symptoms appear. The test, a chemical one, determines the level of enzymes in the patient's blood. For instance, after a heart attack, Dr. Wroblewski found an increase in several enzymes. The new test is particularly valuable in detecting hepatitis.

B.O.A.C's PRIDE

The world's largest turbo-propeller airliner called "Bristol Britannia" was introduced by B.O.A.C. from March 2, 1957, for passengers flying between London and Sydney in Australia. On Thursday, February 14, 60 people, some of them journalists and pressmen, were given a one-hour demonstration cruise from Palam airport to Dehra Dun and back.

The B.O.A.C. is rightly proud of "Bristol Britannia". Luxuriously built it is 114 feet long, has a cruising speed of 360 miles per hour and normally flies at heights between 20,000 and 25,000 feet.

The B.O.A.C. has already introduced turbo-propeller airliners between London and Johannesburg.

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SKY-SOARING 'SKYLARK'

Australian Supply Minister, Mr. Howard Beale, announced on February 14, 1957, the successful launching of Britain's first upper atmosphere sound rocket "Skylark".

The rocket is powered by a solid propellant rocket motor which develops 11,500 pounds thrust for a period of 30 seconds. Soon "Skylark" will carry 65 pounds of space instruments to a point 100 miles above the earth's surface.

The launching was done from Australia's Woomera rocket range.

WAR DRESS

The U.S. Navy fired its first guided missile on February 13, 1957, in the Mediterranean from an American warship, "Boston".

This was the first U.S. exercise in a North Atlantic Treaty Organization maneouvre.

It seems the big powers can't do without the war dress. It adds zest to their talk of cold war.

TESTING LITERATURE

Professor Fucks of Aachen's Technological University has examined the literary styles of famous writers like Shakespeare and Goethe for the first time from the mathematical point of view.

For instance, Professor Fucks counted the numbers of monosyllabic, trisyllabic, etc., words in Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister". If the number of syllables per word is 'i' the relative frequency is p(i). Plotting p(i) against i the graph is found to be strikingly regular and of a distinct shape. He then examined literature in many other languages and found some graphs resembling the Latin and some the German prototype with considerable gradations in between.

Basing his theory on these experiments, Professor Fucks thinks that he has found a general law for the formation of words from syllables valid for any language having words with more than one syllable in addition to monosyllabic words.

Studying the metrics of literary texts, Professor Fucks discovered that the poet's style even when he writes prose is mathematically very different from that of a scientist or reporter.

That is sophistication, the art of sailing in society with up-to-date sails and along the current of fashion. The boat however remains the same just as it was originally designed by nature and unimproved by man. See Shyama following the fashion in Producer Arora's next picture.

FUTURE ROBOTS

At the National Electronics Conference held in Chicago recently, Curtiss R. Schafer of Milford, Connecticut, described some of the experiments going on in the field of biocontrol.

Electric signals, he said, could be injected into the central nervous system to control the man's different reactions—physical, emotional, etc. It was quite possible for surgeons to put a socket under a young child's scalp and electrodes reaching certain areas of the brain. Some years later, a small radio receiver could be plugged into the socket and the person controlled by bioelectric signals.

Some experiments on these lines made on rats have shown that they have been made to feel frightened when there was no cause for fear. When hungry they preferred a jolt of electricity to actual food.

The possibilities are truly frightening. Men could create new monsters with this brain radio.

ATOMIC BATTERY

The Walter Kidde Nuclear Laboratories and the Elgin Watch Co. have developed the first nuclear-powered battery which will be used in atomic watches, hearing aids, portable radios, etc.

Promethium 147, one of the

In the evening of youth, spring leaves the feet making them too tired for adventures, and rosy dreams leave the head reducing it to a store-room of memories. And one then begins to think where once one used to act, and to despair where once one used to design. Kamini Kaushal seems to be in the stock-taking phase of life. Let us see how she finds her balance-sheet in "Bada Bhai", a social theme produced and directed by K. Amarnath.

"waste" products in nuclear fission, is used in this type of battery. Promethium gives out beta rays which strike a layer of phosphor. Their energy is first turned into light and later converted to electricity.

At the moment promethium is rather expensive and a nuclear-powered battery costs $2000. Later on, if promethium can be obtained at 50 cents a curie, the Laboratories promise large scale production.

TATA'S ELECTRIC CRANE

The Tata Iron and Steel Co. Ltd. has recently installed at Jamshedpur, a 275-ton electric overhead U.K. built crane which is said to be the largest in Asia. Another one, of a similar type, will be set up later.

This crane is capable of lifting ladles containing 250 tons of molten steel. Jamshedpur hopes to double the output to 2 million tons of steel ingots with the help of these cranes.

A NEW SHELLFISH

A Danish deep sea research party brought up from a depth of 11,000 feet, off the North American coast, a species of mollusc (shellfish), previously thought to have died out more than 300 million years ago. The molluscs died after being taken out of the water.

Dr. Henning Lemche is studying this species at the Copenhagen Zoological Museum.

RIVAL FOR DIAMOND

Dr. Robert Wentorf, a 30-year-old physical chemist of General Electric, has developed an entirely new material called borazon. Researchers call it a "major scientific achievement" because the crystal is hard enough to scratch a diamond and able to withstand up to twice as much heat.

INDONESIANS' ANCESTOR

Dr. T. H. Verhoeven, a Dutch anthropologist living in Jakarta, is studying the skull of a prehistoric animal or man found recently in Flores Island, Eastern Indonesia, in the hope of knowing more about the ancestry of the Indonesian race.

The skull is estimated to be at least one million years old and is said to have become "stooped". Five teeth of the upper jaw and four of the lower have been well preserved.

Some years ago, Dr. Verhoeven, discovered the complete skeleton of a Negrito in a lime mountain in West Flores. His contention is that Negritos must have inhabited Indonesia before other races. The Negrito type is supposed to be older than the race looked upon by anthropologists as the ancestors of the present Indonesian race. Negritos now live in Philippines and Malaya.

ELECTRIC TYPEWRITER

The world's first electric portable typewriter developed by Smith-Corona Inc. is on sale now. Weighing about 19 pounds, the portable typewriter operates on 110-volt, 60-cycle alternating current only.

In this typewriter there is provision for the automatic repeat action of the hypen and underline keys as well as the space bar.

ELECTRONIC CAMERA

R.A.F. scientists are reported to have developed a new television equipment that turns "night into day". It consists of an ultra-sensitive electronic camera that has the power of picking up weak light not detectable to the human eye. The equipment will replace radar navigation in aircraft.

ATOMIC ICE-BREAKER

Work on the world's first atomic-powered ice-breaker is reported to have begun in Leningrad.

The ice-breaker will not suffer from fuel shortage owing to its atomic power. The ship's reactor, of the water-cooling type, will have reliable shielding. All power installations will be controlled by a power post. It will be air-conditioned and also contain a cinema, library and music room.

CUP OF CHEER

Indian tea is becoming more and more popular abroad. In 1956 India exported 516 million lbs as against 364 millions lbs the previous year, earning Rs. 140 crores by way of foreign exchange.

The biggest importer of Indian tea is the United Kingdom which spent Rs. 90 to Rs. 95 crores in 1956 on this delightful beverage. The annual output of tea, however, did not show an increase over the 1955 figures. The Tea Board is concentrating its attention towards West Asian markets.

People the world over seem to love tea and look upon it as 'the cup that cheers but not inebriates'.

GREY DUST

by

BABURAO PATEL

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MOURNING AMIYA CHAKRAVARTY

I don't remember the year now, but it was years ago, when Himansu Rai, the founder of the Bombay Talkies, in one of his many crazy moments, characteristic of the great creative artist that he was, had invited me for a chat with of course tea and snacks at his studio. For two hours we talked nothing though we had met to chat. Himansu kept staring at me with his bulging, frightening eyes, a cigarette sticking precariously on his lower lip and an occasional grunt coming from somewhere within him. For all appearances we were in silent commune each understanding the other perfectly. The tedium of this silent interview I relieved with four cups of excellent tea and stared back at the crazy artist sitting in front of me and lighting cigarette after cigarette.

At the end of two hours I got up to go. Himansu also got up, shook hands with me and said, "Thank you. We know each other better now. Come again when you get time". "I will, on my silent days", I said.

I got out of the canteen and into the compound to get into my car. Before I could drive away, I was accosted by a short, young man with a serious, intense face. "Sir, you are Mr. Baburao Patel of 'Filmindia'?" he said. I said 'yes' and looked at him. "How did you like my tea and bhajiyas, Sir?" he asked. "They were excellent", I said, "Too good for a film studio". "Thank you, sir, thank you. I am so glad you liked them", said the young man with a broad grin which suspiciously looked like a happy smile. "What's your name?" I asked him. "Omiya Chakraborty!" That is how he said it. And I drove away thinking that all Bengalis were slightly crazy.

That is how I met Amiya Chakravarty first. I met him many times after that and whenever Himansu felt like having one of his silent chats with me, Amiya always gave me excellent tea and asked me every time how I liked it. Amiya managed the canteen well and expected people to appreciate the fact. Then one day I found him waiting outside my office room. He had been there for two hours. He looked at me and touched my knees in respect —a typically Hindu way of respecting elders. When I inquired of the purpose of his visit, Amiya would not speak. He became shy and silent. I took him into my room thinking that he had something delicate to tell me about that crazy smoking chimney of the Bombay Talkies, Himansu Rai.

"Well?" I said. Amiya was all nerves, excited, emotional and shy. He stood with hands folded, speechless. I put my hand on his shoulder and asked him gently, "What's wrong, Amiya?" "Nothing wrong, sir," Amiya stammered, "I have come to ask for a favour". I smiled and said, "It is yours if I can do it". "I want you to attend the "muhurt" of my picture tomorrow and bless me, sir," said Amiya. "Have you left the Bombay Talkies?" I asked. "No sir, no sir, Mrs. Rai has given me a picture to direct and I want your blessings".

I went to the "muhurt" a bit late next day but Amiya was waiting for me. As soon as he saw me he gave me a broad smile and rushed towards me. "I am so grateful", he said, "Now my picture will be a great hit". And for an hour after that he told me the story of his picture. I wished Amiya all luck and went away wondering at the intense key in which this young man had started his precarious career of creating art. For, Amiya was intense. The very sincerity of his emotions couldn't make him anything else.

Amiya's first picture "Anjan" was released at the Roxy Cinema on 27th September 1941. I could not attend its premiere as I was ill, even though Rai Bahadur Chuni Lall offered to take me in a wheel-chair. I did not find Amiya waiting outside my office this time. He felt delicate, as he told me afterwards, and said he did not want to influence my review of the picture. But in the first week of November, Amiya stood in my office, tears in his eyes and a copy of "Filmindia" in his hand. I had given the picture a good review and called "Anjan", a technically superb picture. Amiya was shy and silent in success and even awkward. He liked appreciation but he felt uncomfortable in the presence of the man who praised him. Amiya was modest to a fault.

One day last year I went to Amiya's house because I was told that he was ill. Amiya was ill but not so ill as not to get up and take out a neatly pasted file of cuttings containing my reviews of his various pictures like: "Anjan", "Basant", "Hamari Baat", "Jwar Bhata", "Gauna", "Girls' School", "Mera Sohag", "Badal", "Shahenshah", "Badshah", "Daag", "Patita" and "Seema", which was the latest picture reviewed by me. And in a minute Amiya got emotionally worked up and read back to me my own lines. "Producer-director Amiya Chakravarty, the man who insists on having a theme and purpose in his pictures in spite of our illiterate masses—pandered to by other uneducated and half-educated producers—comes up with another intelligent, purposeful and progressive picture in "Seema". "I got this praise from Baburao Patel the man who doesn't spare even Nehru", shouted Amiya after reading this piece in a dramatic tone. Amiya always shouted whenever he was emotionally moved. He was a child of emotion wanting to run about and dance in an ecstasy of emotion.

Yes, Amiya was an emotion wrapped in the vapour of art. There was nothing insincere in him. He had a temper but it was all sound and fury. There never was any malice in it. And Amiya loved to live alone and to be left alone, wrapped in his thoughts and lost in the smoke of his cigarette. He was a chain-smoker who carried the cigarette tin all the time as a confession of his weakness. The doctors had told him to stop smoking because of his brittle heart. But Amiya would wail in desperation, "Arre Baba, how can anyone leave cigarettes?" And when I told him that I had stopped smoking, he was visibly shocked.

I will miss Amiya because he often called on me at odd hours to discuss his stories and invariably ended by shouting, screaming and quarrelling with me over the situations in his high-strung themes. He described this as a normal discussion and went home after quickly swallowing a glass of water. And then he would come again, having discussed my suggestions threadbare with his colleagues, for another high-pitched argument. That man lived in spasms of emotions and actually experienced the lives of the characters he created for his stories. His power of visualization was terrific and he often frightened me with his vivid realism.

Amiya Chakravarty — producer and director. He always tried to look beyond the horizon. This time he travelled beyond it.

Amiya was one of the best that Bengal, that resplendent cradle of our culture, gave to our film industry. He was at once crude and fine, rough and gentle, noisy and silent, sad and gay, clumsy and graceful, shy and aggressive, angry and patient, cold and emotional and yet always sincere and loyal. In him the opposites met in a harmless conflict that created a new drama of life every time.

Dear Amiya is no more. Like his life, his death was also a sudden impulse. He died in the saddle of his art when he breathed his last in his studio on the evening of 6th March 1957. It was the death of an emotion just 45 years old.

And on the occasion of my Golden Jubilee in 1954, Amiya wrote "Baburao Patel is not an individual. He is an institution. I would like to survive him to write his obituary, to write, "what he was". That will be the proudest moment of my life. But let that "moment" take ages to come, and that is what I wish today with all my heart and prayers".

Fate robbed him of that proudest moment and left me—an old man—behind to write my young friend's obituary in tears. Even death seems to love fresh flowers at its dark altars. Amen!

"Girnar" Baburao Patel
21.3.1957

NAINA—

Here is a new blossom struggling to catch the life-giving rays of the sun to bring more colour to the world with a new smile and personality. Naina, a talented starlet, gets her major chance in "Aasha", a thrilling romance directed and produced by that unbeaten wizard of the box-offices, M. V. Raman, for Raman Productions.

Nirupa Roy is not leaving a surgeon's room with her torso bandaged. She is merely wearing an odd costume to play the role of a devotee of God. See this celluloid goddess looking like one thing and doing another thing in "Nagmani", a mythological tale produced by Bombay Movietone.

Raman's Ambitious Technicolor Venture "Jwala"—"Police" Makes Steady Progress—"Miss Mary" Has Gala Premiere at Roxy—"Duniya Rang Rangeeli" Awaits Bombay Release—"Mother India" Shows Nargis At Her Best—Kishore's Amusing Antics In "Begunah"

RAMAN PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Usually a producer performs the muhurt of his new picture in a hurry and then conveniently forgets all about it. Not so producer-director M.V. Raman, who launched his new Technicolor picture "Jwala" on February 24. He is all in earnest and the first few sequences have been shot already. Apart from gorgeous colour and a box-office story, "Jwala" has a big star cast consisting of Vyjayantimala, Kishore Kumar, Sohrab Modi, Pran, Mala Sinha, Lalita Pawar, Raj Mehra, Naina, Randhir, Minoo Mumtaz and Om Prakash. The story of "Jwala", which has a wild jungle background, has been written by Javar Sitaram and with Raman's box-office touches, the picture is likely to win both praise and profits. The world rights of "Jwala" are controlled by T. Tarachand. "Asha" in Hindi and Tamil is fast nearing completion and will be on the screen before long.

DEEP & PRADEEP PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

The shooting of "Police" has been going on continuously at the Modern Studios under the direction of Kalidas, who directed the company's first picture "Ek Jhalak", not so long ago. As the title implies, there is enough suspense in the story to thrill the filmgoers. Madhubala and Pradeep Kumar are cast as the romantic lovers with Nadira, Anwar Hussain and Om Prakash in important roles. Lyrics by Bihari have been tuned by Hemant Kumar, one of our popular box-office music-directors. Let us hope actor-producer Pradeep Kumar, and Deep Khosla make "Police" entertaining for the masses. Pradeep, who, it seems, wants to make as big a success of film production as of his acting, has decided to launch two more films called "Flat No. 8" a satirical comedy and "Ek Baat" a dance-cum-song extravaganza with O.P. Nayyar giving the musical score.

AVM PRODUCTIONS (Madras)

Producer A.V. Meiyappan's slick comedy "Miss Mary" had an all-India release and is reported to be drawing big crowds everywhere. In Bombay, at the Roxy, the premiere of "Miss Mary" was as colourful as some of the sequences in this well-finished picture. Almost all the top stars, directors and producers attended the show, not to mention the huge crowds that flocked to see "Miss Mary". "Miss Mary" stars attractive Meena Kumari opposite South Indian star Ganeshan while the restless Kishore Kumar has a tailor-made role to suit his peculiar singing-and-dancing talent. Designed to entertain only with fast-moving incidents, lilting songs and breezy dances, "Miss Mary" satisfies the filmgoers' requirements fully.

SADIQ PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer-director M. Sadiq, who works without making a big fuss, is turning out pictures pretty fast these days. His latest offering, "Duniya Rang Rangeeli", will be released soon at the Super, Bombay, through Ramesh Film Distributors. "Duniya Rang Rangeeli" is a hilarious comedy starring slim Shyama opposite Johnny Walker, with Chand Usmani and Rajendra Kumar providing the other romantic team in the story. O.P. Nayyar's snappy music is another attraction of "Duniya Rang Rangeeli". The lyrics are by Jan Nissar Akhtar. From the reports we have received about "Duniya Rang Rangeeli", we can safely say that the Sadiq-Walker-Nayyar trio is going to click again at the box-offices.

MEHBOOB PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer-director Mehboob has nearly completed the outdoors of "Mother India", in Gevacolor starring Nargis at Bilimora. Some of the rushes are so exciting and eye-filling that we can now understand Mehboob's maniacal fastidiousness in regard to every detail, without caring about time, money and energy involved in its making. Nargis who portrays the patient, suffering mother is seen at her best in "Mother India" while Sunil Dutt and Rajendra Kumar play Nargis' sons effectively. Music-director Naushad's tunes are a treat to hear.

RUPKAMAL (Bombay)

"Begunah" starring Kishore and Shakila is reported to be doing well at the Swastik and other theatres in Bombay, where it was released on March 8, 1957. Though inspired mainly by Danny Kaye's rollicking comedy "Knock On Wood", the picture has been skilfully adapted to Indian conditions and succeeds in raising plenty of laughs. "Begunah" is all about a carefree actor and a charming lady doctor who meet to love and quarrel and quarrel and love. Kishore's antics in "Begunah" are some of the best seen on the Indian screen. The supporting cast consists of Mubarak, Radhakishan, Helen, Krishnakant, etc. Directed by Narindra Suri, "Begunah" has catchy music by Shanker and Jai Kishen.

SHRIRANGAM (Bombay)

Released through Cinema Associates and directed by the late Amiya Chakrabarty, "Dekh Kabira Roya" continues to attract the crowds at the Majestic, Bombay. The comedy is woven round three young girls, played respectively by Shubha Khote, Anita Guha and Ameeta who fall in love with three jobless artists portrayed by Anoop Kumar, Daljit and Jawahar Kaul. Amiya's half-finished picture "Kath Putli" starring Vyjayantimala is being completed by Nitin Bose.

BIMAL ROY PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

"Parivar", a domestic drama, had a good run at the Swastik, Bombay. Producer-director Bimal Roy has begun the shooting of "Madhumati", a tender love tale starring Dilip Kumar and Vyjayantimala. Vyjayantimala, who gave one of her best screen performances as Chandramukhi in Bimal Roy's "Devdas", is cast here as a gipsy belle.

MEHTAB FILMS PRIVATE LTD. (Bombay)

Director C. P. Dixit has completed some sequences of "Kabhi Andhera Kabhi Ujala" starring Kishore, Shekhar, Nutan, Chitra, Lalita Pawar, K. N. Singh, Minoo Mumtaz, Yakub and Ragini. Rajindra Singh Bedi has written the story and the dialogue while O. P. Nayyar has given the music. "Kabhi Andhera Kabhi Ujala", is a true-to-life story depicting both the dark and the sunny sides of life.

FILM GROUP (Bombay)

While slapstick comedy seeks to entertain mainly through slapstick, a thought-provoking comedy does the same job in an intelligent manner and that is what director Hrishikesh Mukherjee, a one-time film editor, sets out to do in "Musafir" which is nearing completion. Starring the famous 'Devdas' pair —Suchitra Sen and Dilip Kumar —Usha Kiran, Nirupa Roy, Shekhar, Bipin Gupta, Durga Khote, David, Nazir Hussein and Baby Naaz, "Musafir" is a picture worth waiting for. Music is by Salil Chaudhary.

NARAYANAN & CO. (Madras)

On an auspicious day—the Tamil New Year's Day—these producers will launch the production of their new film starring Anjali and Ganeshan. Direction has been entrusted to P. Pulliah. The screenplay has been written by K. V. Srinivasan. Simultaneously the shooting of a bilingual costume picture in Hindi and Tamil will start. Directed by Pattana of "Devta" fame and starring Padmini, Anjali and Ganeshan, the bilingual picture will be made with an eye on lavish and spectacular entertainment. Vasant Desai will compose the music.

MADRAS TALKIES (Madras)

Producer-director Joseph Taliath has completed "Payal", an interesting tale, starring the two famous Travancore sisters—Padmini and Ragini—Sunil Dutt, Bipin Gupta, Achala Sachdev, Agha and Baby Naaz. "Payal" has lilting music and beautiful dance numbers executed by talented Padmini and Ragini and to be sure, the picture will delight one and all.

ALL INDIA PICTURES (Bombay)

Ceaseless activity seems to be Producer P. N. Arora's watchword. Four pictures are on the floor at different stages of production. They are "Bhakt Dhruv" starring Sulochana, Jeevan, Shammi and directed by Gunjal; "Neelofer" a costume thriller starring Chitra, Suresh and Nishi and directed by P.N. Arora himself; Production No. 21 starring Vyjayantimala and Pradeep Kumar and directed by M. Sadiq and Production No. 22 starring Shyama, Balraj Sahni and Rajendra Kumar. With four pictures in hand Arora is bound to hit the box-office target with a couple of them at least.

DESAI FILMS (Bombay)

Director Nanubhai Vakil's "Sati Pariksha" completed in the record time of 24 shooting days is ready for release. "Sati Pariksha" is a costume entertainer and originally held a rather unwieldy title "Sinhaldwip ki Sundari". The change to "Sati Pariksha" is, therefore, a change for the better.

RAWAL FILMS (Bombay)

Director I.S. Johar seems more than satisfied with his new social "Miss India" starring Nargis in a sensational role. Others in the cast are Pradeep Kumar, Pran, Badriprasad, I.S. Johar, Nishi and Shammi. Lyrics by Rajendra Krishna have been set to music by S. D. Burman.

THAI INFORMATION SERVICE (Bombay)

"Angulimala", a costume tale of Buddhist times, starring Nimmi, Bharat Bhushan, Anita Guha, Achala and others, is more than half completed. Produced in Gevacolor by the Thai Information Service and directed by Vijay Bhatt, "Angulimala" is a picture with sincere purpose and lofty ideals and must not be missed by filmgoers who look for something extraordinary in their entertainment. Only last month, three well-known dancers of Thailand, came all the way to Bombay for shooting the dance sequences of "Angulimala".

DOSSI FILMS PRIVATE LTD. (Bombay)

"Chandan" produced by Fali Mistry and directed by M.V. Raman is progressing well. Nutan and Kishore are starred together for the first time in "Chandan", while Shyama and Mala Sinha add their tantalizing sex-appeal to the picture and Kamala Lakshman does some graceful dances in her inimitable manner. Others in the cast are Achala, K. N. Singh, Raj Mehra, Randhir, David, etc. Music is by Madan Mohan.

M. TARACHAND (Bombay)

These distributors have acquired quite a few potential box-office pictures. Some of them are "Aasha" produced and directed by M. V. Raman; "Talaash" directed by Vishram Bedekar and starring Bina Rai and Ashok Kumar and "Garma Garam" a comedy featuring Agha, Bhagwan, Gope, Maruti, Om Prakash and Nadira.

NAVKALA NIKETAN (Bombay)

"Mohini", featuring Nirupa Roy, Shahu Modak, Shakila, etc. and directed by Ramanlal Desai, has been nearly completed. "Mohini" is a drama adapted from a popular South Indian legend that has already proved its box-office worth in its Tamil and Telugu versions. Producer Ramesh Vyas, therefore, is not on the wrong track when he expects "Mohini" to do the trick. N. Dutta is reported to have given some attractive music in "Mohini".

Who Said It First?

Editor Baburao Patel in his editorial article "Neighbour's Fire Also Destroys" written on November 4, 1954, two and a half years ago, said, "Short-sighted Hindus in India are laughing over the crisis in Pakistan and gloating over its economic distress and farcical freedom and democracy forgetting that a hungry and bankrupt neighbour makes a dangerous enemy. Rightly or wrongly Pakistan is our neighbour. We have thousands of miles of common boundaries both on the East and West of our country. The State of Pakistan is an accomplished fact now. It is an independent national entity. Pakistan is now a part of the world map and we cannot now think of it except in terms of a separate, neighbouring nation.

"A hungry and bankrupt Pakistan in the hands of selfish and power-crazy politicians and ruled by undemocratic methods now becomes a very dangerous enemy—more dangerous than seven years ago when it first sounded the war bugle over Kashmir. Pakistan has further become the cockpit of British and American ambitions in trade and power politics. It is a starving stooge between these two powers. Every day Pakistan's position will deteriorate more and more till it reaches the helpless state of Japan under occupation by American troops.

"Pakistan must therefore be saved from itself, for itself and for us—and immediately—if India is ever to have good and peaceful neighbourhood contributing to her own progress and prosperity.....Let us therefore save Pakistan and in doing so save ourselves".

Two And A Half Years Later

Pandit Nehru said in Parliament on March 27, 1957, "I do not want Pakistan to be militarily armed up so much that it becomes very strong and threatens us. That is why we have not taken kindly to the vast equipment and arms that has come to Pakistan from the U.S. I am not talking about that just now.

"But we want Pakistan as a healthy, flourishing, progressive country, even for our own sake. Otherwise the more we succeed and the less Pakistan succeeds in their plans, it is a danger to our plans and our progress".

VYJAYANTIMALA—

Sad and thoughtful, this popular and versatile star gives one more thrilling performance in "Kath Putli", a social tale directed and produced by the late Amiya Chakravarty and now being graciously completed by our top technician Nitin Bose.

This section is the monopoly of "JUDAS" and he writes what he likes and about things which he likes. The views expressed here are not necessarily ours, but they carry weight because they are written by a man who knows his job.

STATE WORK OR PERSONAL VENDETTA?

Section 23(4) of the Indian Income Tax Act reads as follows: "If any person fails to make the return required by any notice given under sub-section (2) of section 22 (requiring an assessee to submit a return within 30 days after notice by the Income Tax Officer) and has not made a return or a revised return under sub-section (3) of the same section (granting a right to the assessee to revise his returns in case he discovers an omission or mistake) or fails to comply with *all the terms* of a notice issued under sub-section (4) of the same section (requiring the assessee to produce accounts or documents and any number of extracts of accounts, information on all possible points, a statement of assets and liabilities or for that matter any information about the assessee the Income Tax Officer may dream about or fancy) or, having made a return fails to comply with *all the terms* of a notice issued under sub-section (2) of this section (demanding more evidence or personal attendance of the assessee because the Income Tax Officer is not satisfied with the return), the Income Tax Officer shall make the assessment to the *best of his judgement* and determine the sum payable by the assessee on the basis of such assessment".

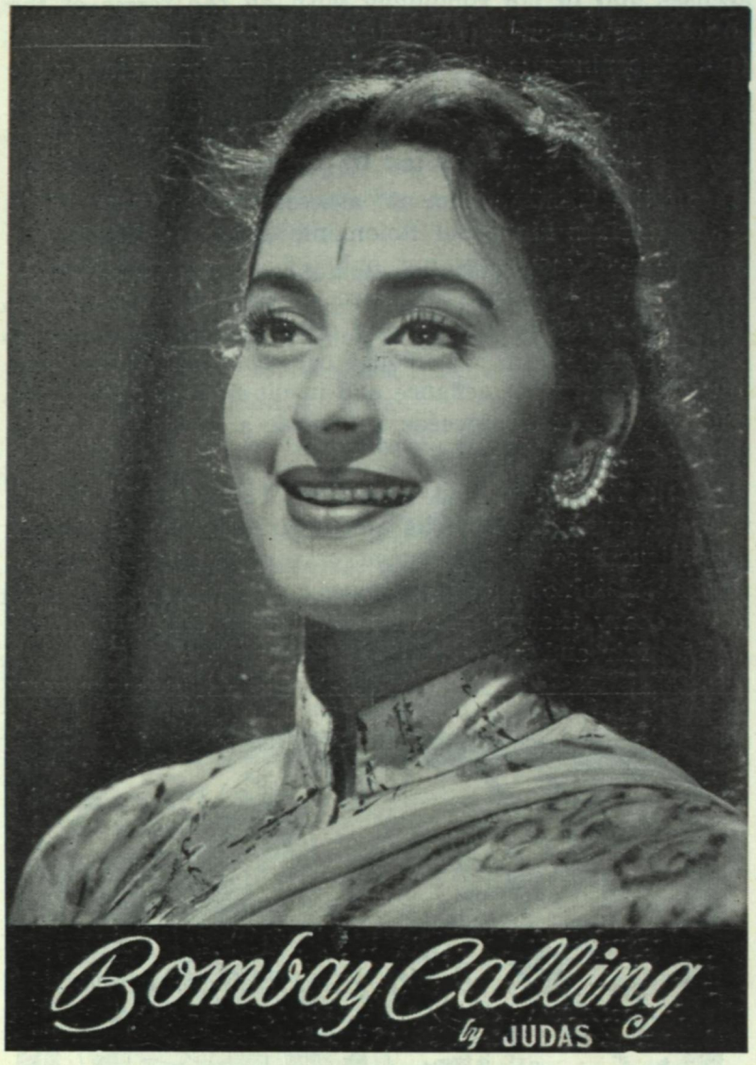
This section, which apparently puts the assessee in the wrong box prior to its operation, has its roots in its previous blood brother, section 22, which insists upon an assessee submitting his returns within various periods prescribed by law under various circumstances.

For all outward appearances Section 23(4) looks quite just and fair because it comes into operation only when an assessee has failed to comply with his various obligations under the law and has committed certain defaults and earned the displeasure of the Income Tax Officer.

Where this section is concerned, the law makers can turn round and say, "Well, we give the assessee all opportunity to do his duty as a citizen and only when he fails to cooperate with us, we proceed to impose on him a tax according to our best judgement." This is a fair and just argument academically and no one can quarrel with it. After all the State has to collect taxes to run a government and this unpleasant business of tax collection must begin somewhere with or without the assessee's cooperation and the State cannot help but take an unpleasant step if the citizen refuses to cooperate. So far we support our law makers fully.

But how does section 23(4) operate in actual practice in the hands of callow and power-charged little officers who reduce all problems of taxation to a personal equation between themselves and the assessees and consider all defaults of an assessee—whether intentional or incidental —as their personal insults by the assessee?

Mischievous Income Tax Officers—and most of them are made mischievous these days under the constant goad



It is the privilege of youth to stand erect in confidence and look straight ahead with hope and exude freedom from care and worries. For, when one is in youth all's right with the world. Let us hope Nutan's sweet illusion sustains long enough in Dossi Films' "Chandan", a social theme produced by Fali Mistry and directed by M. V. Raman.

of an ever-increasing zonal quota of taxation—sow the seeds of the mischief and disaster inherent in the "best-judgement" power given by Section 23(4) by turning, twisting and exasperating the assessee under section 22(4) by demanding from him endless and impossible particulars of his business and private life on specified dates. This process is so persistent and torturous that an assessee has to neglect his business completely and devote himelf and his whole time exclusively to meet the various fantastic demands of the Income Tax Officer probing from day to day under section 22(4). One man in ten thousand can survive this ordeal and most of the assessees do commit one default or other or in trying to please the I.T.O. commit some mistake or other.

Default or mistake? That is the opportunity the Income Tax Officer has been waiting for. That is why he has been twisting, turning and torturing the assessee under section 22(4). Now that the opportunity has come, the Income Tax Officer puts the assessee in a wrong box,

accuses him of not complying with *all the terms* of the notices issued under section 22(4) and section 23(2) (note the phrase: "all the terms") and immediately assumes power to make an assessment to the *'best of his judgement"* under section 23(4) and determines within a day the sum payable as tax by the assessee.

In the "best judgement" assessment the Income Tax Officer strikes his usual Solomonic attitude of infallible wisdom and knowledge not only of a hundred thousand trades and professions but also of their various pitfalls and profits, and having already reduced the State business of tax collection to a personal equation and experienced imaginary personal defiance and insult from the blissfully ignorant assessee, proceeds to impose a vindictive tax on the assessee.

And it is thus that a section of law, which for all outward appearances looks quite fair and just, is twisted and misused as an instrument of torture against the assessee. It is not enough to have a fair and just law. It is necessary that people who administer that law should also be fair and just.

Can a woman possess a pair of eyes supercharged with magnetism and escape with her lips unscathed by a kiss for long? It does sound hard to believe but that is the story of Nimmi, one of our finest artistes and a packet of many surprises. Watch this petite piece of temptation continuing to constitute a challenge to the romantic enterprise of manhood in "Ghoonghat Ke Pat Khol", a social theme produced by Nigaristan Pictures.

The Income Tax Officer cannot be fair and just. He is a little officer with a little training and terrific limitations in experience and outlook. And he is saddled with a huge job with terrific responsibility in which he is called upon to become a policeman, a judge and an executioner—all at once. And all these functions he is called upon to perform under the constant goad of an ever-increasing zonal quota of taxes under the constant supervision of greedy and quota-conscious superiors who want the tax collections to go up by hook or by crook. It is impossible for any man, placed and charged as the present Income Tax Officer is, to be ever fair or just.

It is therefore the human factor which vitiates the administration of the Income Tax law. And as long as that happens no citizen will ever respect a law. And without inherent respect no law can be effective—socially or legally. The remedy lies in distributing the responsibility as suggested by us before. Make the Income Tax Officer only a policeman and let others be the judge and the executioner. And to guarantee a fair deal to the tax-payer, let the judge have various assessors who will advise him on the intricacies of various trades and professions.

It is stupid to build our huge revenue structure on a

Varicose veins on hands are an unpleasant sight, especially on the hands of a young woman. Nirupa Roy should either do something about her hands or avoid bringing them too near the camera. Let us, however, find out what is the happy news that has so cheered her up in "Nagmani", a mythological tale produced by Bombay Movietone.

tiny and brittle kingpin like the Income Tax Officer and then expect people to accept this structure as a temple of justice and fairplay.

PROFITS OF A RAPE

Humayun Kabir and K. G. Saiyaddin, the Muslim Mullahs of our Ministry of Education (we may be pardoned for calling them "Muslim Mullahs" and thus striking an unpleasant communal note in a distressingly secular state but as they themselves insist upon India having a "variety of cultures", thereby separating Muslim culture from the Indian one, we are left with no choice but that of accepting their own distinctive label of communalism.) in their desperate effort to attract attention and foist on Indians their own brand and conception of culture and education have been wildly distributing a lot of taxpayers' money by way of patronizing cash prizes to artistes, writers and institutions during the last five years. To emphasize their intention would be to strike a discordant note and spoil the secular harmony of Pandit Nehru's life. We cannot risk this with our fast-ageing Prime Minister who needs all his wits and nerves to keep Krishna Menon floating on the tide of international politics and yet we feel that the subtlety of design pursued by Maulana Azad's Ministry in trying to fashion our educational and cultural programme during the last five years should not be completely lost on our people.

In pursuance of this design, Maulana Azad's Ministry of Education—or may we call it Kabir and Saiyaddin's communal workshop of culture—has recently announced a prize of Rs. 5,000/- for the best manuscript on the history of India in the following terms:

1. It should be the history of India by an eminent historian or author.

2. It should not exceed 40,000 words.

3. It should provide stimulating and significant material for reading presented in an interesting manner.

4. It should be accurate and authentic in regard to facts.

5. The object of the manuscript should be to awaken interest, give a connected story of human development in the special context of history and raise intelligent questions in the mind of the reader.

6. It has to bring out and emphasize movements which have proved of importance to India; promote inter-communal and inter-State understanding and respect for the *variety of cultures* obtaining in the country.

7. The Ministry reserves the right to edit the manuscript.

All this in Rs. 5,000|- from an eminent historian or author! As we do not think that any eminent historian or author will stoop to write this "history of India", we expect some stooge of the Mullahs to turn out the "history" and claim the prize. Probably this "history" is already in the hands of the Mullahs.

Let us, however, analyse this proposition a little more for the benefit of our people. The Oxford English Dictionary defines "history" as, "A written narrative constituting a continuous methodical record, in order of time, of important or public events, especially those connected with a particular country, people, individual, etc".

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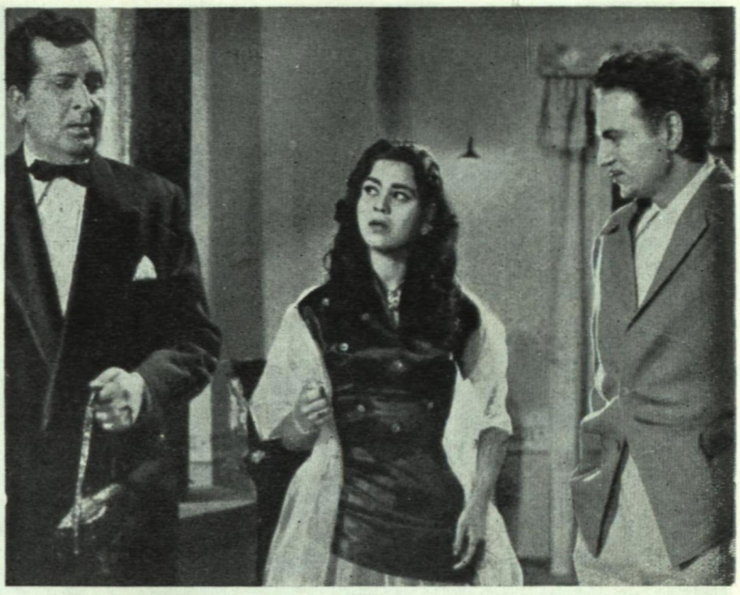

A tense situation of a confused woman between two decisive men. Kum Kum is between Jayant and Umesh and doesn't know what to do in "Bada Bhai", a social entertainer.

The history of a country like India has to be a story of thousands of years. To make it "authentic and accurate in facts", as required by the Ministry, and to make it "stimulating", "significant", "connected", "interest awakening" and "raising intelligent questions", a historian will probably need a life-time and at least three million words.

But the Ministry's order is cut down to 40,000 only which means 108 pages of 370 words each. The Ministry thus wants the "history of India" to be written in 108 printed pages.

And in these 108 pages, the "eminent" historian has in addition to describing the events, to:

a) "Bring out and emphasize movements which have proved of importance to India;

b) "Promote inter-communal and inter-State understanding and respect for the *variety of cultures* obtaining in the country".

Now, what sort of a history will that be in which the 'eminent' historian is asked to promote inter-communal and inter-State understanding and respect for the *variety of cultures* (not, of course, forgetting the distinctive Muslim culture to guarantee which the Ministry has reserved its right of editing the manuscript) obtained in the country? We thought that history was a record of actual events of the past which cannot be turned and twisted into an instrument of propaganda to promote inter-communal understanding or respect for the variety of cultures.

Can history be concocted in this manner? This is rather a high-handed treatment of history, and to describe such a propaganda book as the history of our country is to condemn all scholarship and outrage our great heritage of blood, tears and sacrifice. And one wonders whether we are already showing symptoms of Communism

which has turned history into a harlot of political propaganda in Russia?

If the Mullahs have some one in view, who needs those five thousand rupees rather badly, why not give him the money and be done with it rather than launch such a ludicrous project on a national pretext and turn history and scholarship into a farce? After all, Rs. 5,000|- is a much smaller amount than the ten crores of rupees swallowed by Nehru's Congress contractors and engineers in the Bhakra-Nangal Project.

We can certainly afford to throw away Rs. 5,000|- more into the gutters of Congress corruption rather than allow an unprovoked rape of our history. Can't we?

A CRY FROM THE SOULS OF THE DEAD

The present enlarged city of Bombay has an area of 111 square miles and has over 530 miles of roads. 50% of these roads are deathtraps both for the pedestrian and the motorist. Some of them are so narrow and in such a rotten condition that a single car jumping over these ditches and potholes sends the pedestrian flying into the gutters for safety. The Municipality, however, collects a number of taxes under various labels and pretexts and does practically nothing to repair these roads. Even the main roads have been dug up for years now under the pretext of putting water and drainage pipes underground but in many places we see these pipes sleeping over beds of soft earth and deep pits yawning complacently at the citizen. Little children that have fallen into these pits and broken their skulls and legs during the last three years cannot be counted. As these pits are neither barricaded nor protected by red lights, it has become extremely dangerous for motorists to drive through some of the city streets during the dark hours without meeting with some accident. The Municipal authorities continue to sleep with the least concern about the safety of the citizen. As the whole of Congress India is run on practical principles of profits and corruption we cannot blame the Bombay Municipality. It probably takes its inspiration from the more important departments of the Congress Government.

On these roads 19994 accidents were committed during the year 1956. From these, 243 were fatal, 492 received serious injuries, 4606 got slight injuries (the word "slight" being a modest description by police doctors of a broken head with sometimes a dozen stitches) and 14,653 escaped with minor injuries. No one cared to count the casualties among the cars and the fatal or minor injuries on them because in bullock-braced Congress India, a motor car is still a symbol of foreign power.

This record of accidents in a single year was achieved

"I want to fight with you, Baburao," says Producer Meiyappan Chettiar at the premiere of "Miss Mary" in Bombay. "I have just lost a fight, Meiyappan. Give me some breathing time before I take on a champion like you," replied Baburao Patel. Meiyappan is in a fighting mood because thousands are chasing his "Miss Mary".

by 53,450 licensed vehicles. (Note the word "licensed" because these vehicles cannot ply without a police license certifying that they were in excellent condition and roadworthy). Of the 53,450 licensed vehicles the municipal buses, called BEST buses, were 650; lorries 18100; taxis 8700 and private cars 26,000. And we cannot forget the 53,450 "licensed" drivers who drove these instruments of death and managed to commit 19994 accidents. All glory to them for making human life so cheap and incidental.

In 1954, the figure of accidents was 15784; in 1955 it improved to 18861 and in 1956 it went up to 19994 just six short of 20000. This shows that the first Five-Year plan of the Congress has been progressively successful in the production of accidents and in reaching new targets every year. We always suspected all round progress in the present Congress regime and we are not disappointed.

We don't expect anyone to listen to us in Congress India with deaf and dumb Ministers and an utterly corrupt administration. And we, therefore, don't expect things to improve. But as obstinate critics, we owe a duty to the souls of those 703 who went to heaven in three years travelling on Congress roads and to the remaining 53,936 on whom the Congress administration showered various decorations like cracked skulls, amputated limbs, missing eyes, broken legs, stitched scars, etc., and we must therefore have our say.

Why do these accidents happen? There are four basic factors: defective roads, defective vehicles, incompetent drivers and lack of road sense among pedestrians.

Except the first one, the defective roads, which is a municipal responsibility, the remaining three factors are police problems which can be handled competently and effectively, if we had more police force for traffic and, of course, a less corrupt one.

Bombay's present police force for traffic has a total strength of 400 persons with 14 officers and one inspector. Out of these 400 persons hardly 300 are on effective duty during any hour. The remaining 100 have various leaves or rests between periods of duty. These 300 traffic policemen are supposed to look after the traffic on 530 miles of roads with over 1800 road junctions in an area of 111 square miles. These policemen have to enforce the silence zones, watch the electric traffic lights, train pedestrians in road sense and control motor traffic. And additionally they have to pilot visiting dignitaries like Congress bosses, Arab Sheikhs, Russian vodka drunkards and others—whenever they visit the city. This is an impossible task but we are told that they do it and while doing it they permit 19994 accidents per year.

Doesn't this suggest that we should have more traffic policemen?

A careful study of the court cases for rash and negligent driving reveals that over 70% of the vehicles involved in these accidents were mechanically defective. All of them had defective brakes and nearly 50% of them were not at all roadworthy. And yet they were licensed vehicles.

Now who gives them these licenses? The police, of course! How does this happen? You cannot get an answer to this question in the police headquarters. We waited three days for the answer to this question and while no one answered the question at least two police officers kindly offered us genuine whisky to swallow the question saying that "your throat must be dry rolling that question". But the touts around the police headquarters knew the answer. When we asked them what way an old lorry could get a license as a "Public Carrier", a dozen of them mobbed us with the request to give them the assignment and they would get us the license within three days. The price for their services varied from Rs. 100|- to Rs. 300|- according to the tonnage and mechanical condition of the lorry.

Now we can never accuse our police boys of corruption. It would be an unpardonable blasphemy to do so seeing that all of them are Morarji's angels whom he left behind to give us glimpses of paradise. But these police angels evidently do not see beyond their noses, for under their very noses and in the compound of their own head-

quarters a very lucrative racket of obtaining licenses for mechanically defective cars is flourishing without the poor angels getting even a cut on the profits made by these racketeers. And one wonders what explanation these racketeers give to our honest and angelic policemen, explanations which make old unserviceable taxis and lorries serviceable and roadworthy within three days? If these racketeers are prepared to reveal their art, our educated unemployed have a new profession waiting to be picked right in the compound of the police headquarters.

With the same ridiculous ease with which old and rickety mechanical monsters become roadworthy, the two-footed devils who call themselves motor drivers these days get their licenses. In this department, however, the racket takes a more organised complexion through the friendly services of several so-called schools which train old and new motor drivers. The agents of some of these training schools sell a police license for a price varying from Rs. 50|- to Rs. 100|- per license. Our innocent and angelic police authorities do not, of course, know how this can be done seeing that the licenses are actually issued by them. But it is done everyday and if you want to see how it is done, spend a couple of hours in the compound of the police headquarters on any working day. You will discover there the excitement of the Share Market with the rates for licenses fluctuating according to the man and his needs.

Had our innocent police authorities not been so badly duped by these "touts" and persuaded to issue licenses to rickety vehicles and reckless drivers, heaven would not have been so crowded with road fatalities.

Years ago, Mrs. Sushila Rani Patel had written a very useful and comprehensive article, "Murder A Day" (September 1951), on these road accidents.

She had then said, "While all the drivers know the mechanical process of driving a car, ninety-nine per cent of them being uneducated or even illiterate do not have any common sense nor know the psychology of the pedestrian nor have any road courtesy nor do they know how to harmonize speed with safety. These are dangerous men let loose with a mechanical license. They need correct training and education.

In our opinion, no person should be allowed to drive a car unless:

1) He has held a learner's license for a minimum period of six months.

2) He has during that period attended at least 24 lectures by traffic experts on road safety, road courtesy, pedestrian security, speed harmony, traffic laws and penalties and other allied problems of city traffic.

3) He has seen at least 50 foreign films dealing with all traffic problems and road risks.

4) He has passed a medical test for good eyesight and test for average intelligence.

5) He can reproduce in his own language a translation of the instructions printed on the license book.

Gone is the dew of early youth and we see now the woman of the world in this face of Ameeta. There is design in those eyes, design that is going to tell us the old tale of Eve. Watch Ameeta thrilling fans in "Bada Bhai", an entertaining social romance.

6) He has seen several specially prepared films of the city and country roads and risks at particular spots.

7) He is taught a few fundamentals of pedestrian psychology.

8) He knows at least 50 important schools and their situations, several bus and tram stations, all railway stations and every important spot of pedestrian crossing.

Unless a training on these lines is given, we shall never have a responsible citizen driving a car. Our motor driver will always be a menace to human life and society".

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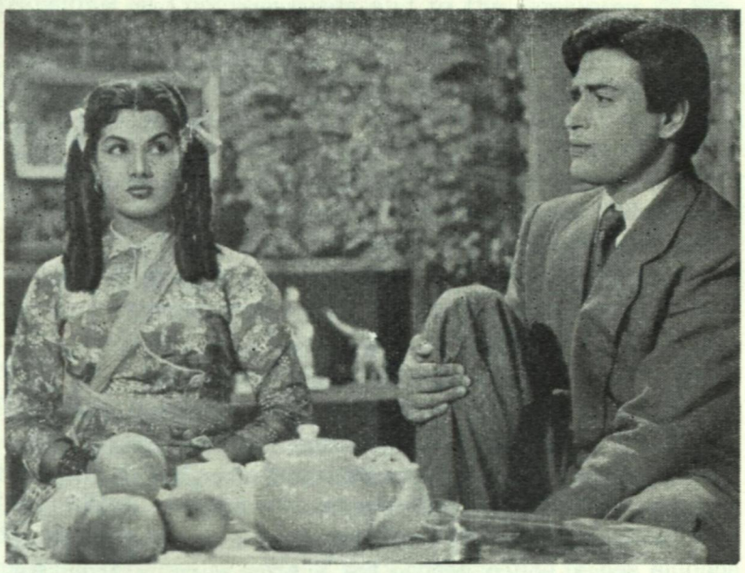
If some young, honest and enthusiastic officer, like Mr. P. M. Pant, decides to tackle this problem seriously, a lot of people going to heaven on Congress roads can be saved. It only needs a little sincerity of purpose.

YOU'LL HARDLY BELIEVE —

THAT the election campaign left Nehru's daughter, Indira Gandhi, very sour. She said that the Praja Socialists were financed by the foreigners. But when Acharya Kripalani hit back, she started crying: "They are calling my Papu all sorts of filthy names and I hate them". Papu is not the name of a pet. It is Indira's corrupt way of addressing her illustrious Papa. Congress corruption seems to have entered even this great home.

THAT when Indira Gandhi, this great daughter of the greatest Nehru in the world, got a reception of stones and chappals in Ahmedabad, she quickly retired into mock martyrdom and said, "I am accustomed to much worse things. I was not afraid to face bullets during the struggle for freedom". This announcement made us study the history of our freedom during the last 50 years but we could not find a single incident of any Nehru, leave alone baby-faced Indira, having faced any bullets. This is evidently one of the Nehruan "discoveries" intended for the new book of Indian history planned by Maulana's Ministry of Wrong Education.

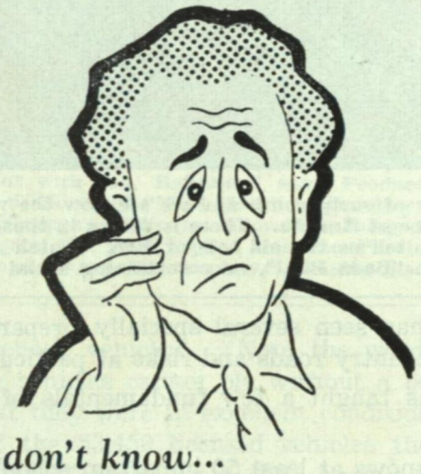


Women know why men get a rheumatic jerk in the wrong leg. They have a right to be suspicious seeing that men learn their tricks these days from the cinema. Shyama has already seen through young and handsome Rajendra Kumar's game in the new romantic picture being produced by Prem Nath Arora. He still calls it Production No. 22.

THAT sex transformation seems to be the order of the day seeing that even chivalry is changing sex these days. Vinaylakshmi Suman, a Congresswoman who won an Assembly seat in Uttar Pradesh, has gallantly offered to vacate her seat to accommodate Chandra Bhanu Gupta, the U.P. Congress boss, who got a bad licking from the Praja-Socialist invalid, Triloki Singh. Vinaylakshmi's 'vinaya' is staggering. Can't we find some Vinayben for our Khandubhai Desai who was thrown out of Nehru's Cabinet by the rowdy Ahmedabadis?

THAT in spite of Nehru's tall stories about building an Utopian India and his handsome prescription to vote for the pair of honest bullocks to bring his scores of corrupt Congressmen into power again, the people of Kerala voted the Communists into power so enthusiastically that many Congress candidates forfeited even their deposits. Now Congressmen want to stage the usual A.I.C.C. tamasha in Kerala to distribute a few lakhs of rupees to the Communist contractors there and pervert their ideology. The same old trick which they did in Avadi and Indore.

THAT of all people, Hare Krishna Mahtab, Chief Minister of Orissa and one of the very few honest Congressmen still left on this earth, supported us the other day in our consistent wail that the Congress was a corrupt organization. Explaining the failure of the Congress to win enough seats in Orissa, Dr. Mahtab said that the failure of the Congress was mainly due to the "weakness of the party organization and corruption in the Government machinery". That makes Dr. Mahtab ripe for retirement from the Congress organization. Congressmen cannot retain power if they allow such honest men to continue to be members of the Congress. Will Nehru



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kindly take note of Dr. Mahtab's mental aberration? He must be immediately removed. We cannot afford to have an honest man with 6000 crores of rupees to be spent on the second Five-Year Plan.

THAT people were so enthusiastic about our adult franchise democracy that in the village of Ugmedi in the Dwarka Constituency, polling officers waited with hungry ballot-boxes—like Christian nuns collecting church funds—and not one voter turned up in the whole day. In the Balipara Constituency in Assam one solitary voter turned up in merciful sympathy for the waiting polling officers and his vote cost our democratic State Rs. 700/-. After the man voted, polling officers of our Congress Government are reported to have done a Naga folk-dance round the man for three hours. Congressmen must celebrate all events to keep up their morale.

THAT when the two Ghoshes of Calcutta—Dr. Prafulla Chandra Ghosh, Chairman of the Praja Socialist Party, and Atulya Ghosh, President of the West Bengal Pradesh Congress Committee—clashed during the elections and called each other a liar, the Praja Socialist Ghosh came out with a photostat copy of the letter Gandhiji had written to him when Dr. Ghosh was the Chief Minister of West Bengal. The letter, dated June 30, 1947, read: "Sardar (Vallabhbhai Patel) has sent a message (paigham) that there should be a Marwari in your Cabinet—Badridas Goenka or Khaitan. It appears to me that it is proper to do it and improper not to do it". And Nehru says the Congress never believed either in capitalism or in casteism. In spite of Gandhiji's definition of what was proper and what was not, Dr. Ghosh, of course, thought that it was proper to keep the Marwari out. Result: Dr. Ghosh was kicked out of office and hounded out of the Congress Party. That is the fate of honest men in the Congress.

THAT dear old Sucheta Kripalani who was till yesterday a P.S.P. hen, seems to have begun laying different coloured eggs as soon as the Congress adopted her as a candidate for the Lok Sabha. According to H. V. Kamath, who was her old Party colleague, Sucheta is reported to have issued a special election leaflet in the following words, "Kamath's opposition to Nehru is contrary to

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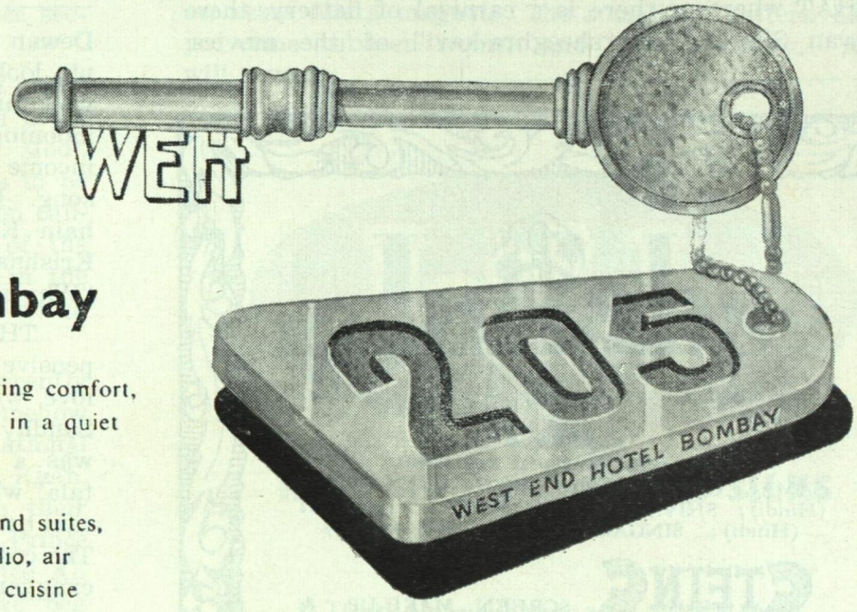

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national tradition and is destructive of the national good". Let us hope Sucheta doesn't turn round one day and say that her marriage to Acharya Kripalani is also contrary to national tradition and is destructive of the national good. Good, old Kripalani already seems apprehensive, for explaining Sucheta's sudden change of front, he recently said, "Whatever it is, we are friends and our relations would remain the same as ever". Let us pray they do because it will be very difficult to get a new bride for an old man now.

THAT S. K. Patil, our Man from Malwan, diplomatically ensnared our film stars and misguided them into campaigning for Nehru's prize-international-diplomat Krishna Menon. He made our film boys and girls sing songs of Menon's greatness, which even a top leader like Jayaprakash Narayan could not find in him, and the ever-exuberant Raj Kapoor not knowing whether the word "politics" takes a singular verb or a plural one, praised the "masterly presentation of the Kashmir case" by Krishna Menon. That is why so many nations voted against us and Mr. Jarring came to India. Evidently, all our "masterly presentations" end in slavish acceptances.

THAT wherever there is a carnival of flattery, there is Dewan Sharar, our "sheeghra-kavi" of the movies.

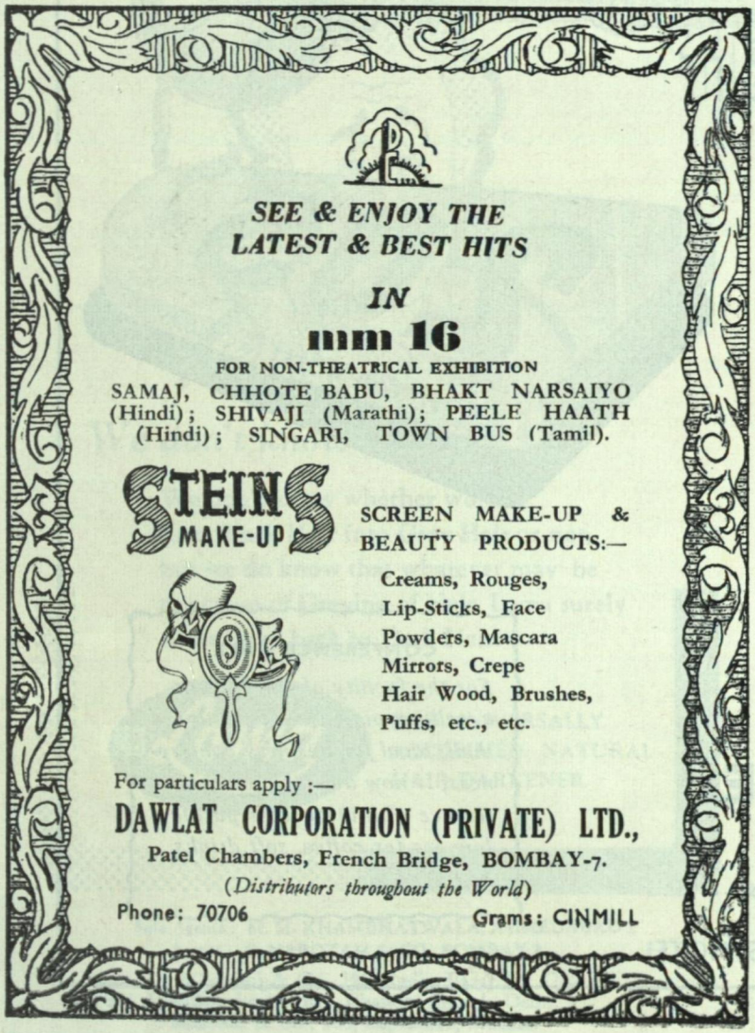
Oh, Helen, you are not going to be the one that launched a thousand ships if that stomach of yours promises what it does. Our artistes celebrate their success by eating and drinking more than they should and then they soon cease to be attractive. Suresh is all excited over Helen in "Neelofar", a tale of Arab love told in an Arab manner by All India Pictures.

Dewan Saheb has a rare talent of making intelligent people look like fools and fools look like damn fools and pocketing all the plaudits himself. Seeing the stars honeymooning with Krishna Menon, in the hope of getting their income tax cases settled, Dewan Saheb burst out into a song. It began like this, "Suluh saffaai ke sachche safeer hain Krishna, Amaan-o-aman ki dhun men faqeer hain Krishna". Krishna Menon turned round and asked Patil, "Why is that bald, old man unnecessarily abusing me?

THAT in the motion picture industry love is an expensive game, particularly when fatherly fifties fall in love with daughterly teens. To prove to film actress Sandhya that her picture "Jhanak Jhanak Payal Baaje" was a much greater picture than Jayashree's "Shakuntala" which ran 100 weeks in Bombay, Producer V. Shantaram had to run "Jhanak Jhanak" for over a hundred weeks. The cost of doing so must have been tremendous. But then exaggeration has always been all the art with Shantaram.

THAT film actress Geeta Bali, the ideal wife of film actor Shammi Kapoor, is already reported to be fed up with baby-sitting and feet-touching. She is reported to be coming back to screen work. We had told you so long before. After all, a girl with Geeta's versatile talent cannot go on playing the same monotonous role all her life. Besides, touching the feet of various Kapoors a lot of dirt must have accumulated in her nails.

THAT seeing the beautiful figures and the extraordinary muscle movements of Lyn and Lys, the two Egyptian dancers, at the Ambassador, film actresses Nalini and Nutan went into raptures. And they rushed to ask Lyn and Lys the secret of their perfect figures. Lyn turned round and said "celibacy". Nalini and Nutan motored back home in complete silence. They have still not recovered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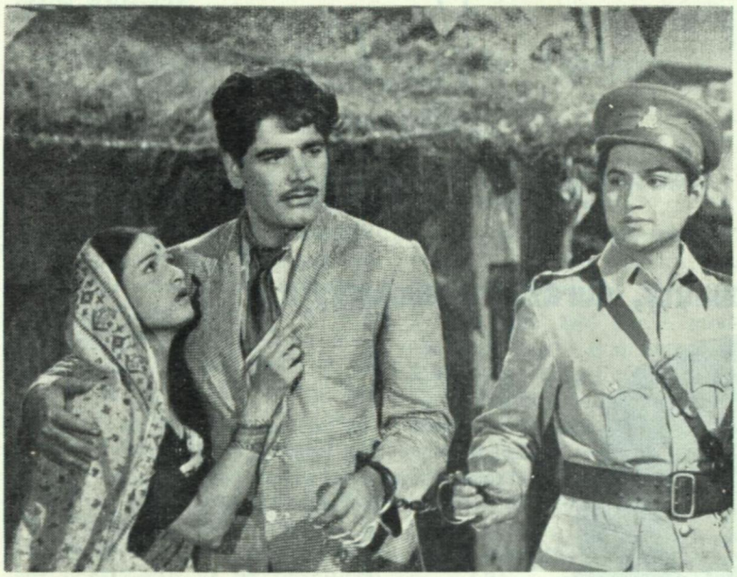

With so many new laws in this Congress kingdom, women cannot even plan their babies. They don't know what minute their husbands would be taken away. The policeman has come between Kamini Kaushal and Ajit in "Bada Bhai", a sensational social story.

from the shock. They should now break their silence seeing what celibacy has done to Miss Gohar.

THAT while Editor Baburao Patel loves to be called an old man—old age being considered an additional proof of intelligence and experience—Producer Sohrab Modi, who is much older than Editor Patel, simply hates to be called an old man. Is that because people insist upon calling Mrs. Mehtab Modi young due to the efficacy of the Moon & Star hair-dye? Actually people working in the Minerva Studios call Sohrab an "old goose", an endearing expression.

THAT film actor Ajit (original name Hamid) recently visited Japan to study the geisha problem and somehow while pursuing this sociological study of great national importance came to be known as Prince Hamid Ali Khan. The denizens of Yoshiwara not being uptodate in their knowledge of family trees of the great thought Prince Hamid Ali Khan to be the long-lost cousin of Prince Ali Khan of Rita Hayworth fame. Anyway, Ajit—we beg your pardon, Prince Hamid Ali Khan—thinks that the geisha girls of Japan are more sociable than their counterparts in Bombay, Delhi, Lucknow and Calcutta. Perhaps if Ajit pursues his sociological studies in the South, he might be able to discover another Yoshiwara.

THAT whatever type of writer Kamal Amrohi might be, he has definitely an eye for recognizing a smart and talented woman immediately he sees one. Years ago, he picked up Meena Kumari and the discovery proved so paying that he took her home as a wife, in spite of having a wife already with several children. The other day he asked his pal, Bakar Ali, to get out of the car and find out who the smart girl standing near the Andheri bus stand was. Now, Vimla, Bakar's find, has got a long-term contract with Mahal Productions and Meena Kumari has started rehearsing the scenes of "Miss Mary" all over again in her home. Well, the "noo" ones must come in the news as the old ones get older.

THAT a jewellery mart situated at Colaba is these days attracting quite a few of our film stars. Shyama, Nimmi and others are often seen there while Suraiya spends hours examining the designs of the new jewellery. Some say that the handsome Sindhi proprietor is the main attraction but since good, old Mehtab also goes there, we think it is the beauty of the jewellery that draws the actresses like a magnet. The socialistic pattern has not yet come between women and their jewellery. And it will never.

FINISHED FOURTH

The great Nehru finished only fourth in popularity during the recent elections, three others getting more votes than him.

1. **Central Bombay Constituency**
   Mr. S. A. DANGE (Communist) polled 3,23,526 votes
2. **Ambala Constituency**
   Mrs. SUBHADRA JOSHI (Congress) polled 3,17,926 ,,
3. **Ahmedabad Constituency**
   Mr. INDULAL YAGNIK (M. G. Parishad) polled 2,96,566 ,,
4. **Phulpur Constituency**
   PANDIT NEHRU (Congress) polled 2,27,448 ,,

And this in spite of Nehru asking the people to vote for the "Bullocks" and not for the "cart-drivers".

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OUR REVIEW

"Mera Salam," Fair Costume Entertainer

Trite Theme Planted In Moghul Times

Sushil Pictures' "Mera Salam" is a common love tale planted in Moghul times and portraying the sighs and smiles of a Muslim pair of lovers whose final happy union is delayed for the simple and good old reason that they do not enjoy the same station in life. This love-triumphing-over-social-barriers theme is a pretty trite affair and did not very badly need the support of the Moghul period and historical characters to be developed into a story. It is a theme which can be portrayed against any background and planted in any period of human history. And on the Indian screen it is so overused and familiar a theme that it almost seems incapable of yielding an inspiring story. "Mera Salam" in any case is a far from inspiring tale.

That, however, does not prevent the picture from becoming a fair costume entertainer. Since the tale is tolerably well dressed and contains some fairly amusing comedy interludes, some not unpleasant songs and some dialogue pieces revealing a little more than usual intelligence, "Mera Salam" manages to become a moderate piece of entertainment, without being impressive either in its flavour of history or in the calibre of its fiction.

POET-POETESS TALE

The story begins with Salim, a young poet, and Kishwar, a young poetess, respectively delighting with their verses the Moghul Emperor Jehangir and his consort Noorjehan in separate poetic sessions held at the Emperor's court and his consort's harem. When the royal aesthetes get together after the sessions, Jehangir says that he had never heard better verses than those recited by his namesake poet, while Noorjehan says the same of Kishwar's verses. That of course leads to a poetic contest between Salim and Kishwar at the royal command. At the contest, the two versemakers while trying not to lose the contest lose their hearts to each other and return home humming each other's lines.

Soon the two start meeting clandestinely and succeed in seasoning their love in spite of the jealous interference of Naaz, Kishwar's younger sister, who seems to carry a one-sided fondness for Salim. Naaz is one night caught impersonating Kishwar at a clandestine meeting with Salim and that results in a bitter quarrel between the sisters and in Kishwar slapping Naaz. Deciding to fully reveal the cat in her, Naaz now takes the tale of her sister's secret love affair to their father, Nawab Akhtar Mirza, who is so shocked and angered to hear the news that he confines Kishwar to her room and asks her never again to show her face to him.

Later, however, Akhtar Mirza starts thinking more soberly about the problem posed by his love-sick daughter, and when he learns that her lover Salim was a respectable poet who had won the esteem of no less a person than Emperor Jehangir, he decides to make his daughter happy by marrying her to her lover. But right on the eve of the marriage, Akhtar Mirza's toothless old mother recognizes Salim's mother as Akhtar Mirza's deceased brother's maid-servant and declaring that the bridegroom was not of noble birth demands the marriage ceremony to be stopped forthwith. But by the time Akhtar Mirza decides to act upon the humiliating information, the 'Nikah' is complete and Salim and Kishwar already pronounced man and wife in law.

With his blue blood boiling, Akhtar Mirza decides to disregard the law and disallows Salim from taking away his bride even though Salim's mother passionately pleads that Salim was the son of Akhtar Mirza's brother whom she had duly married. Salim's mother therefore decides to appeal to the Emperor and goes to toll the famous bell of justice outside Jehangir's palace. Summoned before the Emperor, Akhtar Mirza gets witnesses to testify that Salim's mother was a servant but never a wife to his brother. The truth, however, is revealed when one witness, who knew Salim's mother's story to be true, on being confronted with the Qoran admits that he was being forced to lie by Akhtar Mirza. At this Emperor Jehangir, the man credited by history with the murder of Abul Fazl and strongly suspected of the murder of Noorjehan's first husband, starts raining rebukes on Akhtar Mirza for telling a lie, and waxing eloquent about truth and justice deprives him of his titles and grants and orders him to let Salim take away his bride.

Akhtar Mirza, however, is still not convinced that he is in the wrong and probably regarding Jehangir's outburst as only an indication that the Emperor had that day missed his usual dose of opium returns home determined to defy Jehangir's orders and, if necessary, even rebel against him. This attitude of Akhtar Mirza blights the sweet hopes of the young lovers who feel they should not do anything that will make Akhtar Mirza defy Jehangir and thus invite his doom.

Frustrated, Salim starts behaving rather funnily and Akhtar Mirza seizing the opportunity has him quickly proclaimed mad. Salim leaves the capital and takes to wandering followed by Akhtar Mirza who gets a sudden change of heart and vows not to return home until he has found Salim and then pursues his mission in a

Women do not like distance in love and their eyes continue to protest impatiently until the man comes near enough to lend the emotion of love a touch of reality. Watch Meena Kumari pining for proximity in romance in "Miss Mary", a colourful comedy from AVM.

A woman is like a small railway station. She explodes with din and excitement the moment the train of youth arrives and then as suddenly subsides into a sad and modest silence when the train leaves. But unlike the railway station she cannot expect a repeat visit from the train and that makes her silence more pathetic. Let us find out if Kamini Kaushal is mourning the departure of youth or something else in "Bada Bhai", a social theme produced by K. Amarnath Productions.

really mad fashion. The rest of the tale is an utterly dull and stupid search for Salim by the loony Akhtar Mirza which ends happily and the picture barely, crudely and unconvincingly escapes being a tragedy.

MODERATELY INTERESTING

The tale is moderately interesting up to the point where Jehangir gives his verdict in favour of the lovers, but after that it degenerates into a dull affair of groans which begins to make the spectator groan too. Some fairly amusing comedy, however, is provided by the character who does even his normal conversation through 'classical' singing and who gets such a faithful pupil that he does long throat exercises in the name of classical singing before finally conveying the news to his master that his house is on fire.

The production values, though far from impressive, are generally adequate. Sets are no compliment to the Moghul grandeur but they are not downright shabby also which is no mean achievement on our screen. Photography is generally good. Sound recording is not always satisfactory. The dialogue is generally well-written. The music is tolerably pleasant. The direction does not reveal much imagination but it displays tolerable technical competence.

From the players, Bina Rai as Kishwar is painstakingly photographed and consequently presents tolerable looks. In the acting department, however, her face still finds it hard to register accurate expression. Bharat Bhooshan as Salim plays another quiet role quietly. Veena as Noorjehan appears to be rather neglected both by the director and the cameraman and fails to look as dignified and charming as the role demands. Al Nasir as Jehangir looks too much of a peeled potato for the commanding role he plays. K. N. Singh as Akhtar Mirza is polished except in his later mad scenes where no amount of polish could hide the silly characterization and sillier direction. Durga Khote as Salim's mother gives a fine, forceful performance. Nishi, who plays the catty sister Naaz, looks ugly and acts unimpressively. From the rest, Gope and Randhir provide some noisy but effective comedy.

In short, "Mera Salam", without being outstanding in any respect, is a moderate costume entertainer which can be risked when one is in a mood to take a risk.

MERA SALAM

Producers: **Sushil Pictures**
Language: **Urdu**
Story & Dialogue: **Vinod**
Lyrics: **Shewan**
Music: **Hafeez Khan**
Photography: **Nagaraj**
Sound: **Pushalkar**
Cast: **Bina Rai, Bharat Bhooshan, Veena, Al Nasir, K. N. Singh, Nishi, Gope, Durga Khote, etc.**
Released At: **Liberty, Bombay**
Date of Release: **22nd February 1957**

Directed By:
HARBANS

OUR REVIEW

"Narsi Bhagat," Stupid & Illiterate Biography

Gujrat's Poet-Saint Turned Miracle-Monger

While it is fundamentally wrong to expect our film producers—a fanatic tribe of mammon-worshippers—to grasp the meaning and essence of Hinduism and portray the myriad glorious and inspiring chapters from Hindu history on the screen faithfully, imaginatively and yet in an intelligible language, one still has a right to expect that at least while dealing with the well-known and venerated figures of Hindu history they will not distort history, resort to stupid invention, wrap their subject in the same confusion which prevails in their own minds and lend to the lives of our historical sages and saints the same paleness which is the dominating colour of their own imagination.

And yet this is what happens in Producer Devendra Goel's "Narsi Bhagat", a picture which purports to portray the biography of Narsi Mehta, the famous poet, preacher and saint of Gujrat, and then proceeds to describe him as a miracle-monger whom fire could not harm and poison could not kill, who every now and then used to have a tete-a-tete with Lord Krishna, and for whom the Lord personally used to descend to earth to perform many services including those of a caterer, a money-lender and a dowry-giver. If after seeing this picture the picturegoer is led to write off Narsi Mehta as another mythical character who never really existed except in legend, the picturegoer cannot be blamed. For, that is the final impression this stupid and illiterate picture conveys about that great man, who, long before Mahatma Gandhi, preached universal love and struggled for the removal of untouchability from society and showed how to live a pious life on earth.

Stupid and unreliable in content, the picture is shabby and ugly in technique. Bearing the marks of a hasty and thin-pursed production, it not only does not appeal to the head and the heart but hurts the eye too.

RIPLEY'S SAINT

As shown on the screen, Narsi Mehta is a little boy dumb from birth and intensely disliked by his elder brother, Vanshidhar's shrewish wife. Narsi, however, begins to speak with the help of a "sanyasi" in a nearby temple who asks him to recite "Hare Krishna". And, believe it or not, the place

The guy who has left her there with that piece of bread evidently thinks that a woman lives by bread alone. Well, he is wrong because she does not. A woman has many hungers, many of them more important and urgent than the hunger for food. Let us hope Purnima gets more than mere bread in All India Pictures' next production.

OUR REVIEW

"Pyaasa" Brings Confusion To The Screen

Guru Dutt's Vain Attempt To Look Intelligent

Producer-director Guru Dutt, the man whose last directorial effort "Mr. and Mrs. 55", we dismissed as of no importance and whom we criticized for his cockeyed preoccupation with so-called light entertainment and for his tendency to reduce serious human problems to the level of flippancy, now appears to be desperately trying to be different in "Pyaasa", his latest picture.

Raising himself from the level of a maker of generally silly, stereotyped and featherweight pieces of entertainment, Guru Dutt has now made a picture which, supposed to be loaded with pathos and seriousness, and social purpose as to have got a glaring curve in its spine. But for all Guru Dutt's desperate efforts to be taken seriously and for all the picture's thematic pretensions, "Pyaasa" emerges as little more than a lump of confusion. It is a picture which lacks coherence, a clear and cognizable theme and, consequently, any emotional appeal whatsoever. One cannot be moved by a thing which one finds incapable of conveying some definite meaning, and in "Pyaasa", even after giving the picture all thought, one really fails to understand what precise thought it is trying to provoke, what exact message to convey and what definite theme to put across. "Pyaasa" leaves one confused because it is a confused product of a confused brain.

Sometimes the picture seems to say that poetic talent, especially the talent of a socially conscious poet, is a virtue which where young Narsi receives the gift of speech by trying to utter "Hare Krishna" is a Shiv-temple with Shiv-linga shown in close-up several times. This incident alone speaks a lot for the care and intelligence that has gone into the making of this picture.

Narsi then grows up as a married man, gets a couple of children and intensifies his sister-in-law's senseless hate for himself all the more. After a lot of ugly domestic trouble portrayed in utterly harsh and crude tones, Narsi is forced to leave his brother's home and live separately with his wife and son, the daughter having been already married. And now begin miracles. Sarangdhar, Vanshidhar's wife's brother, who is the high priest of the town as well as a villain of the darkest hues, in order to embarrass the poor Narsi extends an invitation on his behalf to the whole town for a ceremonial dinner at Narsi's house. But when townspeople come down in hundreds the next day, Narsi is saved from embarrassment by none other than Lord Krishna himself who descends from heaven to Narsi's little home along with an abundant supply of vegetables and foodstuff, and sends all the guests away heartily satisfied with the meal.

POOR ALL ROUND

The tale then goes on in this miracle-mongering strain, providing some usual punctuations of devotionalism and of Narsi's anti-untouchability, for 14,950 long, tiresome and unenlightening feet. And the picture, which is dedicated to the "sacred memory of Bapu" emerges as a most unworthy dedication, apart from a most dull, ugly and stupid piece of celluloid biography.

The production values are poor. Sets are crude and ugly. Photography is amateurish. Sound recording is erratic. The dialogue is throughout trite and uninspiring and at times ridiculous as when Urdu words are thrust into the mouth of Lord Krishna. The music is tolerable in bits. The direction is matchlessly stupid and unimaginative.

From the players, Shahu Modak in the title role is completely uninspiring. Not once does he succeed in radiating the glow of a saint and all he succeeds in looking is a well-fed socialist inside Vinoba's 'Bhoodan' movement for slimming purposes. Nirupa Roy as Narsi's wife Manik, looks dull generally. Radhakishan as the overtoned villain Sarangdhar is too loud and exaggerated to be convincing. And his make-up is too crude for words. Lalita Pawar as Sarangdhar's sister is generally effective. From the rest, S. K. Prem as Narsi's elder brother Vanshidhar is unimpressive.

All in all, "Narsi Bhagat" is a stupid and illiterate biography, a dull and uninspiring devotional, and an ugly and lethally boring motion picture. For exhibitors, it constitutes a grave risk.

NARSI BHAGAT

Producers:	Goel Cine Corporation
Language:	Hindustani
Screenplay & Dialogue:	Vishnu Mehrotra
Lyrics:	Gopal Singh Nepali
Music:	Ravi
Photography:	Shanker A. Palav
Sound:	Kaka Modak
Cast:	Shahu Modak, Nirupa Roy, Radhakishan, Lalita Pawar, S. K. Prem, etc.
Released At:	Super, Bombay
Date of Release:	1st March 1957

Directed By:
DEVENDRA GOEL

That was a hot dinner which Ganesh gave and Meena Kumari is trying to put out the fire in her mouth. But she should have known that South Indians not only like chillies themselves but like to administer them to others. Let us see what finally happens with Om Prakash, the cook, looking ready to put more chillies into her in AVM's "Miss Mary".

goes begging with no buyers in this putrid, prosaic world. Sometimes it seems to say that prostitution, the oldest profession in the world, is the blackest blot on society and that its existence disentitles a nation to call itself civilized. Sometimes, that a prostitute is a nobler person than hypocritical society women who profess morality and secretly crave for illicit gratification of flesh. Sometimes it says that while an unsuccessful man is always an orphan in the world, a successful man is claimed as a kin by everybody. And sometimes it seems to say that our world is so callous that it often applauds a creation as immortal but does not bother to extend some kindness to its mortal creator. "Pyaasa" thus tries to say many things, each capable of being the theme of a different picture, in one breath and ends by being able to say not one single thing with clarity, force and conviction. In "Pyaasa" if anybody looks thirsty it is its producer-director who makes a violent demonstration of his thirst for serious themes and then proceeds to tackle them so greedily and clumsily that he does less of consuming and more of spilling and spoiling.

The down-to-earth fact about "Pyaasa", however, is that it is not an evidence of intelligence but a pose of intelligence, not an earnest attempt at serious story-telling but a flirtation with purposeful film-making and not an example of good film-making but merely a demonstration of unconventionality. The raw story idea behind "Pyaasa" does seem to contain the germs of an effective motion picture but they are killed on the screen thanks largely to a screenplay which is confused and erratic and a direction which is whimsical and, to be frank, often stupid.

TALE OF FRUSTRATION

The story revolves round Vijay, a young man freshly out of college, out of employment, smitten by the muse and smarting under poverty. As the picture begins we see this poet with a most unpoetic face sprawled on the ground in an utterly dull and desolate spot and uttering some verses in a voice which for a moment we thought to be the croaking of a frog in some nearby pond. The man keeps muttering verses till we see a human foot trampling a flower. That makes our frog suddenly get up with an expression which could have as much to do with an emotion in the heart as with a spasm in the stomach.

We travel with the poet through a bazar, see him talking to a grocer and avoiding a woman on the way who turns out to be his mother, and finally reach with him his house. And soon we learn that Vijay is loved by his mother but hated by his two elder earning brothers who consider him to be nothing better than a parasite and his poetic manuscripts nothing better than waste paper deserving to be sold as such to the local grocer. After a final demonstration of bad blood between the brothers, Vijay is turned out of the house.

With nobody ready to publish his poems which we are told deal with hunger and poverty, the frustrated Vijay once again retires to a park-looking thing where a young woman starts singing a song with gestures which at once declare her dishonourable profession. While continuing to sing the song, the enterprising prostitute starts moving towards her abode with Vijay following her in a sort of trance. On reaching her staircase however, Gulabo, the prostitute, discovers that the man she was luring is no customer but a pauper who merely wants to know how she had come to memorize one of his songs. At the moment Gulabo drives Vijay away like a street dog, but later when she learns that he is the author of the verses which she had found so inspiring after buying them from the grocer, she meets him again, apologizes to him and falls in love with him.

THE OLD FLAME

Wandering in the streets one day Vijay sees a woman who sends him into reminiscence and the picture into flashback. The woman, we learn, is Meena who was not only Vijay's fellow student in the college but also his sweetheart. When Vijay's reverie ends the tragic contrast in the present conditions of the old lovers is emphasised by showing Vijay loading some parcels into a car for a two-anna piece while Meena flits about on a shopping spree exuding luxury and sophistication.

After this it doesn't take long for Meena and Vijay to come face to face which they do at a function at their old college. As Vijay recites verses on the college stage, Meena sitting in the audience makes some strange faces which immediately arouse suspicion in her husband, Ghosh, who had been thoughtfully provided a seat by the director behind his wife from where he could go on conveniently staring at his wife. At the end of his performance Vijay is quietly confronted by Ghosh outside in the corridor, told that Ghosh is a publisher and asked to see him in his office the next morning.

Vijay goes to Ghosh the next day, finds himself employed and begins to think that he had at last met a publisher interested in his poems. He doesn't know, however, that Ghosh is Meena's husband who is interested only in unearthing his wife's past. But Vijay learns that soon and he also learns that Meena was still in love with him and even pining to have a secret liaison with him and that she had married Ghosh only because Ghosh could provide her the material comfort and luxury which Vijay could not. Vijay declines the liaison, quits his job and leaves Ghosh and Meena at a point where he beats her for her faithlessness and she violently pleads her innocence.

Wandering in the streets once again Vijay learns the news of his mother's death and fills himself up with liquor the same night and lets himself be taken to the red light district where he sings a bitter song about prostitution till he is picked up by the loving Gulabo who puts him to bed. By now, however, Vijay is ready to take eternal rest rather than a night's rest. So he writes a suicide letter, keeps it in his pocket and leaving Gulabo dozing on the threshold goes to the railway track. At the scene of the proposed suicide, fate intervenes to upset Vijay's plan and instead of him dying willingly, a beggar dies unwillingly in an accident wearing Vijay's coat with the suicide letter in its pocket.

And so while Vijay only reaches a hospital he is reported as having reached the other world. The grieving Gulabo at once collects her life's savings and with them persuades Ghosh to publish Vijay's poems in a book which immediately starts selling as if it was a daily newspaper announcing the outbreak of World War III. The picture starts reaching the peak of its

incoherence with Ghosh discovering that Vijay was still alive and for no appreciable reason insisting that that fact should never be allowed to reach the public. Vijay's greedy elder brothers offer to co-operate with Ghosh and to refuse to identify their brother for a share in the profits of the book. And Vijay has to spend some time in a lunatic asylum from where he finally manages to escape with the help of the director. The crowning confusion comes in a huge hall shown overflowing with thousands of poetry lovers who gather there to witness the unveiling of the bust of their favourite poet Vijay whom they believe to be dead. By now something happens to make Ghosh change his mind about keeping the fact of Vijay's existence a secret and he decides to introduce Vijay to the public. But in his turn Vijay also changes his mind and surprises Ghosh by announcing to the huge congregation that he was not Vijay. That leads to a lot of din and noise and stampede, which makes absolutely no sense whatsoever, till finally Gulabo and Vijay manage to extricate themselves from the mad crowd and set out together on a new path away from the noisy world.

UNREALISTIC STUFF

If the final babel had some symbolism, it eluded us completely as did the central theme of the picture. As we have said before the picture makes precious little sense and strikes one merely as a piece of utter confusion. Even of realism the picture has very little, a glaring example of unrealism being that Vijay, suggested to be a Bengali character, writes verses in Urdu, and that Calcutta, evidently the background of the story, turns out lovers of Urdu poetry in such great numbers as to suggest that football has been replaced by Urdu poetry as the most popular entertainment of that city. As a piece of entertainment, the picture moves at a funeral pace and proves to be a dull affair.

The production values are adequate without being impressive. Sets serve the purpose. Photography is generally efficient. Sound recording is erratic. The dialogue is generally crisp but it suffers from the limitations of the story. Sahir Ludhianvi's lyrics are about the best thing in the picture especially his old piece on red light districts which is a rarely graphic and poignant composition. The music is interesting in bits but one expected better work from S. D. Burman. The direction is confused and eccentric, uncertain in its aim and merely eager to be unconventional in its approach. And towards the end it betrays itself to be just stupid.

From the players, Guru Dutt plays the central character, Vijay, evidently because this is a free country. There seems to be no other reason why he should have taken that responsibility upon himself in spite of his shriekingly poor histrionic talent. With his stocky frame and stolid face, he looks utterly and continuously awkward and deprives the vaguely developed character of whatever little sympathy he might have received from the audience. Waheeda Rehman as the prostitute Gulabo displays a good range of expression and is generally effective. Mala Sinha as the libidinous Meena manages to fill the bill. Rehman plays the role of Ghosh well. From the rest, Johnny Walker as a comical 'malishwala' provides some effective light moments in the picture.

All told, "Pyaasa" is an uninspiring picture, pretentious in tone and dull and confusing in effect. It is a picture which makes much noise without knowing what exactly it wants to say.

PYAASA

Producers: **Guru Dutt Films**
Language: **Hindustani**
Dialogue: **Abrar Alvi**
Lyrics: **Sahir Ludhianvi**
Music: **S. D. Burman**
Photography: **V. K. Murthy**
Song Recording: **Mukul Bose**
Cast: **Guru Dutt, Mala Sinha, Waheeda Rehman, Johnny Walker, Rehman, Kum Kum, etc.**
Release At: **Minerva, Bombay**
Date of Release: **22nd February 1957**
Directed By:
GURU DUTT

OUR REVIEW

"Baarish," A Popular Crime Thriller

A Crude Concoction Of Crime, Romance And Sex-appeal

Alankar Chitra's "Baarish" is a usual cinematic concoction laboriously brewed from a thick mixture of crime, romance, music and sex appeal. Besides showing racketeering and deadly duels, it shows Nutan baring a nice shoulder and Dev Anand a little hairy chest and then rubbing cheeks with each other and bringing to the tropical picturegoers of India some easy lessons in air-conditioned romance. And indications are that it will prove popular with illiterate and sex-starved masses even though it is a picture which has absolutely nothing to do with intelligence and though it brings a hot blush of shame to those who do not want their screen entertainment to be devoid of intelligence, lacking in good taste and bereft of any social purpose.

TALE OF SMUGGLING

The story, which has its obvious inspiration in Hollywood's "On The Waterfront", deals with a gang of smugglers headed by Bihari. For some reason, the reason of anything never being important in Indian pictures, Bihari, who ostensibly runs a garage, gets a man called Gopal murdered by one of his henchmen. Gopal of course, dies but he leaves behind his brother, Ramu, a soft, single-boned sample of manhood, who decides to nab the murderer and avenge his brother's death. And though the spectator doubts Ramu's capacity to do so, Bihari, the gang leader, in due obedience to the dictates of the story starts fearing Ramu and feigning friendliness towards him in order to keep on his right side.

And now to provide Ramu some romantic diversion, comes on the scene Chanda, the young and bold sister of Mohan, a member of Bihari's gang for the time being undergoing a jail sentence for his part in the smuggling racket. Mohan being a friend of Ramu, he has to lie to Chanda and her mother, as they come to the city from the village, that Mohan is away on business, and he has also to provide them with shelter in his dilapidated house on the terrace of which he keeps pigeons, the only creatures he seems to love in the world, as did Marlon Brando in this picture's Hollywood ancestor.

With all his rough exterior, that is vocal not physical, Ramu soon falls in love with Chanda and then borrowing some money from Bihari even gets married to her, perhaps to silence some particularly disagreeable women in the neighbourhood who are shown as having no other work in life except watching over the morals of Chanda and violently shrugging their shoulders. But right on the wedding night, Bihari, in return for the favour of money given, demands him to do a job for him. Ramu refuses but when he is told that there was a chance of his catching his brother's killer that night he agrees.

From now on the picture is completely possessed by crime and we see Ramu going through many adventures, some violent, some comical but all stupid. After Ramu has done a series of incredible things including keeping control of a speeding truck with his feet while fighting with his hands a knife-armed assailant, and outsmart-

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ing Bihari with thin disguises, and after he has made plenty of love to his wife Chanda in a secret but open-air spot where the couple are forced to retreat by the gangsters, Ramu succeeds in getting Bihari and his gang given their due deserts.

GOOD PRODUCTION VALUES

The production values are too good for the poor subject. Sets are effective but rarely realistic. Photography is a fine, painstaking job. Sound recording is passable. The dialogue suits the tale without being noteworthy for any literary merit. The music ranges from mildly pleasant to wildly noisy, an example of the latter being a song patterned on that variety of noise which is called rock 'n' roll by western music fans. And to the tune of this song Helen gives a dance in a costume compared with which the act of sun-bathing by a female of the nudist cult would appear to be a perfectly modest affair. The direction achieves its purpose which is to provide sensational entertainment without bothering about sense.

From the players, Dev Anand as Ramu, with his soft and fragile looks only provides amusement in the tough role he plays. Nutan as Chanda is lively and charming. Jagdish Sethi as Bihari does well in spite of an unimpressive make-up. Lalita Pawar as Chanda's mother does some usual work. From the rest Gope as a henchman of Bihari who later joins Ramu, and Anwar as Mohan are adequate.

In short, "Baarish" is a crude concoction of crime and romance likely to be popular with the masses but deserving to be left alone.

BAARISH

Producers: **Alankar Chitra**
Language: **Hindustani**
Story: **Late Gyan Mukerji**
Screenplay: **Madhusudan**
Dialogue: **Vrajendra Gaur**
Lyrics: **Rajendra Krishna**
Music: **C. Ramchandra**
Photography: **K. M. Kapadia**
Cast: **Dev Anand, Nutan, Jagdish Sethi, Lalita Pawar, Gope, Anwar, Kum Kum, etc.**
Released At: **Novelty, Bombay**
Date of Release: **1st March 1957.**

Directed By:
SHANKER MUKERJI

Smiling is an art. And when it is done artistically the effect is pleasant and infectious, but done artlessly it produces a ridiculous effect. Krishna Kumari evidently needs to be trained in the art of smiling in Navkala Niketan's "Mohini", a costume entertainment produced by Ramesh Vyas.

OUR REVIEW

Filmistan's "Paying Guest," An Idiotic Affair

Picture Insults Indian Lawyers And Courts

Filmistan's "Paying Guest" is a partly entertaining, wholly idiotic picture about a young lawyer who finding his practice in court little remunerative starts practising courtship in streets and soon finds his basic problems of food and shelter miraculously yielding place to new problems of love and murder. Saddled with a story which recognizes no realism and defies all credibility, the picture bristles with absurd characters and outlandish episodes and some rare glimpses of a director's abysmal ignorance of the administration of justice in this country.

In particular, the picture constitutes a shoddy slander of the legal profession in this country because of its portrayal of judges as idiots and of lawyers as nincompoops. It also shows our police officers as natal nitwits and one really wonders how on earth it ever got past the censors when it presents a grossly distorted picture of the administration of justice in our country. We would like to know if Censor Chief Bhat has personally seen this picture. If he has, does he approve of the fact that this picture conveys the impression that in India people are accused of and tried for a grave crime like murder without even the slightest shred of evidence against them and that our law courts observe no procedural laws and that they are crowded with lawyers and judges who do not possess even a cursory knowledge of the principles of jurisprudence? Ignorance of life in general in film producers may be pardonable but a complete distortion of how justice is dispensed in our courts of law can hardly be so.

Apart from its idiotic flirtation with legal affairs, "Paying Guest" is a tolerable entertainer in parts providing a mixture of romance, comedy and suspense. It never succeeds in being convincing but it does manage to provide some moments of popular entertainment.

A LAWYER'S TALE

The story revolves round Ramesh, a young lawyer in Lucknow who is understandably briefless and penniless. We get a glimpse of the legal acumen of this lawyer when defending a man charged with kidnapping a minor girl—an offence punishable with 7 years' imprisonment as well as fine—he decides to put aside the Indian Penal Code and starts talking some nonsense about women being like mangoes which take different periods of time to ripen in different climes. The surprise is not that his client is punished, but that he is allowed to go on speaking in that vein by the presiding officer of the court.

Evicted from his lodgings for non-payment of rent, Ramesh manages to find another accommodation and soon starts gaily annoying Shanti, the young daughter of Digambarnath, another tenant living upstairs. Digambarnath finds Ramesh so disagreeable that he at once shifts to another place. But Ramesh still continues his crude and unwelcome wooing of Shanti and for that purpose chases her through streets and even disguises himself as an old, bearded Muslim which en-

ables him to become a paying guest in Digambar's new lodgings. At last Ramesh's persistence pays and he finds Shanti in love with him.

And now comes on the scene Prakash, Digambar's unscrupulous son-in-law with an insatiable thirst for liquor and always craving for money to buy it with. He soon creates a scene which excites old Digambar so much that he finally collapses in death. Left without parents and with a lover who doesn't believe in chasing his bread, Shanti takes to dancing on stage. The help which Ramesh, the lawyer, decides to extend to Shanti consists of looking after the house in her absence and of washing dishes.

ABORTIVE ADULTERY

Meanwhile, Chanchal, the young wife of barrister Dayal living opposite Shanti, decides to persuade the idle Ramesh to take up an illicit assignment. An old college mate of Shanti, Chanchal had always regarded money to be the sole foundation of a happy marriage and had acted up to her profession by marrying the ageing but rich Dayal. But with Dayal proving to be a man left with no other passion except his legal work, Chanchal soon realizes her mistake and decides to correct it by luring Ramesh into joining her in a wrongful act. She quickly gets him employed as assistant to her husband and starts unleashing her charms on him. But though Ramesh resolutely declines to cool her burning carnality, Dayal suddenly discovers his wife's faithlessness and immediately disinherits her.

The drink-addict Prakash, who had found Chanchal's illicit passion for Ramesh a source of profit for himself, disapproving of Dayal's reaction sees to it that the old man meets a quick and apparently accidental death by drowning, pockets his amended will and then returns to blackmail the young and wily widow. The two crooks, however, start clashing one night and attract to the scene Shanti who retreats in fright seeing her brother-in-law involved in the duel. Fearing that Shanti had heard him admit his crimes, Prakash chases her with a revolver but ends up dead himself with a revolver shot. A police officer with apparently a great nose for gun smoke makes an immediate appearance on the scene and finds Shanti standing over the corpse with a gun in hand which she had picked up from Prakash during the struggle.

As the police officer drags Shanti to Chanchal's house to phone up his headquarters, the corpse disappears and for good. But corpse or no corpse, prosecution is soon launched against Shanti who somehow herself thinks that she had shot Prakash. And loud and noisy arguments start being heard in a trial court which has no basis even to assume that a man named Prakash had been killed except the bare word of a police officer. Ramesh then sets out to get some more legal help for his beloved but he finds all the leading lawyers of Lucknow refusing to accept the case declaring it to be hopelessly against the accused—an incident which may be noted by the Lucknow Bar Association. However, where other lawyers fear to tread, Ramesh rushes in alone and soon manages to prove to the satisfaction of himself and of the court in the picture that Shanti is not guilty and—in the very same proceeding—that the person who really killed Prakash is Chanchal. And thus ends Filmistan's story of the greatest lawyer that was ever born in a Goregaon studio.

The picture manages to provide some cheap entertainment in spite of all the idiocy of its narrative. But the scenes showing a lawyer chasing a girl on public streets and hurling songs and sighs of love at her is hardly calculated to instil discipline and decency in the country's youths who are already beginning to look like a characterless class.

UNIMPRESSIVE STUFF

The production values are non-too-impressive. The sets totally fail to create the illusion that the story is taking place in Lucknow. And the house that has been provided to Dayal is too ornate for a barrister. The photography is generally good but the back-projection shots are clumsy. Sound recording is generally satisfactory. The dialogue ranges from quite humorous to quite awkward to completely stupid. The music is not particularly pleasing. The direction is technically tolerable but utterly fails to make the tale even slightly convincing.

From the players, Dev Anand as Ramesh does enthusiastic work and except in his court scenes looks effective. Nutan as Shanti looks charming and as usual does sincere work. Shubha Khote as the incontinent Chanchal is uninspiring. Her performance reveals more amateurish enthusiasm than mature understanding and expression. Jagirdar as Dayal gives a dignified and telling performance in spite of the director. Yakub as the drink-addict Prakash is rather familiar but effective none the less. From the rest, Sajjan as an artist friend of Ramesh is tolerable.

In fine, "Paying Guest" is an idiotic affair as a narrative but a tolerable vehicle of some cheap entertainment. Picture-goers who value intelligence should not risk this picture.

That is grabbing the bit and praying for more. We do not know to whom the hand that Nirupa Roy is pressing to her cheek belongs but it has evidently brought her bliss and turned her eyes heavenwards in inspiration. But then that is a male hand and the male touch is the most inspiring thing for a woman on earth. Anyway, let us see what more Nirupa Roy is asking for from heaven in "Nagmani", a mythological tale produced by Bombay Movietone.

PAYING GUEST

Producers:	Filmistan
Language:	Hindustani
Story:	Subodh Mukerji
Dialogue:	Nazir Hussain
Lyrics:	Majrooh Sultanpuri
Music:	S. D. Burman
Photography:	Dronacharya
Sound:	Kuldip Singh
Cast:	Dev Anand, Nutan, Jagirdar, Sajjan, Shubha Khote, Yakub, Gyani, etc.
Released At:	Imperial, Bombay
Date of Release:	15th March 1957

Directed By:
SUBODH MUKERJI

OUR REVIEW

"Begunah" Is Guilty Of Plagiarism

Indian Version Of "Knock On Wood"

Rup Kamal Chitra's "Begunah" is not a picture which deserves to be critically appraised. It is a disgrace which only deserves to be recorded. Containing practically nothing original either in its story or in the presentation of the story, "Begunah" is an unabashed carbon copy of the famous Danny Kaye—starring Hollywood comedy "Knock On Wood". And the disgrace is that the picture not only does not acknowledge its foreign parent but tries to pass off as an original tale.

The mere fact that the makers of this picture had to resort to such brazen plagiarism proves that they themselves think poorly of their own intelligence. It is superfluous, therefore, for others to comment upon it. I. S. Johar and his wife, who claim credit for the story, should, however, realize that there is neither any honesty nor any decency in cashing upon the mental labour of someone else by arrogating it to themselves. And they should also remember that by such an act of literary thievery they not only bring disgrace to themselves and to the film industry but lower in the eyes of the world the prestige of a newly free nation which proudly claims as its father no less a man than Mahatma Gandhi. Let our film-makers go on making bad films but let them, for heaven's sake, learn to use their own original brains. Our film industry will then continue to be known as an unintelligent industry but it will not at least be called a dishonest one. At the moment it is reputed to be both, thanks to people like I. S. Johar and pictures like "Begunah".

As plagiarism goes in the Indian film industry, "Begunah" can be said to be an ambitious piece of plagiarism. It is painstakingly pirated, displays above average production values and provides ample entertainment at least to those who have no acquaintance with its original model. That "Begunah" is still far from being a match to "Knock On Wood" and that Kishore Kumar's entire repertoire of antics does not equal a single facial twitch of Danny Kaye is another matter.

ACTOR IN MURDERLAND

The story deals with two gangs of thugs who are in a murderous hurry to lay their hands on a fortune accessible only through a map drawn separately on two papers. In this treasure hunt, Kishore, a popular stage actor, becomes unwittingly but inextricably involved when the leader of one gang decides to use him as the carrier of the two maps. Kishore, whose personal problem is that he cannot face women without getting an attack of hiccups, does not know that he has come in the possession of the maps and consequently fails to understand all the business around him when the leader of the rival gang, Rai Bahadur Dinanath, getting a scent of the maps, tries to settle a deal with him in a cryptic language. Taking Dinanath to be soft in the head Kishore tries to humour him by being equally cryptic. That leads to a lot of amusing misunderstanding and later to quite a few murders with the corpses always insisting on turning up in Kishore's hotel room and forcing the innocent actor to go into hiding as a suspected murderer. It all ends with the criminals caught or killed and with Kishore finding a mate in a lady doctor who had put a stop to his hiccups in the first meeting and who now decides to put a stop to his bachelorhood.

A woman has a different face for every demand she makes. Now look at that face of Kamini Kaushal and make your own guess about what she wants in Varma Pictures' "Night Club". If you think you have the correct solution, keep it with you because we are offering no prizes.

WELL PRODUCED

The production values, as we said before, are above average. Sets are generally good and serve the purpose of the story though they are not always realistic. Photography is pleasant. Sound recording is more or less adequate. The dialogue is serviceable. The music is quite pleasant in bits. Within its disgraceful limits of imitating another's work, the direction is tolerably good considering that it is a first attempt.

From the players, Kishore Kumar as the stage actor is fairly amusing without ever being too rib-tickling. Shakila as the young medico whom Kishore persistently woos looks dumb and pretty. Mubarak as the respectable looking crook Dinanath is effective. Radhakishen as a secretary of Kishore provides some popular buffoonery. The rest generally are tolerable.

In short, "Begunah" is a disgraceful piece of plagiarism but to the illiterate picturegoers of India who will never know the fact it is likely to appeal as a fairly entertaining mixture of murder, intrigue and comedy.

BEGUNAH

Producers:	**Rup Kamal Chitra**
Language:	**Hindustani**
Story & Dialogue:	**I. S. Johar & Mrs. I. S. Johar**
Lyrics:	**Shailendra & Hasrat Jaipuri**
Music:	**Shanker, Jaikishen**
Photography:	**J. P. Kapadia**
Sound:	**Dinshaw Billimoria**
Cast:	**Kishore Kumar, Shakila, Mubarak, Radhakishan, etc.**
Released At:	**Swastik, Bombay**
Date of Release:	**8th March 1957**

Directed By:
NARINDRA SURI

AT HOME AND ABROAD

When a woman places a pillow next to her that way and uses it for caressing instead of for resting her head on, it means that her romance is ripe and its culmination worth rehearsing. Let us hope Meena Kumari does not have to wait too long to see that pillow replaced by a suitable mate in "Miss Mary", an exciting comedy produced by AVM. and now running to packed houses at the Roxy in Bombay.

SESSION TRIAL

Bombay, February 6.

Presidency Magistrate, Mr. J. S. Dawda, Dadar Court, committed to Sessions, Mohammed Aziz Islamuddin, step-father of film actress Suraiya and two other accused, who were charged with complicity in the murder of Gulam Nabi, a mill worker from Ahmedabad, for trial under Section 302 read with Section 34 of the Indian Penal Code (murder in pursuance of a common intention).

The accused were arrested by the police following the discovery of the dead body of Gulam Nabi in the compound of "Suraiya Manor" at Worli, on December 5, 1956.

LIZ'S NEW MIKE

Hollywood, February 11.

Charming 24-year-old actress, Elizabeth Taylor, married Hollywood producer Mike Todd at Puerto Marques, Mexico. A week before her marriage, Elizabeth got her divorce from British film actor Michael Wilding, her second husband.

Elizabeth's present husband, Mike Todd, is twice her age as was Michael Wilding. She seems to like them at that age. She has two little sons who now get a rich 'step-papa'.

Elizabeth will be soon seen in "Giant", a marathon box-office hit while her hubby's picture "Around The World In 80 Days" is said to be doing equally well.

UNITED IN DEATH

New Delhi, February 1.

Kul Bhushan, who was in a Delhi jail for the alleged murder of film actress Roopa Varman, died in the Irwin Hospital on January 28.

A judicial inquest was held by the Magistrate in Delhi who declared that Kul Bhushan had committed suicide by taking opium. How the opium got into the hands of Kul Bhushan is not known.

Some letters recovered from Kul Bhushan referred to his "suicide pact" with Roopa and his regret that he could not execute his "death pact" earlier. Roopa Varman's dead body was found in an air-conditioned coach of the Frontier Mail at Delhi on December 21 and Kul Bhushan surrendered himself to the police on December 23.

Kul Bhushan and Roopa can now meet in heaven like most film lovers do on the screen.

LEASE FOR SUSAN

Hollywood, February 18.

Film actress Susan Hayward, 37, married Floyd Easton Chalkley, 47, at Phoenix, Arizona. For both it was a second essay in marriage.

Only a couple of years ago Susan Hayward had tried to commit suicide by taking an overdose of sleeping tablets. But life seems to have brightened up again for this talented actress. Susan won the Award for best acting in "I'll Cry Tomorrow" at the Cannes Festival. Her role in this picture as a helpless alcoholic who is finally cured brought her fame.

REX GOES 'KAY-ISH'

Mexico, February 20.

British actor Rex Harrison, 48, was divorced by actress-wife Lilli Palmer in Cindad Juarez, Mexico. They were married for 14 long years and have one son.

The cause, as usual, seems to be the "other woman'. According to gossip columnists, Rex's new attraction is British actress Kay Kendall now working in a Hollywood picture.

Rex is playing at the moment in the most popular Broadway comedy of the year, "My Fair Lady", a musical adaptation of Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion".

NOT OUR SYMPATHY

New Delhi, February 20.

The Government of India banned MGM's film "Tea And Sympathy" and its trailer in the whole of India.

"Tea And Sympathy", a Broadway play, deals with homosexuality in a sympathetic manner. No wonder the picture was refused a certificate.

We don't require such perverted themes for entertaining us.

MARILYN'S MILLER INDICTED

Washington, February 18.

Well-known playwright Arthur Miller and husband of Marilyn Monroe was indicted for "contempt of Congress".

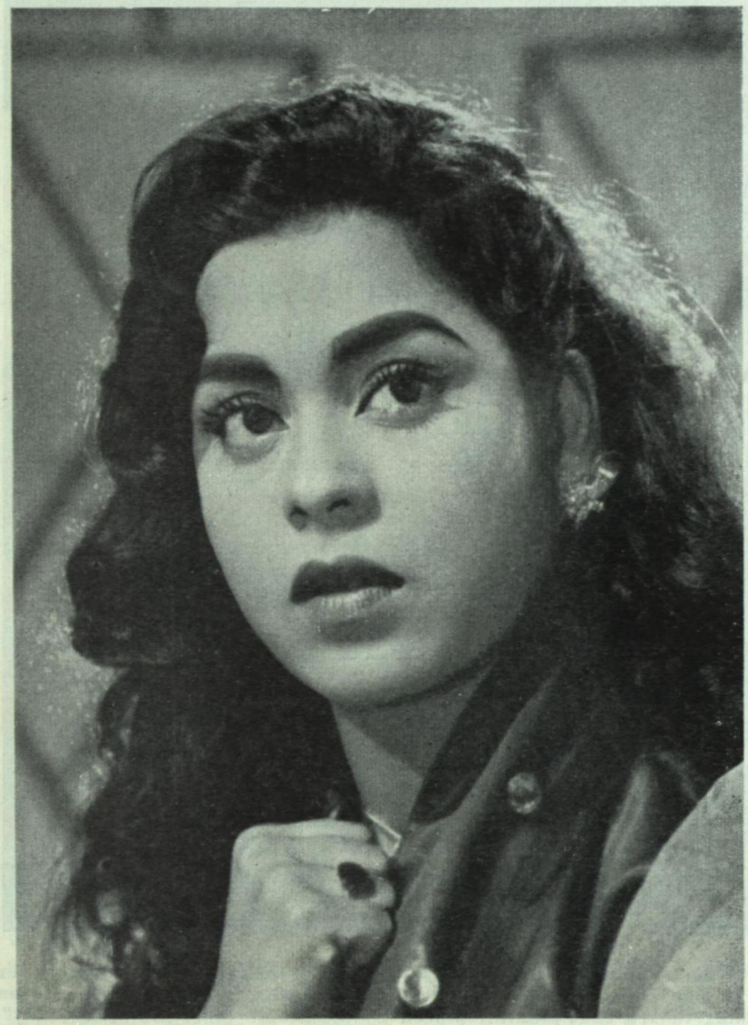
On June 21, 1956, in his testimony before the Un-American Activities Committee, Miller said that he belonged to several Communist "front" organizations but he had never been a member of the Communist Party. Miller, however, had refused to divulge the names of writers who had taken part in Communist Party meetings in 1939.

The Federal Grand Jury, therefore, indicted Arthur Miller on these grounds.

STALE STORY

Calcutta, January 22.

Inaugurating the seventh annual photographic exhibition organized by the South Calcutta Camera Club in Calcutta, Mr. A.



If Kum Kum would not paint her eyebrows so thick her eyes would look more expressive. At the moment the eyes recede and the eyebrows hit. The arrow is in the eye and the bow must be well drawn and arched to shoot it home. Kum Kum comes to the screen dancing again in K. Amarnath's social romance "Bada Bhai".

Ramaswamy Mudaliar said that a new factory to manufacture films and other photographic material would be established by the Government of India.

This story is an old, old one. We would like to see the factory coming up for a change instead of tall talk.

SEX THEME

New York, February 22.

Professor Pitirim Sorokin, a respected American sociologist, has analyzed the culture and civilization of modern America in one of his recent books.

Professor Sorokin thinks that the theme that interests Americans most is sex which "is emphasized in radio and T.V. programmes, stage plays and films, popular songs, pictures, reading matter and advertising." He warned Americans thus: "Americans are drifting toward sex anarchy in the same way that marked the downfall of earlier societies, including Rome and Greece. They are becoming victims of a sex mania as malignant as cancer, as socially menacing as Communism".

Unless the quality of American motion pictures, stage plays and television programmes improves, Prof. Sorokin's prediction may one day become a reality.

FILM 'VAMP' IN TROUBLE

Bombay, February 27.

Presidency Magistrate, Mr. M. Nasrullah, sanctioned the prosecution of film actress Kuldip Kaur for using a forged document to bring a false charge against a bank cashier. Supporting the defence contention that Kuldip Kaur and her witness Hemraj Mehra were party to a "fraud", the Magistrate ruled that "the law must take its own course". He added that it was clearly apparent that the complainant and Mehra had conspired to do an illegal act by using the forged document.

The prosecution case was that Kuldip Kaur had given a loan of Rs. 12,000/- in July 1956 to K. S. Dubash, a bank cashier. In return she had received a blank cheque which she was to cash after some time. Kuldip stated that the cheque later was dishonoured.

NEVER TOO OLD

New York, February 20.

Film actress and ex-wife of the late Sir Alexander Korda, Merle Oberon, is likely to marry soon. This time it is multi-millionaire Bruno Paglai.

Merle probably believes that one is never too old to marry provided there is a man willing to take the plunge.

B.B.C's BOLD EXPERIMENT

London, February 20.

A film on child birth made in South Africa by Dr. Grantly Dick Read, pioneer of the "natural" method of child birth, was televised on B.B.C. on February 4. This was the first time that child birth had been shown on television in Britain. It was shown as part of the B.B.C. programme in which natural child-birth was discussed by mothers and doctors.

The film, however, raised a big cloud of controversy and some newspapers condemned it as "revolting", "extremely objectionable", etc. But many families are reported to have watched the film without any embarrassment.

Another 17-year-old film, "The Birth Of A Baby", is now being shown at British cinemas. In 1940 the picture had caused quite a few to faint but the present day audiences are seeing it without getting in the least perturbed.

The hullabaloo, therefore, over the child birth film seems to be unfounded.

GEMINI'S BRIGHT GEM

Madras, February 21.

Innocent child stars on the Indian screen are seen rarely. We have got quite a few precocious ones that turn out tongue-in-the-cheek talk and dispel our notion of a child being God's most innocent creation. Not so with 4-year-old Ravi, producer S. S. Vasan's sensational discovery. Ravi actually made his film debut when he was just 15 months old in "Valliyin Selvan". He has worked in four films so far and today as a full-fledged child star, he supports a family of seven.

Ravi is from South Kanara and can speak four languages —Kannada, English, Hindi, and Tamil—well. Mr. Vasan has cast the talented child in Gemini's forthcoming production No. 27, and is reported to have directed the child scenes particularly skilfully.

It is time we had more child stars like Ravi.

WARM THRILLS

London, February 21.

As part of Britain's contribution to the International Geophysical Year which begins on July 1, 1957, the Royal Society is sending films to be exhibited to the members of the expedition.

Though films have been shown in ships travelling to the Antarctic, this is the first time that a cinema is being established on land in this area. The cinema will be set up at Halley Bay, Weddell Sea, the headquarters of the expedition.

Let the poor guys have some warm entertainment in the chilly Antarctic!

RAIDING WRONG SPOT?

Hollywood, February 20.

Hollywood's popular actor-crooner, Frank Sinatra, was handed a subpoena on February 18, ordering him to appear before a State Senate Committee to answer charges about an alleged raid made three years ago on the Hollywood apartment of Marilyn Monroe.

It is said that Marilyn Monroe's then husband, Joe Di Maggio, employed detectives to make the raid. Frank Sinatra and Di Maggio are reported to have gone with the detectives but they raided the wrong apartment.

Marilyn Monroe divorced Joe Di Maggio in 1954. The guys don't seem to have been proficient in spotting ladies' apartments!.

SHOREY ON BAIL

New Delhi, February 7.

Producer-director Roop K. Shorey was arrested for alleged cheating in Amritsar on February 3 on a complaint lodged six months ago by Shri Ram Pershad, proprietor of the Ambassador Hotel, New Delhi, and the Managing Director of the United Finance Agencies. Shri Ram Pershad stated that his firm had been cheated of Rs. one lakh loaned by it in 1954 for Shorey's film production. The rights had been mortgaged with the firm but the film was never completed because Shorey went to Pakistan.

The arrest was made as Shorey entered India from Pakistan on February 3. He was later released on a bail of Rs. one lakh.

BOGIE'S WILL

Hollywood, February 22.

Popular actor Humphrey Bogart, who died of cancer recently, is reported to have left behind estates worth 1,000,000 dollars.

Though the bulk of the estate goes to actress-wife Lauren Bacall and her children, Humphrey in his will directed a part of the moneys to charitable causes forming the Humphrey Bogart Foundation with Lauren as one of the foundation trustees.

Humphrey Bogart was known to be a kind man though the characters he portrayed on the screen were tough, frightful and villainous.

NATIONAL FILM THEATRE

London, March 10.

The Marquess of Salisbury, Lord President of the London County Council, laid the foundation stone of Britain's permanent National Film Theatre on March 8.

Begun on a modest scale in October 1952, the National Film Theatre has some 28,000 members and has been doing useful work presenting film classics to film lovers from different parts of the world.

The cinema theatre will seat 500 while there is a lecture room, club room and a refreshment bar. The British Film Institute is the guiding soul behind this scheme, for it is furnishing and equipping the Theatre. It has also appealed to members for contributions.

This is money well-used because the Theatre will soon become a reality and serve to entertain the members and a part of the public in its own unobtrusive manner.

MURPHY-METRO WINNERS

Bombay, February 22.

At a variety function held on February 14, at the Vallabhbhai Patel Stadium, Bombay, the All-India Murphy-Metro Singing Contest selected its two best singers, one male and one female, out of the 16 finalists from 8 centres all over India. The lucky winners were, 23-year-old Mahendra Kumar J. Kapur of Bombay and 16-year-old Miss Arati Mukherjee of Calcutta, who showed comparatively better talent than the rest.

The two singers will sing one song each in one of the films of the music directors who were the judges of the competition during the year, Arati getting Rs. 500 per song and Mahendra Kumar Rs. 400.

The 16 finalists received a five-valve Murphy Radio set each from Mr. Kent, director of Murphy—England. The Murphy Contest had created a lot of interest among amateur singers and was incidentally an attempt to scoop out new talented singers from all over India and give them an opportunity to shine.

PAKISTANIS' SORE EYE

Karachi, February 23.

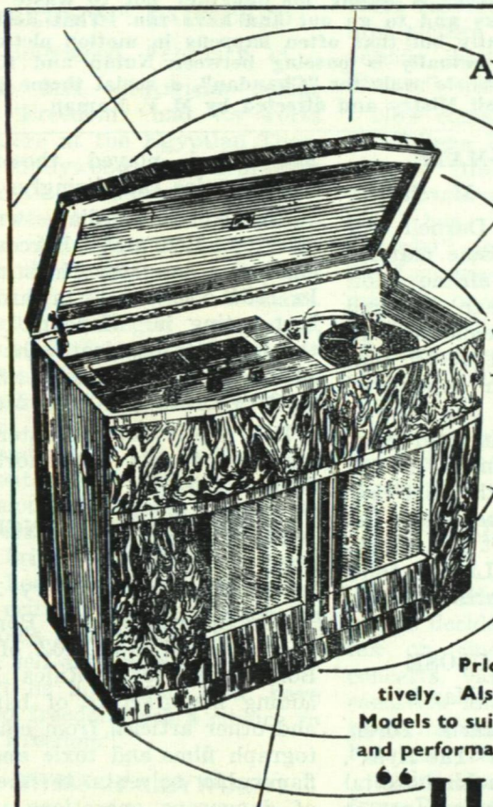
The West Pakistan Board of Film Censors banned four Indian documentaries including "Handicrafts of India" and "Green Glory" in the whole of West Pakistan. The reasons, as usual, were not given.

Anything artistic and beautiful from India probably gives a sore eye to the rough Pakistanis.

AVA'S LOVESICK ITALIAN

London, February 27.

Walter Chiari, one of the rising Italian male stars, is said to



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be a keen claimant for charming Ava Gardner's hand.

In an interview by a news-reporter, Walter meekly confessed, "I love Ava with all my heart. If she phoned me tomorrow and said, 'Walter, marry me', I'd do it like a shot".

Ava, who is in Madrid, has shown her liking for the handsome Italian star but not yet uttered 'yes'. So the enigma continues with Walter becoming more and more lovelorn.

FANTASTIC PLAN

London, February 23.

Mr. Joseph Cannon, a British exhibitor, has formulated a plan urging that people with television sets should pay entertainment tax in addition to the usual licence fee. The plan is being circulated among members of the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association.

Mr. Cannon's argument is that if filmgoers pay tax on their tickets, why should television viewers go scot-free? Television's "spot news" competition has almost put out the cinema newsreel business, because of its quicker service. He wants tele-viewers to pay an extra £2 a year.

This sounds rather fantastic. After all, a television set is costly enough and an extra tax would be an unnecessary burden on the viewer. Let us hope the Government doesn't pay any heed to Mr. Cannon's silly plan.

NEW OPEN-AIR THEATRE

Bombay, February 8.

Shri Shantilal Shah, Bombay's Education and Law Minister, declared open Bombay's first municipal open-air theatre at the Victoria Gardens.

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PHONE: 75508 GRAM: 'KALAVADIA'
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The theatre will be available to stage dramas and cultural programmes and also for the exhibition of educational films on moderate charges. Covering an area of 22,000 sq. feet, the theatre has a 1000-seat capacity and cost the Municipality Rs. 1,60,000/-.

Let us hope the municipal theatre is utilized for the good of the public.

BEST FILM OF 1956

London, February 11.

The British Film Academy gave the award to "Gervaise" a French film, as the best film produced in 1956. Francois Perier, the hero of "Gervaise" also won the award for the best actor in 1956.

"Reach For The Sky" was given the award for the best British film. Anna Magnani was considered the best foreign actress for her fine portrayal in "Rose Tattoo".

ANDRE THOMAS DEAD

Paris, February 15.

Well-known French cameraman, Andre Thomas, died in Paris after a short illness at the age of 45. He was married to British film actress Patricia Roc.

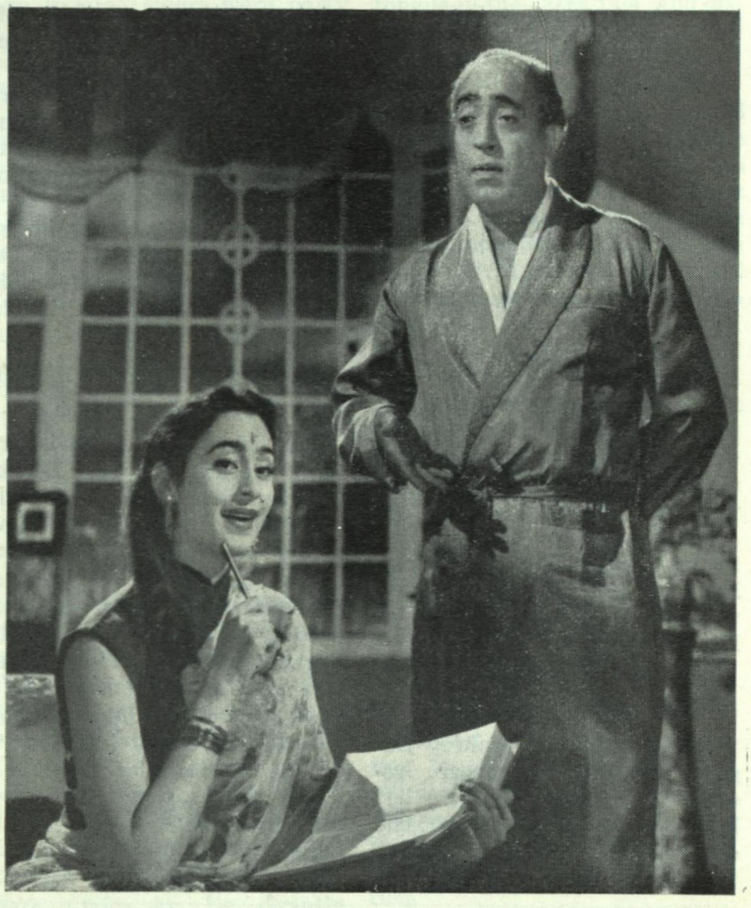
Filmgoers will remember Andre for his brilliant Gevacolour photography in Kishore Sahu's box-office hit "Mayurpankh". Andre Thomas was responsible for shooting "Andalusia", one of the early Gevacolour films produced in 1950. Simple and unassuming in manner, Andre got along well with his Indian colleagues during the shooting of "Mayurpankh". May his soul rest in peace!

SALESMAN FOR AAMPP

Washington D.C., Feb. 15.

At the annual meeting of the Association of American Motion Picture Producers, held in the first week of February, Eric A. Johnston was unanimously re-elected its president while Y. Frank Freeman was elected the board chairman.

Eric Johnston is the best salesman that American film producers could possibly have for he is known to drive hard bargains and get more than a square deal for the American film industry all over the world.



Here perhaps a father is telling his daughter not to waste her evenings with books and to go out and have fun. That doesn't happen in life usually but that often happens in motion pictures. To find out what actually is passing between Nutan and K. N. Singh, we shall have to wait for "Chandan", a social theme produced by Fali Mistry and directed by M. V. Raman.

FLYING BED-MATE

Hollywood, March 5.

Pretty Linda Darnell of "Forever Amber" fame married M. Robertson, an airline pilot. The two met a year ago and began dating frequently till they probably discovered that they needed each other too badly.

It was Linda who had complained of loneliness a few years ago. Now that she has secured a flying bed-mate, let us hope she doesn't feel lonely any more. This is Linda's third marriage but Robertson's very first.

'THE EYES' CLOSE

Stockholm, March 1.

Swedish star, Marta Toren, popularly known as "The Eyes", died in a Stockholm hospital after a brain haemorrhage at the early age of 30.

Marta Toren came into prominence because of her beautiful eyes which used to look grey, green and black by turns. She often played the-other-woman roles tantalizingly.

Married to Italian writer-director Leonardi Bercovichi, she had a daughter Christine, 4. In 1954 she won an award for best acting in "Madelina". At the time of her death she was acting in "The Scandalous Story Of Mr. Kettle and Mrs. Moon".

It is a pity Marta's enterprising career was cut short by death.

STRICTER VIGILANCE REQUIRED

Bombay, February 12.

The Government of Bombay has amended Rule 102 of the Bombay Factories Rules 1950, adding manufacture of bangles and other articles from cinematograph films and toxic and inflammable solvents to the list of dangerous operations under the Factories Act.

But unless the Rule is strictly enforced, fires resulting from the careless manufacture of bangles and other inflammable

She has got an idea but that we cannot see. But what we can see gives ideas. Her idea, however, is more important than ours. So let us find out what is tickling Padmini beneath that odd bun in "Payal", an exciting entertainer produced by Madras Talkies and directed by Prasad.

material will continue to take a toll of innocent lives.

"FREEDOM" LAUNCHED

Hollywood, February 14.

The first all-African colour film "Freedom" had its world premiere at the Egyptian Theatre, Hollywood, on Abraham Lincoln's birthday anniversary.

Written by Africans and filmed in Nigeria, "Freedom" depicts thrillingly the independence fight of the Africans. American Negro composer, James W. Owens, collected authentic music for "Freedom" by travelling 3000 miles in West Africa.

Members of the Indian Parliament sent a message on this occasion which read, "Africa on the march on the right road, will brighten every dark home and hamlet. The premiere at this critical time in America is in God's plan to save humanity from self-extinction".

Let us hope we, who have tasted freedom, get a chance to see "Freedom".

A SWISS HOLLYWOOD?

Geneva, February 18.

Switzerland, the picturesque country of snow-clad mountains and rosy-cheeked maidens, has some 20 film producing companies which produce shorts and documentaries and two or three feature films a year. The first picture to be widely shown outside Switzerland "The Last Chance" was highly applauded.

Now comes news that Producer Filippo Del Giudice is planning a production centre at Trevano, near Lugano. Del Giudice has already produced "Hamlet" and "Henry V" with Sir Laurence Olivier. A huge mansion once used by the aristocracy will be converted into effective sound stages at a cost of some 2,000,000 francs.

Well, the Swiss can create a better and more artistic Hollywood if they only put their minds to it.

ANOTHER TAX

Delhi, March 2.

The Delhi Municipal Committee decided to impose a new tax on cinema shows, plays, concerts, variety entertainment, carnivals and fetes and circus performances, on Thursday, February 28.

Called the show tax, it varies from Rs. 7 to Rs. 10, according to the nature of the show and the type of cinema and will have to be paid by owners of cinemas, theatres, organizers of shows, etc.

The whole idea seems to be to squeeze all possible sources of revenue and then waste it on useless schemes.

AMERICAN COLOUR?

Colombo, March 4.

Mr. Solomon Bandaranaike, Premier of Ceylon, is reported to have ordered an inquiry into the alleged colour bar against Ceylonese employees by Horizon Pictures, a U.S. film company, now shooting "Bridge Over The River Kwai" in Ceylon.

The complaint made by Mr. Bandaranaike's colleagues is that the bar and the dining hall at the film location were closed to the Ceylonese.

Let us hope the Americans, who are the strongest upholders of democracy, don't abuse the country's hospitality in this clumsy manner.

RUSSIA AIMS HIGH

Moscow, February 26.

Soviet Russia hopes to construct 62 television stations by 1960 and thus compete with the U.S. At present there are 13 stations working and they have an audience of 10,000,000. The best television centres are in Moscow, Leningrad, and Kiev.

Though there are 2,000,000 television sets in Soviet Russia, television is still beyond the reach of the common man. A tolerably good set costs 2300 roubles, an amount which even the director of a medium-sized factory can't afford.

Even in Soviet Russia, the luxury of the rich is the dream of the poor.

MIDGETS GET DAMAGES

London, February 10.

The London High Court awarded £3410 sterling damages with costs to two well-known circus midgets, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Behren, who were injured in a circus elephant stampede.

Known as the "world's smallest man" and measuring 30", Mr. Behren was not able to work for two years after the accident. His wife Emmie suffered a fracture of the arm and the arm is now an inch shorter than before.

The Behrens alleged negligence which was denied.

ARRESTED AND DISCHARGED

Bombay, February 1.

Mr. M. J. Gordhandas, Presidency Magistrate, Esplanade Court, Bombay, discharged Dinshaw Shapurji Variava, managing partner of a film exchange firm, who was arrested by the General Branch, C.I.D., for alleged misappropriation of Rs. 35,000 belonging to the firm.

After inquiry the police found that there was no evidence against the accused and asked for his discharge.

NEW ZEALAND CENSORS

Wellington, February 20.

For the last four months New Zealand has been functioning

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If by those gestures Chitra is accepting an invitation to tea, that is rather a roundabout way of expressing one's consent. But perhaps she has good reasons to be roundabout. Anyway, we shall know what this girl is aiming at in "Neelofar", a costume entertainer produced by All India Pictures.

under a new film censorship code which approaches film censoring from an entirely different angle. These censors believe in guiding the picturegoer by recommending certain types of films for certain types of audiences through their varied certificates.

For instance a picture like "Richard III" was granted a "Y" certificate which means that adolescent groups—the group between children and adults—can see it.

The 'S' certificate is another of New Zealand censors' innovation whereby wide latitude is given to any exceptional film that does not fit into the routine categories. Films with 'R' certificate are banned for children under 13 or under 16 or both. If such a child enters a cinema showing an 'R' programme, he is liable to a fine of $140 for breach of law. But only 5% of features shown in New Zealand come under this category.

In India, the censors grant 'A' (Adult) certificates to many films but the children manage to see these films because the law is observed only in the breach.

'ROCK 'n ROLL' PROFITS

Hollywood, March 1.

Elvis Presley, the American teenagers' delight because of his maddening rock 'n roll gestures in his songs, is the luckiest star in his country. And he is only 22. For a single T.V. appearance Elvis is paid £17,000. In one year 16 million of his records were sold while his name tagged on to different kinds of products has helped to sell $ 22 million worth of goods, jeans being one of the most popular items.

Elvis owns 6 Cadillacs but neither smokes nor drinks. His daddy has already retired at the age of 39 with his son being an excellent money-earner.

And yet Elvis, who is working in a Hollywood picture, is far from being a musician. People, however, wouldn't pay if Elvis tried to sing the orthodox way. Individuality has brought him huge dividends.

MAUGHAM GOING STRONG

Paris, February 13.

Famous British playwright and novelist, W. Somerset Maugham, celebrated his 83rd birthday at Villa Mauresque on the French Riviera.

In an interview, Maugham complained of the writer's cramp owing to his incessant writing which compels him to wear elastic gloves. Now busy with a semiautobiographical book, Maugham said, "I am going to revisit all the places I knew in my youth." About Russia, Maugham continued, "They used to call me a bourgeois writer there but since the war several of my plays have been put on in Moscow. They tell me there are a lot of roubles there waiting for me to collect".

Maugham's novel "The Painted Veil" is being made into a motion picture for a second time in Hollywood. Maugham seems to be in earnest even at 83. May be there is another classic in store for literature lovers in his reminiscences.

A YANKEE 'DRAUPADI'

Paris, February 15.

Red-haired actress Rita Hayworth is reported to have fallen in love again, this time with a foreigner. When in love, Rita is known to throw things about and she is said to have given a demonstration of this when a photographer tried to take her picture in a Paris night club. She snatched the camera and threw it out from the nearest window.

Rita has finished her work in "Fire Down Below" and has accepted the older woman role in "Pal Joey" opposite Frank Sinatra. The younger woman in "Pal Joey" is pretty Kim Novak. Rita is probably maturing in mind and body having left behind four husbands.

JOAN IN LOVE

Hollywood, February 25.

Green-eyed British actress Joan Collins is likely to marry Arthur Loew, Jr., as soon as her divorce becomes final.

Joan Collins flew to Hollywood to meet Arthur before she went on her Jamaican location of "Island In The Sun". Arthur, one of the eligible Hollywood bachelors, was once interested in actress Janet Leigh and now Joan seems to have fired his imagination.

From Janet to Joan, one must say Arthur's taste has certainly improved with years.

A NOVEL EXPERIMENT

New York, March 2.

The Ford Foundation for the Advancement of Education has given £ 500.000 to make a sound and colour film covering a year's high-school lessons in physics. The 16mm film, the first of its kind, will be ready in June and shown in U.S. schools to make up for the shortage of science teachers. The complete film will last 81 hours containing 162 sections of half an hour each.

This is a fine way of making the subject attractive to children for the triple appeal of the film to the eye, the ear and the mind can never be better used.

MOBILE ENTERTAINMENT

Oslo, February 17.

In Norway's inaccessible fiorded regions, many people would normally be deprived of entertainment but for the existence of "Norsk Bygdekino" or mobile cinemas that tour the rural districts.

The Norsk Bygdekino Corporation which is jointly owned and operated by the Government has made much headway since 1950, the year it was founded. The Norwegian National Assembly voted several grants to make the Corporation a success and now it operates 40 cinema vans and 6 cinema boats. Roughly 2000 performances are given every year in 840 different communities, in addition to special shows for hospitals, disabled homes, etc.

The Corporation has also established a form of library service to some of the small islands.

YANKEE INVASION

Vienna, March 1.

Austria exhibited 234 Hollywood pictures and 28 of its own in 1956 from an over-all total of 521 releases.

Hollywood pictures seem to be extremely popular in Austria judging from the big number shown.

MEHTAB'S ADULT EFFORTS

Bombay, February 15.

The Star Rally, organized by charming Mehtab Modi, in spite of its many defects, managed to collect Rs. 45,000, thanks to her untiring efforts. Out of this, Rs. 5,000 came from donors, Rs. 12,000 from advertisements published in the souvenir, and nearly Rs. 8,000 from sale of tickets.

The money was given to the Bombay City Social Education Committee. At the rally, Mehtab's services to spread adult education in Bombay, were applauded.

Mehtab can now begin the experiment of educating her own producer-hubby Sohrab Modi who often distorts history with his queer interpretations. That is a better way of serving the adult education cause.

NEW CINEMA RULES

Madras, February 10.

On January 30, 1957, the new Madras Cinematograph Rules called the "Madras Cinema

(Regulation) Rules 1957", came into force.

These Rules have simplified the procedure for licensing of cinema premises and centralized the licensing authority on the Commissioner of Police in the Madras city and the Collectors in the districts.

A time limit has been placed on the issue of licences. The rule regarding banning of smoking in the auditorium has now been incorporated in the new Rules.

These amendments were brought about by the efforts of the South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce who represented their difficulties to the Madras Government.

JAYASHREE ACQUITTED

Bombay, February 8.

The Presidency Magistrate, Shri H. G. Mahimtura, at the Girgaum Court acquitted film actress Jayashree of charges of insulting Shri Baburao Malpekar, Production Manager of the Rajkamal Kala Mandir Ltd., on Wednesday, February 6.

Shri Malpekar had filed a complaint that he was insulted and abused on June 4, 1956, when he went to Jayashree's residence to hand over a letter from Shri V. Shantaram.

In his judgement, the Magistrate observed that there was a "divergence of versions" between the evidence of the complainant and his two witnesses and he did not think fit to give credit to their evidence.

The Magistrate pointed out that if the complainant thought that his honour was outraged, he should have filed a complaint to the police immediately and need not have waited for "the advice of his master."

ACQUITTED

Bombay, March 10.

Mr. M. Nemazee, Presidency Magistrate, Mazgaon Court, Bombay, acquitted Abdul Kader Gulam Hafiz Lala of the charge of possessing obscene films under Section 292 (A) of the Indian Penal Code.

Mr. M. Nemazee, in his judgement, said, "Mere possession of an obscene film is not in itself an offence, unless it is proved that the possession of such a film is for the purpose of sale, hire, distribution, public exhibition or circulation."

The prosecution argued that from the facts of the case, it should be presumed that the accused possessed the film for the purpose of exhibition. The Magistrate, however, held that the circumstances of the case did not justify such a presumption.

WEARING DOWN PATIENCE

Hollywood, March 10.

Hollywood's popular actor-dancer, Gene Kelly, took a separation from his actress-wife Betsy Blair. They have been married for 15½ years and have one daughter.

Another screen couple that separated recently were actor Dick Powell, 52 and his 33-year-old talented actress-wife June Allyson. Their marriage has lasted for 11½ years with two children in the bargain.

The couples are probably giving each other a chance before they decide on the drastic solution of divorce. Let us hope they get over their differences soon.

A SCHOLAR DIES

Bombay, March 25.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. P. M. Lad, I.C.S., Secretary, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, at St. Elizabeth Nursing Home, Bombay, on Sunday, March 24, at the age of 52.

Mr. Lad was ailing for some time and had come to Bombay for treatment.

Apart from being a competent Secretary in the Information Ministry, Mr. Lad was an eminent scholar of Sanskrit, Pali and Marathi. On behalf of the Sahitya Akadami he had begun translating Kalidasa's works in English. His literary works include "Madhuparka" and "Krittika" in Marathi.

Endowed with a keen intellect and a prodigious memory, Mr. Lad became quite familiar with the complexities of the Indian film industry within a short time. May his soul rest in peace!

GOPE'S SUDDEN DEATH

Bombay, March 26.

Popular screen comedian Gope died of heart failure on Monday, March 25, while working on the sets of "Tisri Galli", at the Prakash Studios, Andheri, Bombay.

Born Gope Vishindas Kamlani on April 11, 1913, at Hyderabad, Sind, Gope made his screen debut at the age of 20 in "Insan Ya Shaitan" in 1933, produced by the late K. S. Daryani. His short and podgy appearance added greatly to his value as a comedian in slapstick roles and Gope quickly rose to fame as one of the Indian screen's foremost comedians.

Busy round the clock for years, Gope worked in more than 100 pictures, some of them being "Sher Ka Panja", "Aina", "Pyar Ki Jeet", "Patanga", "Nagina", "Laila Majnu", "Makkhi Choos", to mention only a few. Five years ago, Gope also turned a producer and produced "Malkin" and "Hangama" but didn't fare well in this line.

He married the attractive actress-dancer Latika some years ago and had recently embraced the faith of Jehovah's Witnesses, under the inspiration of his wife. He was, therefore, given a Christian burial.

Fans will miss Gope's rotund figure and his delightful slapstick on the Indian screen. May his soul rest in peace!

In India women are as much a requirement for making motion pictures as a motion picture camera is. Minoo Mumtaz is one of the many sirens that Producer P. N. Arora, who knows this secret too only well, has collected for his coming picture.

In spite of Communism, tradition still survives in Czechoslovakia and it is best reflected in the Czech's rich folk-music and in the gay colourful costumes of their peasant-women. And Czech women, happily, have not yet been thrust into the drab, thick jacket of Red Chinese women.

PRAGUE

The Beehive of Bohemians

CZECHOSLOVAKIA is a 20th-century territorial compound formed by the union of two races, the Czechs and the Slovaks, and the fusion of four territories, Bohemia, Moravia, part of Silesia, and Slovakia. It came into existence in 1918 when the Czechs of Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia united with the Slovaks to form an independent sovereign state. But, though as an independent nation Czechoslovakia is young in age, as the home of the two Slav races, it dates back to the fifth century. And in the fifteen centuries since the Czechs settled in this area, they have tossed enough on the turbulent waves of history to be called a mature people even though today the colour of their politics is red and the creed of their government Communism.

They have seen mighty rulers and memorable rebels, religious feuds and internecine wars, cultural heights and political humiliations, and they have seen imperialism in its glory and imperialism in its ruthlessness, and Communism as a saviour and Communism as a dank and polluted atmosphere in which a freedom-loving individual finds breathing hard.

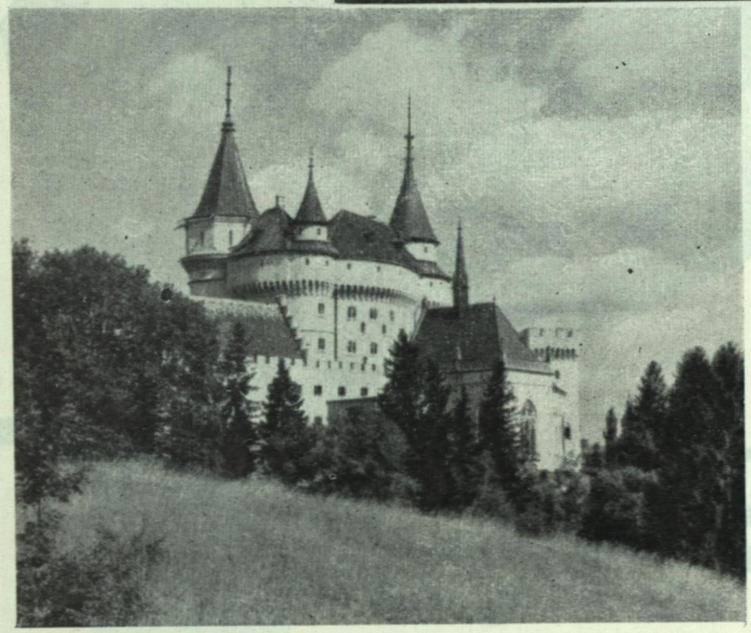
It is the history of Bohemia which constitutes the early history of Czechoslovakia. A fertile land consisting of a series of valleys surrounded by high mountain ranges, Bohemia, at the earliest traceable period, was inhabited by the Boii, a Celtic tribe, which gave the country its name. It is not known for how long the Boii had been living there but their extinction came a little before the Christian era when the Marcomanni, fierce invaders belonging to a Suevic tribe, overran the country and wiped out the original inhabitants. The Marcomanni remained in possession of the country until about the fifth century when in their turn the Marcomanni had to face the invasion of the Czechs. The Czechs of course proved to be a tough race and have since enjoyed the possession of the country even though for a considerable period of their history they did not enjoy political freedom.

EARLY MARTYR

Christianity followed the Czechs into Bohemia in the ninth century. St. Wenceslaus, duke of Bohemia, after his conversion to Christianity, tried to popularize the faith among the Bohemians and earned the displeasure of his brother who assassinated him. Wenceslaus thus became one of the earliest martyrs in the cause of Christianity in Bohemia. But Wenceslaus, regarded as the patron-saint of the country and celebrated in carol as the 'Good King Wenceslaus', was only the beginning, for religious intolerance was to take quite a big toll of human lives through Bohemian history.

The Czechs could not have a smooth and orderly growth of nationalist aspirations and their early realisation because Bohemia was lodged in the heart of Europe with Austria and Germany as its

Prague is a city dotted with castles and the Hradcany Castle towers above them all. Continually repaired and renovated through the centuries, it represents a variety of architectural styles. It is now the residence of the President.



Set in a picturesque setting, the Castle of Zbojnice is another of architectural attractions in Czechoslovakia.

neighbours and by the time the Czechs could begin to think of themselves as a nation, the Holy Roman Empire and the Austrian empire under the Hapsburgs were already busy creating history and the Czechs appear all the time to have been too staggered by the impact of the fast and furious developments taking place around to devote much attention to their own separate destiny. And ever since the Bohemian King Ottokar II was killed in 1278 in a battle against Rudolf of Hapsburg, the Czech problem seems more or less to have been reduced to wondering about where their next king was coming from. Most of the kings of Bohemia were of course supplied by its Germanic neighbours but the Czechs most of the time had to keep guessing about their next ruler, the ways of imperialism being so unpredictable in those times.

One time when the Czechs' vague national sentiments came to the surface in an angry expression was when John Huss was penalized for preaching among his countrymen something that the arbiters of the country's destiny did not approve of. A professor at the Prague University and a vigorous church reformer, Huss endorsed the doctrines of Wycliffe propagating them zealously and was therefore burnt at the stake in 1415 at the Council of Constance. The angered Czechs thereafter battled for 17 years before they felt obliged to accept Sigismund, who had sanctioned the condemnation of Huss, as their King and before the Hussites made peace with the Catholics. The Catholic-Protestant trouble, however, caused more bloodshed at later periods, the culmination coming in the reign of Ferdinand II who tried to put down Protestantism in Bohemia with fanatic ruthlessness provoking the Bohemians to disown him as a King and setting off the Thirty Years War. When the war came to an end in 1648, the Czechs were worse off than ever before, left without any political or religious liberties. And it was only at the end of the first World War that the Czechs shook themselves off from the Austro-Hungarian empire, which itself collapsed, and uniting with the Slovaks, who in their turn had been the victims of the Hungarian domination, proclaimed the birth of the Czechoslovak state.

RED SAVIOURS

But before the new nation could learn and practise much democracy, came Hitler and the World War II, a nightmare which the Czechs shared with the rest of the world but in a much uglier measure than many other countries. Liberated finally from the Nazis in 1945, the country held its first post-war election in 1946 which by returning Communists as the largest single party reminded even those who might have tended to forget that the Soviet troops had played a large part in liberating the country. Still, the first post-war government was an all-party coalition government, but by February 1948 the Communists had staged their coup and secured complete power in their hands by ousting the coalition government.

However, though the political complexion of Czechoslovakia has been radically changed in the last nine years, the face and form of the ancient city of Prague (called Praha by the Czechs), Czechoslovakia's capital, still remains much the same as before. It is still a pleasant and picturesque city situated on the banks of the Vltava River and shielded by a cluster of green hills. And with its numerous old buildings of architectural beauty—palaces and churches and towers and bridges—it is still a reminder of Czechoslovakia's colourful past rather than its Red present.

Crossed by several beautiful and imposing bridges the Vltava divides the town into two sections, the old and the new. The old town wears a predominantly Gothic look in its architecture although it possesses some of the finest examples of baroque in Europe. The most remarkable buildings in old Prague include the Royal Palace which dates back to the 14th century; the cathedral of St. Vitus, which dates back to 1484

and contains the reliquary of St. Wenceslaus; the Nostic Palace; the Waldstein Palace; the palace of Count Clam-Gallas; the Czernin Palace, and the Kinsky Palace. Among the churches and monasteries of importance are the Tyn (Hussite) Church dating back to the 14th and 15th centuries; the Church of St. Nicholas on Mala Strana; Mt. Zion or Strahov, the ancient-most monastery founded in 1142, and the Capuchin and the Emaus monastries.

CITY OF MONUMENTS

In the architecture of Prague can be seen the progress of the country's history. One sees the examples of varied styles—Gothic, Romanesque, Renaissance, baroque and rococo—and one can see history marching and leaving its landmarks. The ancient period is seen in the basilica of St. George; the Romanesque style is illustrated in Charles Bridge which spans the Vitava River with sixteen arches and piers and whose parapet is decorated with thirty statues of saints, added later on the advent of the opulent baroque; the Renaissance is seen in the town hall in Charles Square, besides in the portals and windows of the Vladislav Hall of Hradcany Castle; the Gothic is seen in the magnificent cathedrals of St. Barbara and St. Vitus; the baroque is exemplified in the church of St. Nicholas; and the rococo is seen in the Strahov Library. For one interested in art and architecture there is thus a lot to see and linger over in Prague.

Modern Prague too does not lag behind in interest. A busy commercial centre, the new town has fine roads, handsome modern buildings and the usual crowd of cinemas and restaurants which any modern metropolis provides. And one even meets smiling faces in Prague without knowing what feelings exactly lie behind the smiles after all that has recently happened in Hungary and other centres of Communist empire.

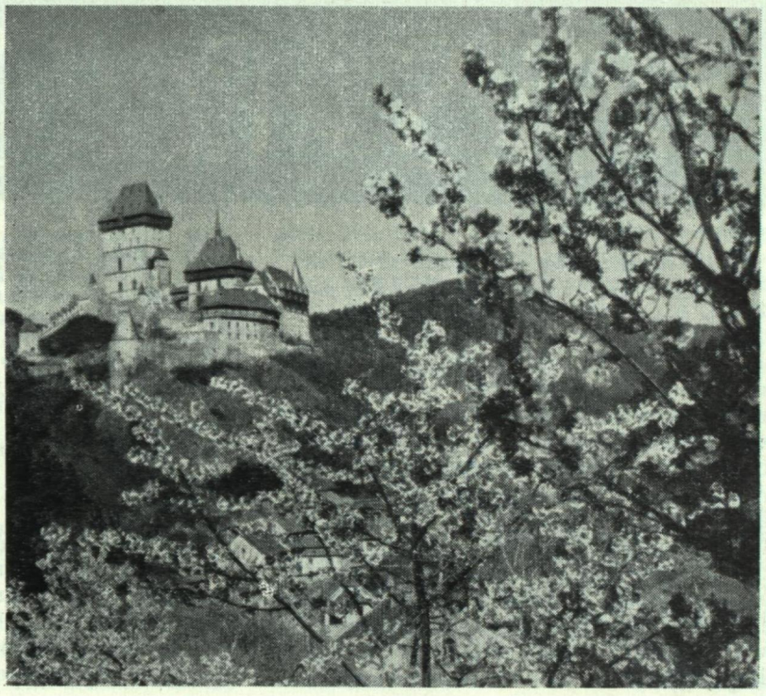
For those visitors who are willing to visit other spots in Czechoslovakia besides the capital, the country offers some fine spas, Karlovy Vary (Carlsbad) and Marianske Lazne (Marienbad) being particularly renowned. And after a general tour of the country one can easily realize that it is humming with industrial activity and busy producing Skoda cars, Java motorcycles and the Pilsen-brewed beer among its open manufactures.

In any case Prague is a worth visiting spot and a tourist can be sure of welcome there, for receiving visitors is a long tradition of Prague. The city which, after being founded in the 8th century, according to legend, by Libusa, the daughter of the earliest Bohemian sovereign Krok, received Germans, Swedes and Prussians as invaders and Russians as a new variety of liberators can be relied upon to receive tourists as tourists with open and eager arms.

(Above) A scene in the High Tatras, one of the many mountain ranges that decorate the skyline of Czechoslovakia and provide the Czechs with a variety of winter sports.

Below is a view of the Karlstejn, one of the most beautiful Czech castles. It was built by King Charles IV.

The Church of St. Nicholas, Prague, is a notable example of the baroque style of architecture of which there are abundant illustrations in the Czech capital.



WOES & ECHOES

Letters submitted for this section should not have more than 25 lines. Rs.5/- will be paid for every letter published in this section.

No young woman's head is ever completely empty and behind that blank stare of Chitra there is a head full of designs and ambitions. And when the designs succeed and the ambitions are fulfilled that head will swell up with pride. If they don't it will fill up with frustration. Let us see how Chitra is treated by her fate in "Sati Pariksha", a costume tale produced by Desai Films.

SQUEEZING DRY

" 'Killing the goose that lays the golden egg'. Thus I would like to complete the title of your article in the January issue. As a student of economics it was with great pleasure I read your article on the Indian Income Tax Act. To understand the quixotic way in which the income tax is administered in India, a narration of the economic principle operating behind it should also have been included. In public finance, what is called the income tax has three main theories in support of it. The first is that similar and similarly situated persons must be treated similarly. This is the Smithian's 'principle of equity'. The second is that the broadest shoulders must bear the heaviest burden. This is the 'ability theory' supported by Adam Smith, Shirras and many others. And the third is the Colbertian dictum of maximum squeezability which means plucking the feathers of the goose with the least amount of squeezing. Our Government is said to have adopted the 'ability theory'. But how far they are following this principle, or any of these principles for that matter, is a point for serious discussion. And I am glad that you have discussed it in its true colours.

You have mentioned only one case of callous persecution by the Income Tax Department. As a native of Trivandrum city I know several such cases there. The proprietor of one of the big hotels (the name of the person and institution I omit for the time being) in the city became bankrupt overnight. The "best judgement assessment" fell upon him and the helpless man had to sell his car, hotel, everything and pay Rs. 1½ lakhs in one instalment. The result was the end of a business activity in the centre of the city followed by the unemployment of 75 people. One Chettiar who was a mill manager was taxed Rs. 50,000. He closed his mill forever and fled to his native place in Tamilnad.

"There is reason why the Income Tax Officer is a Frankenstein of law and power. He is inspired more by selfish motives than by the welfare of the people at large. Quick promotion for this Frankenstein depends upon the number of persons he loots and amass wealth for the government to execute the plan.

"Nowhere in the world income tax has reached such a height as it has in India. Income tax differs from other taxes in its effect and our Finance Minister and economists are not unaware of this fact. The burden and the effect of the income tax are on the man upon whom it is imposed because income tax is not shiftable. Moreover the income tax is collected out of the net income of a man. It is high time that our government realised the Himalayan blunder that they are committing when they loot the whole net income of individuals in the name of income tax.

"There is more unemployment today than five years back. Why? The goose that lays the golden egg has lost all incentive and enterprise. Before it is too late, let the government realise the injustice done towards private enterprise. Otherwise total ruin of the nation will be the result. I fully endorse the views expressed by you in the last but one para of your article."

GWALIOR. **R. Krishnankutty.**

PUT TO TEST

"For the thousands of persons like me who won't get the cruel chance of entering the Income tax office portals, your article 'Killing The Goose' regarding the income tax mental torture chamber, comes as a brutal and shocking revelation. You have to describe things as they are and you

can't help if it shocks your readers. An average Indian when in a responsible job, especially dealing with the people, behaves like a Sultan. Anyone who has watched even an ordinary uneducated police constable can realise the truth of this. When a person with guts, hard work and intelligence builds up a business, the Income tax office grabs him and he has to cringe there. But when such a man, due to hard luck and the ups and downs of business trends, goes down, the Government does not rehabilitate him. You have written about the nocturnal activities at Bombay of an high official of the Central Board of Revenue. If Mr. M. C. Shah is so sincere as you say, why don't you please bring the details to his notice and test his sincerity? What is the meaning of fixing amounts to be collected from each zone arbitrarily? Can the milkman fix arbitrarily the quantity of milk each cow has to yield?"

SECUNDERABAD. **N. V. Prahlad.**

THANKS!

"Your article "Killing The Goose" in the January issue of "filmindia" is exceptionally superb. The language is lucid, the style simple, and the means marvellous. You have frankly and fearlessly exposed the faults and flaws of the Indian Income Tax Act now in force, and the torture it is effecting on the innocent people. The people have really become victims to the merciless and immoral attitudes of the Government. "Freedom to People of India" is only in words. They are actually chained, curbed and crushed in all walks of life. Your conclusion, that such immoral means and laws would finally curb the progress of the country as a whole, is an undeniable one. May such interesting and inspiring articles appear from time to time!"

G. Krishnamurthy.

KOLAR GOLD FIELDS.

GRINDING PUBLIC AXE

"I have heard the opinion expressed that it is only people like you who grumble to pay the increasing taxes when the nation needs them for the great and rapid progress being achieved under our Plans. I do not know if our taxes are the lowest in the world and am not myself bothered about them for the simple but not enviable reason that I do not have sufficient income to pay taxes on. I am also not sure to what extent our taxes are helping the cause of the common man and whether they discharge that function at all. You have made no secret of your grave doubts with regard to this and I can appreciate your reluctance to be squeezed of blood when the transfusions may not save the anaemic but may only add extra roses to the cheeks of the prosperous "robbers".

"Many have thought that you are for some considerations pleading the case of the capitalists who are naturally anxious to retain as much of their booty as possible. I, however, feel that your opposition to the new provisions of the Income Tax Act springs from different and less selfish motives. In putting forward the view that killing all private initiative and enterprise would be only injuring our economy and impairing our democracy, you may not be having your own axe to grind. Your unwillingness to be legally looted by the Government is also understandable when the greater part of the benefit is likely to go to a small minority and not to the general public. But I think you are worried above all about the preservation of democracy in the country and that is why you tend to look with alarm over anything that may lead to unbridled authoritarianism. The concentration of power in the hands of a few, whatever the need or occasion, can never be good for the country. "The Devil In Solomon's Chair" by 'Judas' in the February issue seems to have been inspired by this fear as also by the desire to help the Income Tax Department with valuable suggestions rather than by the wish to merely criticise the Government and to raise a bogus scare."

BOMBAY. **B. Subba Rao.**

The man who took this photograph does not seem to know his job. He has given a weird look to Shakila's face by making her farther eye appear like a bullet-hole. We, however, hope to see Shakila with both eyes good in "Mohini", a costume yarn produced by Navkala Niketan.

KEEPING DEMOCRACY ALIVE

"Your article "Save The Nation" in the February issue has come in time. With the Congress having only scandals and frauds to its credit, it is no wonder we have no whole-hearted support for the Congress. We are indeed in a dilemma as to vote for the Congress or not.

We cannot but heed the sane words of Rajaji who wants a good opposition for the Congress. It was this wise man who suggested a separate Muslim State as early as 1942 and for that he was hooted out of the Congress. Five years later the same Congress accepted the division of the country with what consequences we know. Had the wise suggestion been accepted five years earlier, perhaps half of the present Pakistan would have remained with us. Remembering the adage, "A stitch in time saves nine", we must accept that in a country which has accepted Parliamentary democracy and the welfare state ideal "the building up of an Opposition is as essential a part of national reconstruction as planning is."

"You have said it, "A Vote For Opposition is A Vote for Democracy". You have done your duty and it is our duty to vote intelligently. Anyone who disregards the timely advice will be doing a disservice to the Congress, nay to the nation."

MADRAS. **K. A. K. Ayyangar.**

The flame is a fascinating phenomenon. It is at once poetic and philosophic. It not only dissolves the gloom of the night but lights up a man's mind with thought. Through the ages men have watched this silent shivering stretch of luminosity with constant wonder and discovered new meanings in its ethereal existence. Poets have taken from it immortal songs, philosophers have borrowed from it mystical messages for mankind and the lover has stolen from it its name to describe his sweetheart. Let us see what inspiration Vyjayantimala, a flame herself, draws from the eternal flame in "Madhumati", a warm emotional tale produced and directed by Bimal Roy.

SAVING DEMOCRACY

"You have done a signal service to our country by your lucid and cogent article "Save the Nation" which has created quite a sensation. In this time of smoky confusion of purposes and promises we are most happy to see your extremely apt and realistic appraisal of the things happening in our country in the short span of nine years of freedom. The action which you have suggested is the only real one we can take at this critical hour. The amount of research, skill and above all the unbiased approach in your editorials evokes from us the highest praise month after month. Your sampling of public opinion is always factual and realistic and it is an admirable specimen of free journalism."

MANNARGUDI. **D. Moses.**

IMPOSSIBLE TASK

"Your editorial entitled 'Save The Nation' in the February issue of 'filmindia' has been well-timed and the general elections being near at hand, deals with them in an appropriate way.

This editorial reminds me of the one, you wrote on the eve of the last general elections in 1951, wherein you expressed your support for the Congress and wanted the people also to vote for it and at the same time you said that your heart was Congress, while your stomach was Red.

Now, after a lapse of about six years, during which period the Congressmen ruled over the country, you have come out with an editorial, the key-note of which is "A vote for the Opposition is a vote for Democracy". From a full support of the Congress to a strong support of the Opposition to the Congress is of course a steep descent, which though justifiable according to you is not at all desirable. And yet, when the intention behind the support of the Opposition party is well understood, there is little reason for dissatisfaction. All the same, fear lingers in one's mind that the people, who once supported the National Congress whole-heartedly may lose hope and faith in that organisation and leaving its fold enter into the camps of other parties. If such a state of affairs obtains in the future, it will be too sad and bad. So I wish our National Congress will pull itself up and shaking all the undesirable things that have gathered round it, march on with its old purity to a better state of the people, whom it professes to serve."

POONA. **K. Ponnusamy.**

WHITE-CAPPED DEMOCRACY

"It will be political puerility and profligacy, pure and simple, to let your clarion call to the electorate (vide February issue) to build a real Opposition in the framework of our parliamentary democracy go unheeded. Our arrant supineness in forming a formidable Opposition may be aptly termed as an outrage on a basic democratic postulate. Opposition, indeed is the first and basic postulate of Democracy. They say that Opposition is to Democracy what fire is to gold. The perpetual absence of an effective Opposition results not only in a woeful lack of public opinion on correct lines but also of liberal traditions. Moreover, the saddest feature of it all is that it perpetuates a one-party rule that is a negation of spirit and against the very institution of democracy. So unless the basic condition of existence of a real Opposition is realised, our entire superstructure of parliamentary democracy runs the risk of toppling down like a house of cards. It is also self-evident that the Congress which has degenerated into a beehive for vested interests is incapable of revising its most unenlightened cadres policy.

"It may be recounted that Italy was ripe for Socialism in 1922 when for grievous lack of an effective Opposition it degenerated into a Fascist State. With our Congress rulers swearing by a Socialistic Pattern of Society and State Capitalism bobbing its ugly head, India would not require much effort to slip and go the Italian way unless, of course, the coming into existence of a virile Opposition obviates our Democracy running to seed."

ARRAH. **Prem Chandra Sinha.**

PERSONALITY CULT

"We judge a lawyer's worth not by the noise or length of his pleadings, but by his winning the case for his client. We gauge a physician's capacity not by the amount of drugs he administers or the learnedness of the explanations he offers, but by his ability to save or give relief to his patient. We assess a proselytising preacher's power not by the depth of his scholarship or the excellence of his sermons, but by the number of new converts he gains for his faith. Each of these has a definite task to perform and his success or otherwise is measured by the results he produces.

"Yet it is strange that in the case of Mr. Menon, these criteria of cleverness are not applied. He might have argued our case over Kashmir brilliantly, he might have set up records in the duration of his speeches, he might even have collapsed by over-straining himself in the cause of the country (all praise be to his patriotism), but he has certainly failed to deliver the goods. What exactly have been the remarkable achievements of Mr. Menon? How many countries has he brought nearer to India by his much-boosted powers of diplomacy? To what extent has he maintained our neutrality on which we have staked our all? Of course, it has to be

admitted that he has been most successful in keeping Pandit Nehru and himself in the international limelight all the time. But unfortunately that will not benefit the country much. In fact, I can say it has acted detrimentally to our interests. If we should go by solid results, it would be difficult to give any credit to Mr. Menon's unique gifts of diplomacy for we can scarcely spot them under a microscope. They may reveal themselves one day and I will then be the first to recognise them. But just now I can only express sorrow. There is no attempt made to sully Mr. Menon's reputation; all that is charged is that he has failed in his mission. I think Menon is a glowing example of a phenomenon peculiar to our country. Will I be wrong in calling it the cult of personality which we would do well not to develop beyond reasonable limits?"

BOMBAY. **B. Subba Rao.**

PATELIAN PROPHECIES

"The Security Council has made our position very much insecure by passing strange resolutions on the Kashmir issue and it appears that the Western powers have had no compunction in letting us down at a most crucial hour. The Soviet abstention on the first resolution sprang a surprise on those who set great store by the weapon that Russia had been wielding at the U.N. So far—the VETO with a capital "V". One might as well be provoked to ask who are the real friends of India on the international scene? In retrospect, the following words of Baburao acquire considerable significance and assume rather a prophetic complexion. But it is no wonder seeing that prophecy of political issues with what might be called an uncanny sense of timing is our Editor's forte. Verily, through the following passage peep the political sagacity and maturity of Baburao Patel.

"As our beloved Editor says (26-3-1954) "Withdraw our Kashmir dispute from the U.N.O. The U.N.O. is a helpless body subsidized by power-conscious nations. It can never help us as a chess-board itself cannot help the chess pieces to move."

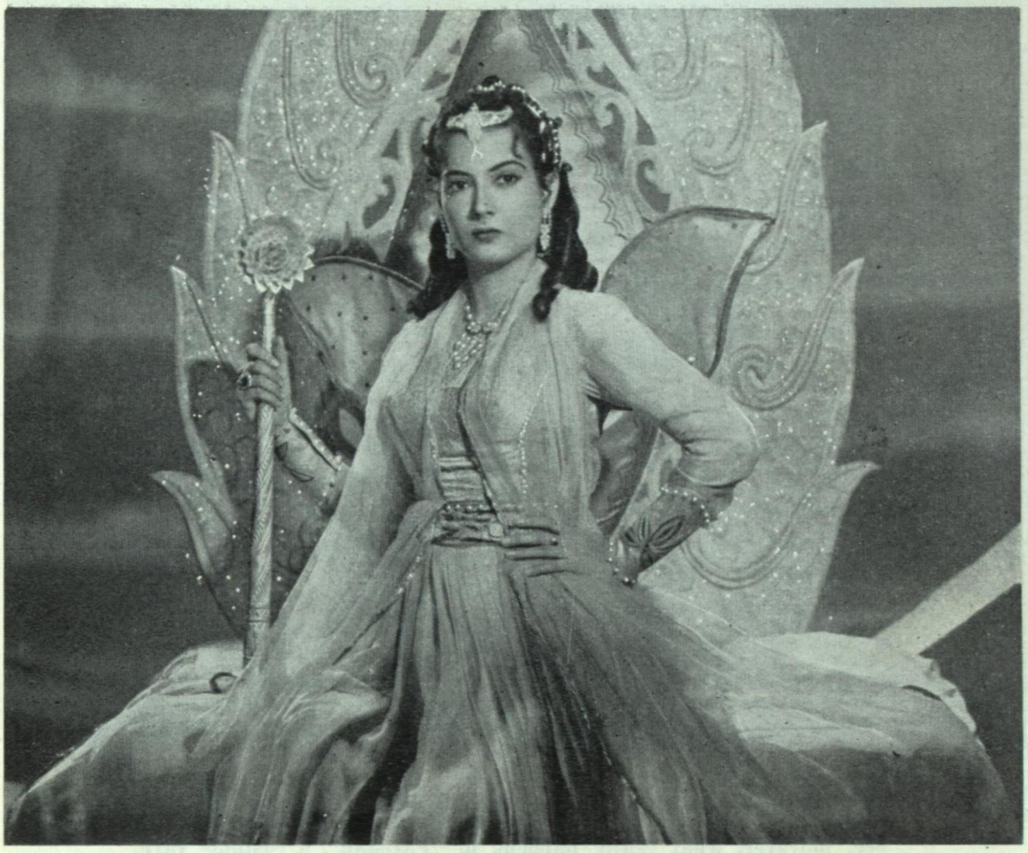
"Once previously on (28-11-1953), "in the field of international politics no one trusts us and we have no friends." I believe Nehru must be thinking on these lines today, but alas! three years too late!"

ARRAH. **Prem Chandra Sinha.**

CRY IN THE WILDERNESS

"Recently I had the rare privilege of visiting your very wonderful city—Bombay. I had gone there with high hopes of finding a clean, modern city with healthy and pleasant environments. What I discovered, instead, is that the place is out and out a commercial one with little traces, if any, of culture and romance. Whatever there is, is money-inspired, money-conceived and money-made. But if it means business, nobody need find fault with it on this score. It does present however, an example of bad business. The worst view of its ugly hideousness is inflicted on the onlooker in the city's red light districts. Filthiest, most profane, and definitely most horrible, is the view of the mass of wretched human flesh in its ugliest nakedness, rouged and lavendered in an utterly brazen fashion and put for sale. I have seen 'Cages' and the filthy gutters where even sin ceases to be charming and gives the look of a compost pit! How does this shame weigh on the conscience of an average Bombayite? Does nobody raise a voice of protest against this gall and gutter? Even the Morarji administration failed to clear off this mess. Do all these so many social reconstruction programmes, women's welfare schemes mean mere prattle? Won't you consider making a passionate appeal in your inimitable manner to the powers that be to do something to remove this ugly blemish from the otherwise fair face of Bombay? Will you?"

LUCKNOW. **Dr. Kedar Nath.**



Modern girls show more curves than intelligence and look fitter to be ballroom queens than real queens. See Shakila occupying a throne and looking as if the thing has bugs, which is not impossible in our studio props. It may, however, be something else that is making Shakila look uncomfortable in "Paristan", a fantasy produced and directed by Dhirubhai Desai.

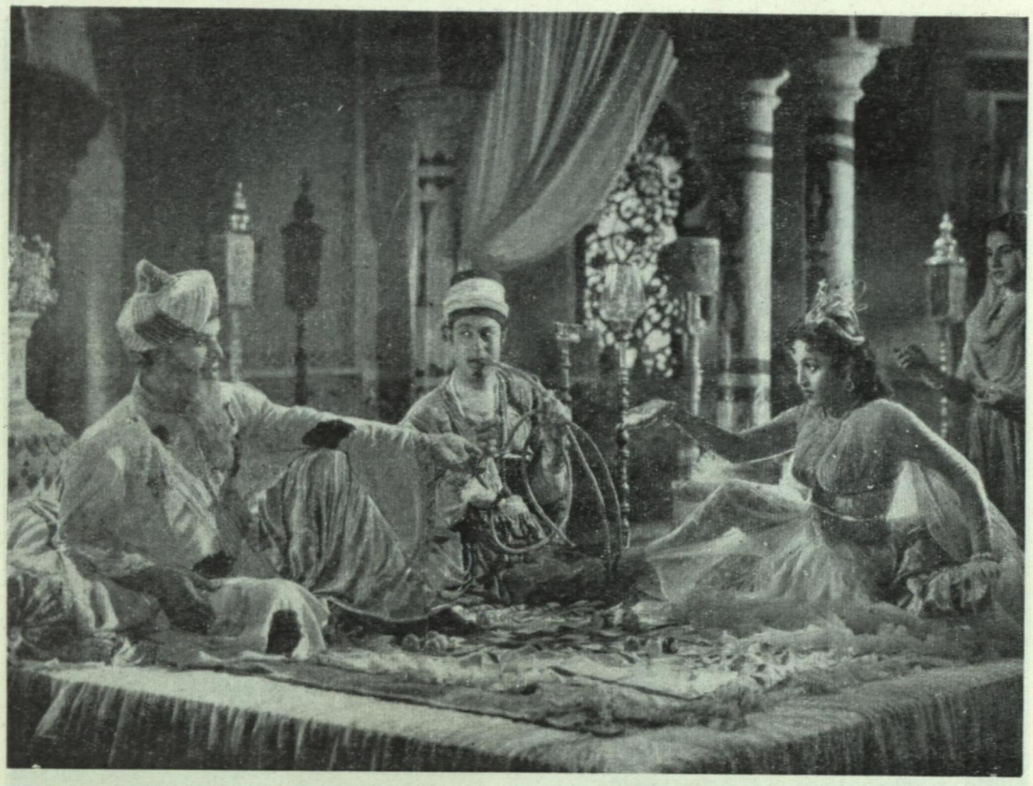
SORRY, LAD!

"I am not sure whether you will publish this letter. But as a friend and well-wisher of yours, I must point out the defective way in which you criticize men and matters sometimes.

"In the February issue of "filmindia", 'Judas' says that "Mr. Krishna Menon comes from Malabar, a province, infested with tough-skinned elephants and rhinos" which means that the people of the Malabar Coast are shame-proof and notorious. Well! Mr. Patel, you are working under a guilty conscience. The people of the Malabar Coast are not so black as they are painted by you.

"You can criticize Mr. Menon for we don't think he is a Malabari, nor even an Indian; but an international personality and like all other international personalities, Mr. Menon also is subjected to criticism as no man under the sun is cent per cent good or cent per cent bad. Everybody has a combination of both defects and merits, and the only difference is a difference in degree. Whether we like it or not Mr. Menon has more merits than defects. But that is not the point of my discussion here.

"But when you criticize Mr. Menon for his defects, you must not criticize the people of the Malabar Coast for the simple reason that the inductive way of arriving at a conclusion is most unjust, foolish and even dangerous. If you but read the history of India right from the days of Shri Shankaracharya to this day of Mr. Menon,



With those dark patches on his dress Ranjan seems to be 'ek-din-ka-Sultan' in a hurry to taste all the rich dishes of royalty including the succulent Roopmala. When a man has too much to enjoy in too little a time he forgets grace and becomes a glutton. Let us see, however, what really happens in "Paristan", a costume yarn.

you can know what type of people these Malabaris are. If you want to know the special feature of the Malabar Coast and its people, and the unique contributions that they have made to the reputation of the Indian nation, I shall devote my time and labour for that when you require me to do so. For the time being, understand at least this much that the people of the Malabar Coast are friends, and not foes of their dear Baburao Patel because he is in the habit of calling a spade a spade—a quality in a man which we "tough-skinned elephants" appreciate much."

GWALIOR. **R. Krishnan Kutty.**

FOLLOWING 'PAPU'S' FOOTSTEPS

"Like father, like daughter, Mr. Patel: The Prime Minister of India, Pandit Nehru, some time ago had accused some newspapers of receiving aid from some foreign countries. When asked to name the newspapers and the countries he evaded answering the question. His daughter Indira Gandhi has now made a similar charge against political parties opposing her own. Both concealed the more important part of their accusation i.e. the names.

"Indira Gandhi named the political parties accused of receiving foreign aid (the present being the time of elections) but 'did not elucidate the point further'. People do make accusations of this kind at the time of elections but does such talk by an emerging politician of a political party which slowly before Gandhiji and speedily during Gandhiji's life-time has been gathering a spiritual halo round it suit her? Is it ethical for the daughter of a man of as high ideals as Nehru's to level such charges against opposing political parties deliberately incomplete? If there is something that does not let her speak the full truth why speak even a part of it? She may not be afraid of criticism but evidently she could not resist the temptation of ensuring a few seats for her party by making irresponsibly incomplete charges against other parties.

"The political parties Indira Gandhi has accused are in a phase of struggle, not very different from the one Congress passed through in the beginning. And before Indira Gandhi again notices in other parties lack of leadership and intellectual bankruptcy she should remember that when Congress started, a couple of its leaders had to be foreigners (due to intellectual bankruptcy among its Indian members?) and that the career of most of the present-day leaders of P. S. P. (whatever Indira Gandhi may think of their calibre) has been one of struggle. Leadership was not handed out to them ready-made on a dish as to her or to her father."

PILANI. **Shiv K. Parti.**

BABYSOOTHER FOR EDUCATED

"With the publication of this letter in "filmindia", it may not be wrong to assume the victory of the Congress Party in the General Elections. Once again, the Congress will form the Government of the country with its leader Pandit Nehru as the Prime Minister of India. Assuming all this, can we, the young people of India hope to get a better treatment this time, or are we to be asked to keep static once more by our dynamic Nehru? This is not a mere complaint but a demand for the fundamental right to get employment, so piously proclaimed in our Constitution. Whatever the statistics may tell, the fact remains that the problem of unemployment is increasing in dimensions. More so, the educated youths of the country are being ignored to perish into oblivion. Surely, the Congress Government is not going to make lame excuses any more like the shortage of finances, and the lack of new undertakings. The country is big enough to accommodate us, and resourceful enough to provide us with jobs. Only our ageing leaders lack the crusading zeal and bubbling enthusiasm of a fighter. The M.P.'s and M.L.A.'s, who must have all spent well over ten thousand rupees each to get elected can show the way, and help in a small way towards the solution of this urgent problem. Can't these servants of the people, as they so loudly proclaimed themselves to be, day in and day out, be expected to engage at least one such young person on a living wage? We are waiting for an answer. At least, they may be helpful to many of them in preparation of their speeches and interviews. The suggestion may evoke no response, and they may laugh it out, but I will not be wrong in reminding them their fate in the coming future. The boot may be on the other leg that time."

MEERUT. **P. C. Bansal.**

LAZY FILM PUBLICISTS

"It is indeed regrettable that at a time when the Indian film industry is making an all round progress, publicity, which plays a very important part in the success of a film is still not receiving the attention it deserves from those concerned. To substantiate this statement, I have only to point out to the posters of Indian films on the suburban stations of Central and Western Railways. Most of the posters are of films which were long withdrawn from exhibition in the city or suburbs and cast a poor reflection on the film distributors or their advertising agents, who didn't bother to withdraw the posters.

"Thus the posters of "Paisa Hi Paisa", "Naya Admi", "Halaku", "Gul-e-Bakavli", "Devta", "Raj Hath" and "Chori Chori", which are neither current attractions nor forthcoming films, continue to give a multi-coloured look to Platform No. I at Victoria Terminus (Suburban Service). And this is only one example that I have cited. Those who have the interests of the film industry at heart must see to it that the responsible job of publicity is handled by more efficient persons than those who go to sleep after releasing the posters."

BOMBAY. **A. D. Jairaj.**

CHANGE OF AIR

"Despite objections of the Government of West Bengal, the Central Government is reported to have favoured shifting the Zoological Survey of India headquarters to Nagpur from Calcutta. It is estimated that the said shifting of the Zoological Survey will cost the India Government about Rs. 8,86,000.

"When the Union Government needs so much money for the Second Five-Year Plan, is there any sense in shifting the headquarters of the Survey from one place to another and wasting public money on mere whims?"

CALCUTTA. **J. L. Kholbeteria.**

IN WRONG HANDS

"With the tourist season still far from ended, the Rs. 2½ crore Government-owned Ashoka Hotel in Delhi has already begun to feel the decline of customers, according to a news item. Opened last October with accommodation for 460, it had only about 30 names on the register on February 11. The other major Delhi hotels claimed they were "full". Inquiries revealed that as from the beginning of this month there have never been more than 80 guests with a staff of some 800 (originally 1200) to attend on them!

"Apart from food and accommodation it costs the hotel about Rs. 2,000 a day on the subordinate staff alone. In all it costs more than twice this sum daily to keep the hotel going.

"Long live our Socialistic Pattern of Society!"

BOMBAY. **Hariram G. Jugat.**

POSTAL STAMP PROPAGANDA

"A new 4-anna postage stamp, having two-bulls printed, is in use for some time past. The stamp bears the words 'Konkrej'. I have referred to dictionaries—Hindi, Sanskrit and English—in vain for a meaning of this in some language. And this meaning may well have something to do with bulls. But to the rural voter the word will mean only one thing—"Congress". Because that is about how the word 'Congress' is pronounced in the country-side. Also, coming as it does to the accompaniment of a pair of bullocks resembling the Congress election symbol, it will only confirm the rural voter in his belief. In which case it amounts to a postal propaganda of the Congress."

BOMBAY. **N. K. Wadhwani.**

ONE-MAN SHOW

"After independence it had almost become a fashion among Congressmen to rename everything to uphold their Swadeshi spirit. To mention a few, all the Government houses were first rechristened Raj Bhawan, House of the People was renamed Lok Sabha and even army commands were changed to Hindi words. But in spite of all these changes in names is it not surprising that the Congress is still retaining its old name? 'Congress' is an English word meaning 'Assembly'. And when one talks of 'Congress Party' does it convey any meaning at all?"

BANGALORE. **J. B. William.**

A drunken man is a brainless man. Even the law places him in the same category with the infant, the idiot and the insane. Watch Johnny Walker in drunkenness and Shyama in distress in a picture called "Johnny Walker", produced by Natraja Productions. It couldn't be about the one who was born in 1820 and still goes strong, because that is spelt as "Johnnie".

DISCOURTEOUS FANS

"Film stars consider it a fashion these days to appear in person at the premiere of their films in important cities of the country. Evidently, they do this to get more popularity, but they lose sight of the fact that this gradually tends to remove the glamour that surrounds them and thereby makes them shine as stars. And in certain cities like Delhi, there is always a rowdy element in the crowd of onlookers at such theatres which manifests itself openly on many occasions.

"Some months ago when Pradeep Kumar attended the premiere of his film "Anjaan" at the Odeon theatre here, he had virtually to elbow his way into the theatre. And while he was proceeding to the auditorium, some eager "fan" put his hand on the star's shoulder and exclaimed, "Good body", while another uttered some bad words and so on. God only knows what these "eager" fans would have done to her if hefty Vyjayantimala (the heroine of the film) had also attended the premiere!

"Perhaps some of the film stars do not mind such a violent outburst of adoration by their fans. But in their own personal interest as well as that of their career, it is necessary for our glamour boys and girls not to expose themselves to public gaze so frequently as they now do. They should remember that glamour has a short life and that, too much exposure to public gaze will make it shorter still."

NEW DELHI. **K.S.S. Narayanan.**

MONEY FOR JAM

"Mr. Charles Egan, representative of the Motion Picture Export Association of America recently voiced American film producers' concern over the present import restrictions on films by the India Government. 'The restrictions came as a shock', he said.

"Mr. Egan declared that the gross receipts on American films shown in India from November 30, 1955, to the end of November, 1956, were Rs. 1,13,98,778. The total remittances to the United States of America on this account for the period were Rs. 48,25,058. More than 60% of the earnings of American films were spent in the country. And he further added that India was 27th on the list of foreign markets for American films.

"One is really at a loss to understand that when more than 60% of the earnings of American films were spent in the country and more so when India was 27th on the list of foreign markets for American films, why should the import restrictions on films by the Government of India come as a shock to Mr. Egan? Doesn't that sound strange?"

CALCUTTA. **J. L. Kholbheteria.**

This sadhu seems to be wrongly inclined and dangerously so. Watch Manhar Desai and Nirupa Roy bringing new piety to the screen in "Nagmani", a mythological yarn.

MASS BULLOCK-VOTING

"Dhebarji in his presidential address to the 62nd annual session of the Congress said that the Congress looked at the forthcoming General Elections as a medium for mass education, for canalising the thinking of the people and giving direction to their urges and aspirations. Among our people I wonder how many really think and act according to their urges and aspirations before casting their votes. Most of our people are not even literate and many of them do not even know their rights and responsibilities as citizens of our republic. Adult franchise, however, entitles every adult, literate or illiterate, to vote. When such is the state of the nation in what way are the General Elections going to be a medium for mass education? Can you tell me, Mr. Patel?"

BANGALORE. **J. B. William.**

ADVANCE RESERVATIONS

"I had been to Bombay's "Naaz" the other day where Filmistan's "Hum Sab Chor Hain" was being exhibited with "Nehru Eisenhower Meeting" in Technicolor as an "added attraction". For me, however, it was the sole attraction.

"Finding the "Upper Stalls Sold Out" board I approached a Sindhi gentleman and asked him if he had any extra tickets. The man expressed his regret and asked me to try the booking clerk, from whom he got his ticket. "But the board indicates that all tickets are sold out," I argued. "Well, he has still so many tickets in spare. You may ask him." As advised I requested the booking clerk but I did not get one, because "not a single ticket" was left with him. Since I was eager to see the short of our Prime Minister's visit, I stood by the side of the window to see if somebody came for returning tickets.

"Shortly after, a lady came and giving a reference of "somebody" asked for "only five" tickets. To my utter grief and surprise all the five tickets were given to the lady by the same clerk who had "not a single ticket" left with him just a few minutes earlier.

"Now where did the man get these tickets from, and who was this "somebody", I am yet at a loss to understand. Will you throw some light on the "mystery" Babs?"

BOMBAY. **V. G. Dayalani.**

VASAN'S SHOWPLACE

"Recently I went on a tour to South India. Before I started from Calcutta I wrote a personal letter to Mr. S. S. Vasan, Proprietor of "Gemini" Studios asking him to give me permission to see this renowned and biggest studio, which of late, had been visited by Mr. Chou En Lai, Prime Minister of China and the Dalai Lama of Tibet. In that letter I had mentioned that I was a regular reader of "filmindia" and a great admirer of Baburao Patel. Sanction was accorded on 17th January 1957 and myself and two of my friends who came along with me all along the tour visited the studios at 2.30 P.M. We were cordially received by the Public Relations Officer, Mr. Thygarajan, at his office and soon we were offered three glasses of coffee. After coffee he took us round the studio personally to show us the various departments and explained all the things in detail about films, studio, settings, actors, actresses, make-up, songs and general information about the film industry. In return we asked him several questions which he promptly, correctly and patiently answered without any signs of disgust on his face. We never expected that a P.R.O., would personally accompany us to show us all the things in the studio.

"We are very grateful to him and we were simply charmed seeing his excellent behaviour and pleasant manners with which he conducted the whole show. But I regret very much for not being able to meet and talk with Mr. Vasan as he was busy with a bilingual film which is still untitled and is now being directed by him. All this happened, I must confess, due to the popularity of Baburao Patel. Now I know as to how your name sells in film circles.

"Anyhow we got our anxious desire fulfilled with the co-operation of Mr. Thygarajan and yourself. 'Gemini' studio is a real gem in the film field. Mr. Vasan deserves congratulations for owning such a big studio and for employing such intelligent men."

HOWRAH. **V. L. Narayana.**

MALE SOFTIES

"I went round to a pal's the other evening and found him at work—washing nappies. I am married too, but I told him he would never find me at that game. Why do wives allow their husbands to become housemaids? Is it to bolster up their deflated ego? I believe a man should be a man. I know this isn't the popular view—with women—but I believe women today are making men soft."

BOMBAY. **Kanak Yadhavrao.**

POWERFUL 'DONKEYS'?

"Our Central Minister, Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari has compared himself to a donkey. Referring to his acceptance of the Finance portfolio in 'an unwise and weak moment' T.T.K. said, 'When you have a burden to be carried you must find a donkey. It was perhaps difficult to find somebody else who would do it as cheerfully as I.' With all deference to all Central Ministers one notices that according to T.T.K's comparison the whole of Nehru's Cabinet is a pack of donkeys. Of course, one whole-heartedly endorses this statement, though he is doubtful whether T.T.K's worthy colleagues would relish it. But the question that worries me is: "How far are those men and women safe whose destinies are guided by donkeys"? And anyone impolitely characterizing Government policies as asinine would now have the literal backing of the Finance Minister. The Prime Minister often says he cannot suffer fools. But obviously he can suffer asses".

KALYAN. **Mrs. Lalitadevi.**

This one is called Nilambari and she appears in "Gharcha Zala Thoda", a Marathi social distributed by Navchitra Film Exchange.

HEARTLESS PROMISES

"In Bhusapur, a village in Mulug of Warangal District in the Telengana area of Andhra Pradesh, there were about 20 huts. The Government under the Community Development Plan has constructed 62 small houses with an expenditure of Rs. 40,000|- and the colony is named in honour of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, our beloved dictator, as Jawahar Nagar. Some tribal families, allured by the bright prospects of lands and other amenities promised by the Government, came and settled there.

"Three long years have passed since, but the Government made no attempts to look to the welfare of these poor, forlorn tribal families. No lands and no amenities earlier promised were provided to them and the tribal people are virtually under the heels of poverty. Furthermore, to add insult to injury, the Government is now demanding Rs. 500|- for each house towards the cost, for houses which may at any time crumble down.

"I was flabbergasted at the appalling state of affairs and the deplorable plight of the people and the high-handedness and idiocy of the government. It is really grossly inane to name the colony as Jawahar Nagar, which is an insult to the immaculate name of our beloved Caesar. Will the Government realise their foolishness even now and the gravity of the matters there and exempt the settlers from the payment of Rs. 500|- and provide them with 5 acres of land to each household? What do the authorities mean by such gross negligence, Mr. Patel?"

WARANGAL. **Kumari Niranjani.**

Intensity is a virtue of youth and that is why where age can take its disappointments with a chuckle, youth only simmers with indignation. Let us find out who is causing Vyjayantimala a heart-burn here.

RACING TACTICS

"Judas rightly deserves the warm felicitations for his frank appraisal of the distressing situation of racing in Western India. The malpractices of the R.W.I.T.C. revealed in his stirring account are not exclusive in the case of R.W.I.T.C. since they are true with the other turf clubs also to some extent.

"The Racing public is always baffled when a deserving animal fancied for an open win fails to figure on the board even. As expressed by Judas these disgraceful occurrences are often due to the fact that our Race Clubs are having highly notorious devils as jockeys, who instead of steering the animal to the winning post pull it for the simple reason that they get more money by doing so. Such licentious jockeys should be penalised to the extent of confiscating their licence in all the race clubs in India, debarring them from riding for the whole season.

"The slur to the Race Course as a "gambling den" is brought by a few unscrupulous jockeys. I feel confident that the reforms suggested by Judas should soon wipe out the blot on this "Kings' sport" reviving the brighter aspect of "thrill" in the game and confidence amongst racegoers."

MADRAS. **N. Jayaraman.**

BUDDHIST PRIVILEGES

"I fully endorse your views on Ambedkar's conversion. Please accept my compliments for the same. But your editorial makes no mention of the nature of constitutional privileges of scheduled castes after conversion. This, of course, would have made a strong point for attack.

"We are all aware of the privileges enjoyed by scheduled castes according to our Constitution. In embracing Buddhism, the propriety of Ambedkar and his blind followers was merely to free themselves from the shackles of the inequalities of Hinduism. We can now very well assume that they have become equals after embracing Buddhism. But why should they at all continue to enjoy the constitutional privileges? Dr. Ambedkar in one of his lectures promised his blind followers that he would fight whole-heartedly to secure for them the constitutional privileges even after conversion.

"To call oneself equal on one hand and to demand privileges on the other hand is an anomaly indeed. Or should we gather, that even after embracing Buddhism, they want to continue as scheduled caste?

When they are fed regularly and sumptuously women look like that—fat and satisfied. Nirupa Roy looks contented in "Musafir", a social tale produced by Film Group.

"I am sure there is nothing like a caste system in Buddhism. And if these new Buddhists enjoy any privilege, it would certainly mean some sort of religious discrimination".

CHANDA. **S. N. Koushik.**

CUNNING REDS

"Recently, the so-called Asian Writers met in Conference in Vigyan Bhavan, New Delhi. Two of its three conveners are known Communists and the third can only be presumed to be a fellow traveller. Their preparatory Committee was inaugurated by Shri V. K. Krishna Menon, a gentleman who, to the best of my knowledge, is not the author of a single book but is well known as a near Communist. The conduct of the conference confirmed that it was a Communist front organisation.

"The nature of the Asian Writers' Conference could not have been a secret from the Government. Two questions arise: why was the 'Vigyan Bhavan', an important Government building, made available to Communists? And, why was the President earlier made to receive their delegation in the 'Rashtrapati Bhavan'?"

BOMBAY. **Hariram G. Jugat.**

Hard realities of life rob women of their charm and add years to their age in a single day. Nirupa Roy is evidently going through some torment in "Musafir", a social theme produced by Film Group.

PARSI RAJPUTS?

"I am very sorry to write that I had to change my high opinion of Rajputs after seeing Sohrab Modi's 'Raj Hath'. All the Rajputs in the picture are good at bawling and seem to lack good blood. One is more a roaring lion than an iron willed man (as described in the booklet). The other one who talks about revenge and all that sort of stuff is but a mouse in the hands of his wife.

"All these Rajputs combined together only create an impression that is just the opposite of what one actually thinks of Rajputs. The first half is somewhat interesting but from the second half begins the usual romance which is so common in the present day pictures. On the whole it is as good or as bad as any love story packed with the 'names' of Rajputs. Really, it does not deserve the time, money and energy spent on it by Sohrab Modi".

KAKINADA. **Ravindranath.**

NEHRU'S PRIDE

"Now that the UNESCO crowd has gone back, the palatial Ashoka Hotel that Government has built at a fabulous cost of Rs. 2 crores only, is reported to have about fifteen guests and twelve hundred servants. That is indeed in the true tradition of a Government concern to run in huge losses. The only way for the hotel to run is to keep calling all sorts of international conferences in Delhi, from scientists to shoemakers. And for internationalist Nehru that should not be difficult. Anyway, don't you like this suggestion, Babs?"

KALYAN. **Mrs. Lalitadevi Jugat.**

CINEMA COWSHED

"Recently, I had an opportunity of visiting Ambala cantt. and seeing one of its cinema halls, where "Durgesh Nandini" was running.

"The picture had started when I entered the hall. To tell you the fact, I could not remain there for more than a minute or two for I was completely suffocated. The cinema authorities were kind enough to allow everybody to smoke inside the hall and let the non-smokers too enjoy the pleasure by not maintaining a proper ventilation system. I am quite sure, Mr. Patel, had I remained there for another few minutes, I would have fainted.

"Now, if this is the condition of a cinema-hall of one of the most important cities of India, what about others, lying in remote and unimportant corners of the country? After all, what is the fun in making more films or building new halls if those already existing cannot be maintained properly?"

DEHRA DUN. **Manohar Lal Virmani.**

READ 'FILMINDIA' AGAIN

"Being an ardent reader of 'Filmindia', I greatly admire your pioneer efforts to show the people the difference between good and bad pictures and also bad foreign pictures that should be banned.

"I don't know why you have not yet seriously considered advocating banning of bad Hindi pictures too. Don't you think that some of our pictures are as bad and ugly as those made by Hollywood? I can name a score of them recently produced insulting our own culture and tradition, demoralizing living standards of Indian life and shamefully betraying the poor understanding and outlook of our own selves. Is it not a necessity to see that such picturemakers are discouraged and such pictures are not shown to people? I think you will be the right man to take the lead in bringing some sense to the heads of Indian film authorities".

BANGALORE. **G. S. Sharat Chandra.**

BORING A.I.R.

"It is by now an established fact that there is a growing tendency among the A.I.R. authorities to ignore the wishes of all its listeners, whether conveyed through personal correspondence or the press. The authorities have never cared to frame the daily programmes according to the wishes of even the most ardent of its listeners. In this respect Mr. J. C. Mathur, Director General A.I.R., is no exception. The gentleman, recently speaking here at the closing session of the Six-Day Teachers' Seminar on School Broadcasts arranged by the A.I.R. Jullundur, referred to the need of imparting instruction in classical music and said that students should be encouraged to learn classical music through Radio lessons. He said that "more and more of those girls and boys were needed who knew classical music". Now it looks something queer that while the A.I.R. authorities are always in search of classical singers and spend such huge amounts on them, none cares to listen to its programmes even for a few seconds. In fact listeners should be paid compensation when they try to take interest in these programmes. Mr. Patel, will it not be a glorious example of well-spent money?"

JULLUNDUR. **S. Parkash.**

A WICKED WORLD

"I think it is very difficult for a man to live down his evil reputation, once he has acquired one. Whatever he does or says will then invariably be ascribed to some mean motive or selfish purpose. Take your case, for example. You may be having many admirers and sympathisers but I need hardly draw your attention to the existence of a host of detractors who paint you in the blackest colours. In between there are those like me who still sit on the fence though inclining heavily to your side. Anyway, putting myself in your position, I can understand how it would be well nigh impossible for you to convince some people of your honesty and integrity. For all I know, you may be simply trying to be frank, truthful and impartial in your criticisms, opinions and reviews, but the persons in question are always obsessed with and sure of the axe you have to grind. If you praise a picture from V. Shantaram, you are trying your blackmailing luck with him again, and if you condemn his next, it is, of course, because you have failed with the shrewd Kolhapuri. If you hail "Jhansi Ki Rani" as a masterpiece, it is just to mislead and impress the world with your impartiality, and if you describe "Raj Hath" as trash, it is because you are jealous of Mr. Modi having gone as a delegate to Russia. Incidentally, many who called Sohrab's latest production a distinctly poor picture pounced on you for indulging in exactly the same sin. If you describe Madhubala as having a nose nice to peg a hat on, it is because she has stopped giving you your 'subsidy'. Nutan may just now be in the flower of her youth, but you must be singing of her beauty and bloom not for that transient virtue, but on the basis of some 'understanding' with her and her mother. You generally praise David's work as he is your pal, but when you shake your head at his latest performance in a picture, it is because you have fallen out with the baldy though it would be difficult to imagine him having been of much financial help to you. Finally, if you spontaneously praise the acting of a consummate and universally acknowledged artiste like Nemo, well "even your father will have to admit it." Is it not the limit?".

BOMBAY. **B. Subba Rao.**

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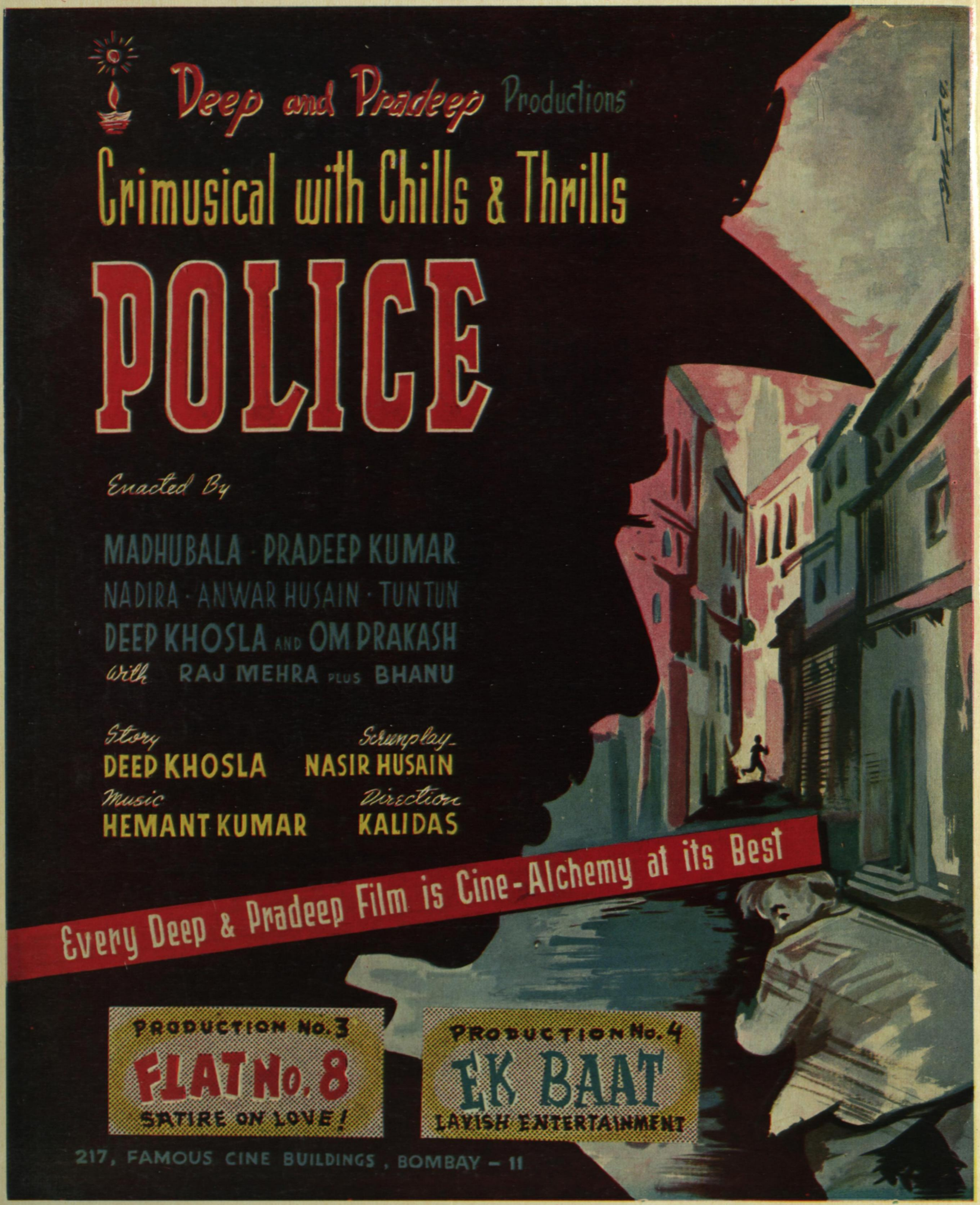

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